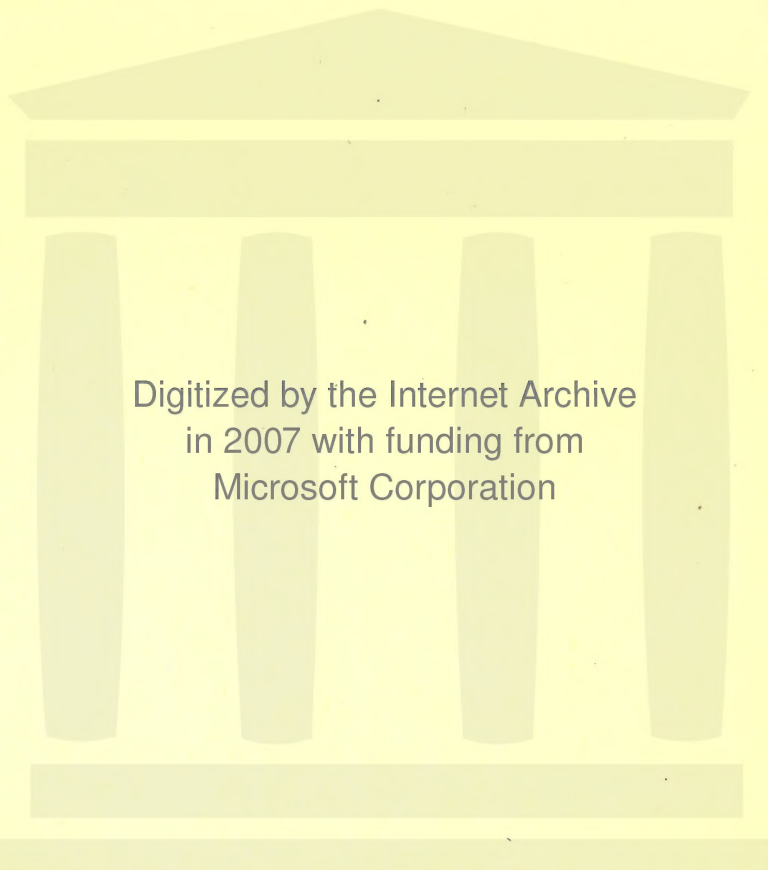




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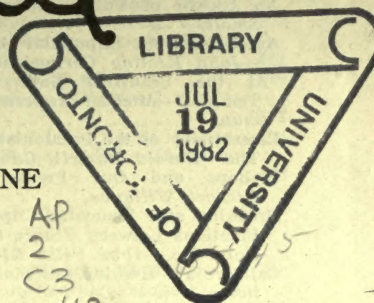
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FRANCE AND THE HOLY SEE.

PROGRESS TOWARD THE RENEWAL OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS.

BY JULES A. BAINÉE, S.S., D.D.



PEAKING in the Chamber of Deputies in the latter days of July, 1919, on the morrow of the march of the victorious Allied troops through Paris, M. Clémenceau finely proclaimed: "An epoch has finished, another epoch has begun with a new task, with another series of duties. That task is no less great and no less splendid—it is ever France who, in order to hold her own in the world, needs all her children. It is another signal test, and one which, above all, needs the complete coöperation of all our energies. To work therefore! Let us devote all our energies to the fervent wisdom which will unite all our wills to action. Only thus shall we bequeath intact to our sons the gifts of our ancestors' genius, which makes of our history, as it were, a glorious epitome of the loftiest aspirations of humanity." Before that he had issued the same call in still fewer words: "After having won the victory over the enemy, France must be victorious over herself."

Here we have, plainly declared, the duty that lay upon France, if the ravages of the War were to be repaired; work and unity had won the victory in the War, and work and union were equally necessary for the time of peace. No

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country can hope to restore its prosperity unless the strife of parties gives place to united action for the common weal.

An attempt will be made in the following pages to show the progress made by France in the realization of her aged statesman's programme as regards religious peace and the restoration of normal relations with the Holy See. For the last quarter of a century, France has been torn by religious strife, and her open break with the Holy See, followed by the passing of the Law of Separation, has been the scandal of Catholics the world over. Even the sympathy she aroused when she surrendered one-fifth of her territory to be laid waste by an almost uninterrupted battle of fifty months, and sacrificed fifteen hundred thousand of her sons to the common cause; even the admiration she won by the genius of her military leaders, the courage of her soldiers and the patient fortitude of her civilian population, failed to remove the stigma attached to her name as the unfaithful daughter of the Church. And yet the great lesson of suffering had been learned by her, and the "*Union Sacrée*," proclaimed by her President in the first hour of the conflict and heartily accepted by all as the surest way to victory, had grown too deep-rooted in her soul to be put aside when the danger was over. France's victory over herself may not be so complete and so rapid as some of her impatient sons and friends would have it, but all signs point to its early attainment.

* * *

The origin of the break and the main episodes of its consummation are familiar to all. At the beginning of the pontificate of Pius X., several questions between France and the Holy See were causing difficulty. M. Combes had carried against the religious congregations a ruthless application of the Law of Association, and the visit of President Loubet to the King of Italy in Rome had elicited from the Vatican a vigorous protest to the Heads of all Catholic States. Of these and other circumstances M. Combes, on his own avowal, made use to force a rupture. His final move was an unfortunate one, and his violence left the Pope plainly the injured party. Two French bishops—the bishops of Dijon and Laval—had been summoned to Rome to answer grave charges made against them. But the Government stepped in between them and the Pope who, in such matters, could not subordinate the

bishops' submission to the good pleasure of civil authorities. To have withdrawn his letters to the bishops would have amounted to an abdication of his Pontifical authority. Explanations and expostulations were of no avail; M. Combes' only reply was to hand his passports to the Papal Nuncio in Paris, and to recall the French Ambassador from the Vatican.

It is easy to imagine the effect that the political passions aroused by such incidents had on the discussion of the Bill for the Separation of Church and State, which came up in the following session of the French Parliament. This separation, if prepared in an atmosphere of mutual understanding, could have been effected to the mutual satisfaction of the two parties; but, instead of that, the Law voted in 1905 became an instrument of oppression and spoliation, which fully deserved the solemn condemnation issued by Pope Pius in his encyclical of February, 1906, and fully justified the prohibition to form the "Associations Cultuelles," which followed in August of the same year. No need to recall here the harrowing scenes which marked the taking, in the spring, of the inventories of the Church properties, and, in the winter, the expulsion of the clergy, bishops, pastors, and seminarians from their residences which, in the absence of the associations provided by the bill to take them over, were automatically returning to the State, whilst the churches were left to the Catholics for the free exercise of religious worship.

The Church of France had suffered incalculable loss of properties and resources, the French clergy had been reduced to a state of destitution, in many cases pitiful; yet, as a compensation for the material losses and for the blow to national unity and harmony, the Church had gained a degree of independence of civil authority never enjoyed before, and her severe trials seemed only to intensify the loyalty of her faithful, and to draw to her a large class of Frenchmen till then indifferent, if not hostile. For it is remarkable that the Catholic revival in art and literature, and the great impetus observed in the organization of the Catholic forces, which seem to be the characteristics of France in the first two decades of the twentieth century, coincided with events which many outsiders often mistook as the signs of France's decay as a Catholic nation.

In time, this Catholic revival, which soon began to manifest its strength, would certainly have forced a reconsideration

of the religious legislation of the country and a reconciliation with the Holy See. Even among the parties of the Left, opinion soon began to turn in that direction. On the eve of the War, in 1914, a well-known radical, M. François Deloncle, undertook a campaign in favor of a renewal of relations with the Vatican, and expressed his conviction that, when the time came for action, he would have a majority for it in the Chamber. This indeed did not mean that he and those who thought with him intended to "go to Canossa," by rescinding the Law of Separation; it meant rather that they had come to see the pressing need for getting rid of the isolation forced upon France as a result of the brutal rupture effected ten years earlier by M. Combes. Difficulties at home were followed by increasing difficulties abroad; and, in particular, France's age-long Protectorate in the East was being diminished and even lost in some districts.

As a climax to these difficulties came the outbreak of the Great War, which made the need for a resumption of diplomatic relations with the Holy See more imperative and urgent. After the appointment of a British envoy to Rome, France alone of the belligerent Powers had no official representative at the Curia, and it was inevitable that her interests should suffer. It was in view of this that M. Viviani, in August, 1914, sent to Rome an agent, M. Charles Loiseau, who was officially attached to the French Embassy to the Quirinal, but actually charged to represent the French Government at the Vatican. On special occasions ecclesiastics, like the late Cardinal Amette, or prominent Catholic laymen, like Baron Denys Cochin, were given missions to the Holy Father. But such expedients were unsatisfactory, in spite of the complaisance shown by the Vatican authorities and the patriotism of those who accepted such missions. It was felt that France was too great to be content to enter the Vatican by the back door, and that what was wanted was a diplomatic representative duly accredited.

This was recognized by most of those who guided the fortunes of France during the great struggle, and considerations like these led men as widely different in their political opinions as M. Hanotaux and M. de Monzie to advocate, for national motives, open and official dealings with the Holy See, and the adoption of a policy as beneficial to French in-

terests as it was conformable with French best traditions. In his book, *Rome sans Canossa*, M. de Monzie put forth a very strong plea in favor of that policy, and, in a public debate in the Chamber, in July, 1919, he elicited from one of the leaders of the anti-clerical policy in the previous decade, M. Viviani, the very remarkable admission that he, too, without ever renouncing his republican ideals, would welcome the restoration, by proper vote of the Chamber, of the diplomatic relations with the Vatican.

* * *

After the signing of the Treaty of Peace, the country was to be called to the polls to determine how to meet the great reconstruction tasks. It soon appeared that a concentration of all the forces of order against the threatening excesses of Radicalism and Bolshevism was both a need and a possibility. In place of the old "Bloc" responsible for most of the legislation restrictive of religious liberty, and around the same, now greatly changed leader, M. Clémenceau, a National Bloc was organized into which Catholics were welcomed, and the leaders of which pledged themselves and the party to a policy of respect for religious liberty.

In his famous Strasbourg speech, M. Clémenceau urged that it was the very principle of the Republican régime that the secularism of the State should be reconciled with the rights and liberties of all citizens. Only thus could religious peace be assured. The misery was that politics and religion were too often confounded; but the utterances of the accredited spokesmen of the Church authorized the hope that religious peace would be secured when the legitimate claims of religious liberty were no longer burdened with the dead weight of the old political parties.

M. Millerand made still more explicit declarations. After having pointed out that it would be calumnious to say that the soldiers had returned without having forgotten or learned anything, or that all were not ready to forget smaller matters in order to seize upon the greater, he, like M. Clémenceau, declared for the continuance of the separation of Church and State and the maintenance of the neutral schools. The first, however, was not a war on religion, but a declaration that religion was outside the domain of the State. And the second, the neutral school, was a school which was really neutral and

not an instrument of war against creeds. Certainly the family should have the right to bring up its children in its own religious beliefs. Then, considering the question of religious congregations, M. Millerand reiterated what he had already said in 1917: "It appeared morally impossible that, after the War, the Religious should be led back again to the frontier which they had recrossed to come and share the dangers of the battlefield with their countrymen. The lay and neutral character of the public school is no impediment against associations, whether religious or lay, establishing schools according to the rules which regulate private education. The Republic of victory was the common property of all Frenchmen, and it had the duty to be at once generous and tolerant."

The result of the November election was a pronounced shifting of the majority in the Chamber from Left to Right, and the entrance into Parliament of a solid group of more than two hundred Catholics representing all professions; suffice it to name here the illustrious General de Castelnau and Marc Sangnier, the former President of *Le Sillon*. The senatorial election held shortly after did not effect the same radical transformation in the upper House, due no doubt to the fact that only one section of the assembly was up for reëlection and that, in France, the Senators are not elected by popular vote. In January took place the election of the President of the Republic and, to the surprise of the outside world, but to the satisfaction of the French Catholics, whose admiration for M. Clémenceau did not make them forget his old prejudices, M. Deschanel carried an almost unanimous vote, and upon the retirement of the "Father of Victory" from political life, M. Millerand was appointed Premier.

From then on it was clear that the question of the renewal of diplomatic relations with the Vatican would be moving steadily on. Having been called upon to define his policy with regard to the Holy See, M. Millerand replied: "The national interests of France will ever be our guides. On the day when the national interest shall seem to require a resumption of relations with the Vatican, on that day, openly and publicly, the Government will lay the matter before the Parliament with whom the decision will rest."

The Holy Father was closely following the movement and doing all in his power to assure the return of France to her

traditional policies. Thus on the occasion of the inauguration of President Deschanel, he took the friendly initiative of sending a message marked by the most unmistakable cordiality. "We do not doubt," he said, "that Divine Providence reserves for your presidential action, with the devoted and sincere coöperation of all good French citizens, the magnificent and glorious mission of raising France from her material and moral ruins, of giving your country religious peace which will be one of the important factors of her restoration." In reply, M. Deschanel assured His Holiness "how highly he valued those good wishes for the happiness of victorious France and for the accomplishment of her historic destinies which were bound up with the cause of Justice."

On March 11, 1920, M. Millerand's promise received its fulfillment. A law was presented to the Chamber asking for the vote of a credit for the reëstablishment of the Embassy to the Vatican. To it was prefixed a preamble which showed the completeness of the Premier's conviction that the course provided for was necessary in the interests of France, on the ground that French diplomacy must be present where questions connected with the national interests are being discussed. It could not remain any longer absent from the seat of a spiritual government, at which the greater number of states have taken care to be represented. The reasons for the adoption of such a policy were then set forth: the putting in force of the Peace Treaties, the necessity of avoiding occasions of division, the alteration of frontiers in Central Europe, the new situation created in the Near and Middle East and the complexity and delicacy of the questions arising from it, the question of the Church in Alsace-Lorraine, and lastly the protection of the exercise of religion in Morocco.

It was to be expected that a bill evidencing such a reversal of policy on the part of the French Government would not pass without opposition, especially from the extremists who had engineered the rupture of 1904 and the anti-clerical legislation of the last twenty years. At first, their campaign was carried on in the underground fashion that has characterized many of the campaigns directed against the Church. A propaganda started in the press in the form of inquiries amongst all who might be thought likely to give assistance. Thus M. Briand was quoted as saying that the restoration of the Vatican em-

bassy could not be an easy matter, seeing that it must inevitably arouse jealous suspicions on the part of the Italian Government. Then he confided to the reporters that, whilst it was desirable to renew relations with the Holy See, it was inopportune to raise the question now, and that, in any case, there should be no talk of an ambassador, but only of a minister. From M. Combes came a much more definite statement. "Separation," he said, "must not be touched; and as the State knows nothing of the churches, there can be no question of relations with the Catholic Church. . . . France without relations with Rome has all the moral authority she needs, and other powers have got on very well without dealings with the Holy See. Sixteen years ago, I said that any one who liked might go to Canossa, but I never would; and today my advice to the Republicans is not to go to Canossa."

M. Millerand disregarded that opposition, and the case was taken up with enthusiastic energy by his supporters. Two parliamentary commissions, on finance and foreign affairs, were appointed to take it under consideration and, from the choice of their secretaries, M. Noblemaire for the Commission on Finance, and M. Colrat for the Commission on Foreign Affairs, both stanch advocates of the measure, showed that the omens for the passage of the bill were most favorable. Meanwhile, a Catholic diplomat, M. Doulcet, was dispatched to Rome, to negotiate various points with the Cardinal Secretary of State. All went so well and the prospects of an early conclusion of the whole affair were so favorable that the name of the first ambassador was announced, whilst an official mission, headed by M. Hanotaux, was sent to Rome to attend the ceremonies of the canonization of Joan of Arc. It was confidently hoped that everything would soon be ready for the exchange of signatures between the French delegate and the Papal Secretary. This confidence was made manifest particularly at the reception in honor of M. Hanotaux at St. Louis-des-Français, when the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims spoke of the joy with which he saw the happy return of France to Rome. "France," he said, "returns to Rome, and it is Joan of Arc who brings her back . . . We love to trace the hand of Providence in all things, and see in what it has already wrought an earnest of even greater things to come."

However, M. Hanotaux left Rome without attaining the result so confidently announced, and it was felt that something had occurred to delay the happy termination of the negotiations which had been in progress for the last two months.

This phase is covered in the report presented last July to the Commission on Finance in terms we have every reason to accept as accurate, coming as they do from a Catholic of the highest character and, in part at least, confirmed by the account of the Roman correspondent of *La Croix*. Having recalled that the original object of M. Doulcet's mission was the purely diplomatic question of the Vatican Embassy, he goes on to relate how an attempt was made to reach an understanding concerning the legal status of the Church in France and particularly the thorny question of the "Associations Cultuelles." It would seem that certain eminent Frenchmen, no less loyal Catholics than earnest patriots, had suggested this move in the hope of reaching, by the same stroke, the solution of the problems of internal and external policy.

The Cardinal Secretary of State, says M. Noblemaire, had in the course of one of the earliest conferences with the French envoy, and without making it a condition of the agreement, expressed the wish that in time a legal status be given in France to Catholic establishments. The French representative, having from the first ascertained the real attitude of the Holy See, resolved not to make the modification of French legislation a condition for the resumption of diplomatic relations. M. Doulcet replied that, as a matter of fact, it was the Church who had declined to take advantage of the provisions of the Law of 1905 safeguarding the rights of the hierarchy, which provisions had repeatedly been confirmed by the constant jurisprudence of the "Conseil d'Etat" and of the "Cour de Cassation." The records of the decisions of these two courts were communicated to the Cardinal Secretary of State, who submitted them to the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. The judgment of this Congregation was that Pope Pius X. had forbidden the creation of "Associations Cultuelles" so long as the rights of the hierarchy would not appear with certainty to be fully secured, but, on the face of the evidence in hand, that suspensive condition was now fulfilled, and, consequently, the ban against the said associations could be lifted. On the other hand, the French Government gave

official notice that the jurisprudence by which the two highest courts had always recognized the necessity for the "Associations Cultuelles" to accept the hierarchy of the Catholic Church, was in perfect conformity with the views of the Government of the Republic. Whereupon the negotiators concerted the text of letters to be exchanged between the Holy See and the French Government stating officially that, upon the above-mentioned conditions, the Holy See would withdraw its ban against the "Associations Cultuelles."

However, the report continues, it soon became manifest that the parties interested in the negotiations could not reach an immediate and unanimous agreement to renounce their liberty of action with regard to a law which, on that point, was not binding on them, if they chose not to avail themselves of its provisions.

What had happened and what had led the Holy See to renounce an obvious advantage, and let slip an evident opportunity of settling the question of the legal status of the Church of France? Here we are left to conjectures, as no absolutely authentic account of that phase of the negotiations has come to our notice, and the press reports are either extremely scanty or more or less biassed. Yet the following seems to be a substantially correct account of the development. At the time of the canonization of Joan of Arc, the French Bishops were informed of the progress of the negotiations and of the terms of the proposed agreement. They could not but rejoice at the good will shown on both sides, but, upon examination of that part of the agreement which regarded the "Associations Cultuelles," they expressed their apprehensions. The decisions of the two high courts had, indeed, so far been in favor of the hierarchy. But the only cases submitted to the courts had been cases in which notorious schismatics had tried to *organize* associations which clearly failed to conform with the general laws of the Church. Never had they been called upon to decide upon the *working* of regularly established associations, to judge, for instance, in case of a pastor backed by his congregation in his refusal to leave the parish to his regularly appointed successor. As for the official endorsement of the decisions of the courts by the Government, they argued that such a declaration committed only the present Cabinet and could be disowned by another less favorable; the

only guarantee that could afford a real security would be one embodied in the text of a law.

The intrinsic value of these objections and the well-nigh unanimous stand of the French Bishops on the matter impressed the Holy Father and the Cardinal Secretary; hence the attempt at grafting a reorganization of the French ecclesiastical status on the purely diplomatic affair of the restoration of the French Embassy at the Vatican was given up, and the negotiations brought back to their original object led to the following points of agreement, which we find in the report of M. Noblemaire:

First. All relations must have a normal and permanent character and be maintained by a regularly accredited ambassador. The principle of diplomatic reciprocity is not contested. A nuncio shall be sent to Paris, at the latest, within one year after the arrival at Rome of the French Ambassador, both Governments having fully agreed upon the choice of the person and on the best moment for his coming to France.

Second. France asserts her desire to continue her traditional policy of protection towards the Catholics in the Orient, and claims as a natural counterpart the preservation of all prerogatives and privileges always granted to the official representatives of France in Palestine, in Syria, at Constantinople, and throughout the Levant. France evinces an equal concern about the maintenance of her rights in the Extreme Orient and, in a general way, wherever her interests concur with the interests of the Holy See.

Third. In Europe, as it stands today, the work of the Treaties inspired by the ideas of justice and national autonomy is apt to be strengthened by the pacifying influence of such a high moral Power as the Pope's. France, therefore, who evinces her firm wish to maintain an international peace, at the same time true and lasting, earnestly hopes the Holy See will use all its influence to assist her in reaching such a legitimate goal and thereby contribute to a general pacification.

Fourth. The resumption of relations with the Holy See shall not carry with it any modifications in the present French legislation as regards worship, schools and associations. The French Government, of course, shall lay no claim to any of the advantages formerly enjoyed by virtue of the Concordat of 1801. They, however, expect that, as a con-

sequence of the resumption of relations, the Roman Curia shall grant to them, so far as the choice of bishops is concerned, a treatment equal to that of the best favored nation among such as maintain a representative at the Vatican and are in a condition similar to France's.

Fifth. All possibility of misunderstanding must be discarded for the day when the President of the Republic shall have to return to the King of Italy the visit paid by the latter to both the French nation and the French army. It is only after his call at the Quirinal, and by starting from the French Embassy to the Holy See, that the Chief of the French State shall go to the Vatican, thereby following the example given by so many other rulers, and without this practice implying the least lack of respect towards the Holy See, to which all legitimate deference is due.

On each and all of these various points, the report states, a complete agreement was reached quite easily at the date of May 28th. On that very day and, one might think, as a fulfillment of the Vatican's part of the agreement, appeared the Papal Encyclical on Peace, which contained this passage bearing on the fifth point: "This Apostolic See has never wearied of teaching during the War such pardon of offences and the fraternal reconciliation of the peoples, in conformity with the most holy law of Jesus Christ and in agreement with the needs of civil life and human intercourse; nor did we allow that amid dissension and hate these moral principles should be forgotten. This concord between civilized nations is maintained and fostered by the modern custom of visits and meetings at which the Heads of States and Princes are accustomed to treat of important matters. So then, considering the changed circumstances of the times and the dangerous trend of events, and in order to encourage this concord, we would not be unwilling to relax in some measure the severity of the conditions justly laid down by our Predecessors, when the civil power of the Apostolic See was overthrown, against the official visits of the Heads of the Catholic States to Rome."

* * *

The diplomatic phase of the preparation for the return of the French Ambassador to the Vatican had thus come to a successful termination, but the Government Bill had yet to confront the dangers of the political discussion. It is known

that the Commissions appointed to examine the bill contained a majority openly favorable to the project. But in those months of June and July, when the international situation was so grave and demanded the whole attention of the French Premier, an attempt was made to block the passing of the measure. It is hard to discern the motives of those who were responsible for the delay, whether opposition to the contemplated reconciliation with the Holy See, or mere opposition to the Cabinet, or both.

In the midst of a violent press campaign, on June 18th, the Committee on Finance voted the adjournment of the discussion; on the contrary, ten days later, the Committee on Foreign Affairs, having been informed that the Government was ready for the immediate discussion of the bill, accepted the proposition by a large majority. The Finance Committee, however, on July 6th, during M. Millerand's absence at Spa, confirmed their previous vote.

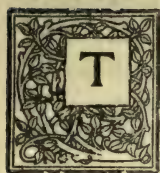
On his return, the Premier asked to be heard by the Committee on Finance and, having stated again forcibly the motives that had led him to take the initiative of the resumption of relations with the Vatican, he urged them to reconsider the matter and vote at once the necessary credits. He added that, were the Senate in a position to take up the bill before the summer recess of Parliament, he would ask for the immediate discussion, but he would be satisfied to let it go till the autumn session, provided the two Commissions reached an agreement before the holidays. He stood firm in his refusal to compromise on the quality of the French representative at the Vatican, and maintained that the relations must be reciprocal. To the warning against a revival of "clericalism," proffered by a member who took offence at the more and more frequent participation of bishops and clergy with civil authorities in public ceremonies, he answered that Frenchmen, who had faced the enemy together and had come to understand and respect each other whilst they shared the dangers of the battlefield and the sufferings of trench-life, could without scandal be seen together in official ceremonies. Finally, he pledged himself to bring the bill before the Chamber as soon as it reconvenes in the fall, and to demand a vote of confidence on the question. The Committee on Finance yielded to the arguments of M. Millerand and voted the credits.

If one asks now what are the chances of the bill in the French Houses, one may share the hopes of M. Maurice Barrès, who does not admit a moment's doubt that the Parliament will vote for the restoration of the Embassy. Writing in the *Echo de Paris*, he says: "I hear people on all sides asking whether it can be safely expected that diplomatic relations with the Vatican will be reëstablished. There is not the slightest doubt. The law will be passed by a large majority in the Chamber of Deputies, and without over much trouble in the Senate.

"France is bent on taking up every card dealt out to her by passing events. She wishes to defend in the best way possible her interests in Central Europe, along the Rhine, in Alsace-Lorraine, in Morocco, in the Togoland, the Cameroun, the East and the Far East, and also among the Catholics of the United States. Let us gather up and make use of whatever influence favors our cause. From one end of the world to the other, vast economic forces are gathering and being concentrated, which would willingly sacrifice us to their interests. It is easily discernible how the three great economic empires of the world manage to agree at every turn. At any moment they might be brought to coördinate their interests even more closely. To offset such material forces, it is France's duty to summon to her side the whole spiritual order. Let us group together all those moral forces which our country is of its nature capable of marshaling. Every people must play its part in the manner most in keeping with its own genius, so only will it find an outlet for the vital forces which it holds in store."

CHAINED BIBLES BEFORE AND AFTER THE REFORMATION.

BY JOHN M. LENHART, O.M.CAP.



THE mediæval custom of chaining Bibles has often been made to serve the purpose of bigotry. Modern authors, ignorant of ancient usages, have pointed to what once served to spread Bible knowledge as an odious attempt to restrict the free circulation of the Scriptures. This error has passed so long for established fact, and has spread so widely that many may be surprised to learn that Bibles were chained both by Catholics and Protestants for over two centuries after the Reformation, and *Protestant English Bibles may still be seen chained in some churches and libraries of England.*

Chaining Bibles, and books in general, was a practice unknown during the first ten centuries of our era. For the first seven centuries, at least, learned Christians furnished their libraries after the fashion of the great pagan libraries of Rome, modeled on the typical library at Pergamon. The general appearance of a pagan Roman library is preserved in the present Vatican Library fitted up in 1587. It preserves the main features of a Roman library. No books are visible. They are contained in plain wooden presses or chests, set round the piers, and against the walls.

But as Christianity progressed, another class of library, directly connected with Christian worship, was formed. The necessary service-books were stored in or near the places where the Christians met for service. To these volumes works of devotion, intended for edification or instruction, were gradually added, and so a library collected consisting largely of copies of Holy Scripture, liturgical and devotional volumes, besides records and official correspondence. The introduction of such libraries is traced back to Origen (230 A. D.) or Bishop Alexander of Jerusalem (d. 250 A. D.). The libraries, which later in the Middle Ages were attached to cathedrals and collegiate churches, are the lineal descendants of these purely Christian church-libraries of the first centuries.

But the historical beginning of both mediæval and modern

libraries is not so much to be found in the little cupboardful of service-books in the apse of the early Christian churches as in the libraries formed by monastic communities in the Egyptian deserts. The accumulation of books for the brethren was one of their special cares.

The origin of these libraries may be traced to very early times. The Rule of St. Pachomius, written about 325 A. D., provides that the books of the House are to be kept in a cupboard or better, in a recess in the wall closed by a door. With the later monastic orders of Western Europe book-preserving was reduced to a system. There was no special apartment for books in the primitive Benedictine monastery. After the books became too numerous to be kept in the church, the bulk of them were transferred into the cloister, there to be preserved in *armaria*, *i. e.*, presses or chests. The book-press was a recess in the wall, frequently found just outside the church door in the cloister. Such book-presses were in common use till the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Later, when the number of books had increased, additional shelf-space was gained by providing *detached* wooden presses throughout the cloister. In the course of time their ever-increasing number necessitated an arrangement within the monastery building. By and by, detached wooden presses were placed near the school, the quarters of the novices and priests, and in the refectory for reading aloud during meal-time. The whole monastery became in some sort a large library. This was the arrangement of the library in the larger Benedictine Abbeys from the twelfth to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There is good reason for believing that such a library was in use at Westminster Abbey, London, as late as the year 1591.

The Cistercians developed a different library arrangement. At the beginning of the twelfth century they commenced to set apart a special room for books. This small chamber was placed, as a rule, between the chapter-house and the transept of the church. As time went on, the Cistercian book-closet developed from a single recess in the wall close to the church to a pair of more or less spacious rooms, without, however, discarding the original book-press in the cloister near the church-door. In exceptional cases the book-press was placed in the church.

In these two ways the monastic orders provided for the safe keeping of their books, till separate libraries were built in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. By the end of the fifteenth century the larger monasteries became possessed of many volumes and were obliged to store the books, hitherto placed in various parts of the building, in a separate apartment. At Citeaux 1,200 books were scattered in ten different collections over the house in the year 1480. The inconvenience of such an arrangement is obvious. With the opening of the fifteenth century the great movement set in for providing special rooms in monasteries to contain libraries. These monastic libraries were usually built over some existing building, sometimes as a detached structure.

Cathedrals and colleges at the universities vied with the monasteries in the possession of a library, but added no new feature to the development of library arrangement, as sketched above. The cathedral libraries were first built in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but some collegiate libraries are of earlier date, as those of Merton College, Oxford, built in 1377, and New College, Oxford, erected in 1380.

Up to the middle of the eleventh century all books without exception, and after that period the greater bulk of them, were safely locked up in chests and in recesses in the walls to preserve them from theft or loss, and were intrusted to the care of special officials. The inmates of the house were not allowed to handle books as they pleased. This was the privilege of the librarian and sub-librarian who locked and unlocked the book presses or chests, and counted the books from time to time to see whether any were missing.

A new variety of library fitting was introduced in the thirteenth century: *the chaining of books to desks*. The earliest document known which mentions chained books is a catalogue of the library of St. Peter's Monastery at Weissenburg, Alsace, compiled about the year 1040 A. D. This catalogue registers, among the one hundred and seventy-one volumes, four "Books of the Psalms chained in the church."¹ Yet after this date we do not find any trace of chained books till the beginning of the thirteenth century. This entry in the Weissenburg catalogue records the solitary known instance of chained books previous to the year 1200 A. D. And, indeed, chaining was

¹ Becker, *Catalogi bibliothecarum antiqui*. Bonnæ, 1885, p. 133.

not a *common feature* of mediæval library fittings till the beginning of the fourteenth century.

The earliest library, as far as we know, in which *all books were chained to desks*, was that of St. Mark's at Florence, built in 1441 and the second is the Malatesta Library at Cesena in Italy, built in 1452 and still existing. Numerous libraries, especially smaller ones, all through the Middle Ages preserved the old method of storing the books in locked chests and presses.

The Reformation did not alter the mediæval conception of a library in any essential particular. The methods and fittings of Protestant libraries were identical with those used in pre-Reformation libraries. Accordingly we find in them chained books in great numbers. With the rapidly increasing production came a correspondingly rapid increase in these collections of books, so that the original stock of chained books handed down from the Middle Ages was gradually exceeded by still larger numbers of new books fastened by chains.

Although chains were no longer part of the appurtenances of libraries erected in the eighteenth century, they continued to be used and were ordered in bequests in England down to the early part of the nineteenth century. As late as the year 1815, John Fells, mariner, gave thirty pounds to found a theological library in the Church of St. Peter, Liverpool, where the books were originally fastened to open shelves in the vestry with rods and chains. *This is the last instance* on record where books were ordered to be protected according to the method of safe-keeping, which began in the thirteenth century and was maintained with strange persistence to modern times.

Yet the mediæval usage of chaining books did not become quite extinct after 1815. The antiquarian spirit which makes enthusiasts preserve relics of the past, has repeatedly discouraged any deviation from the old system of chaining books. When, in 1856, a new shelving was made for the library at the Minster of Wimborne, England, the old boards having become too rotten, the rods and chains were retained. There is a collection of about 1,500 chained books at Hereford Cathedral, England. This collection, formerly in the Lady Chapel, was removed, chains and all, to the Archives Chamber in 1862, and in 1897 to the present beautiful structure. One of the very ancient bookcases possesses in thorough working order the original system of chaining dating back to the year 1394 A. D.

This re-chaining of the books at the Cathedral Library of Hereford, in 1897, will probably remain *the last instance* of a library fitted up in mediæval style.

By the end of the eighteenth century the chains had been taken off the books in all libraries *with a few exceptions*. The Vatican Library led the way in this movement. When the present Vatican Library was built in 1587, Pope Sixtus V. followed the plan of the libraries of pagan Rome. Since all the books were stored away in wooden presses, seven feet high and two feet deep, chains were not needed as a mode of protection. During the succeeding century the chains were removed from several libraries, yet, at the same time, many new libraries were fitted up with books chained to desks. At the beginning of the eighteenth century well-nigh all libraries of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain had abandoned chains. In England, however, this curious old fashion still lingered. At Eton College the removal of chains began in 1719. At the Bodleian Library, Oxford, the chains were taken off the books in 1757; at King's College, Cambridge, the books were unchained in 1777; at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1780, and at Merton College, Oxford, as late as in 1792. In France, the library of the Medical Faculty of the University of Paris was, apparently, the last to abandon the mediæval system. In 1770 all the books there were still chained to desks. In Holland the books of the City Library of Amsterdam were unchained in 1778, and those in the library at Enkhuysen retained their chains *till the year 1839*. The last libraries were unchained in England, namely at Manchester, Jesus Chapel, in 1830, at Llanbadarn, Glamorganshire, after 1853, and at Cirencester, Gloucestershire, in 1867.

Hence *the library of today with its open shelves and unchained books is a very modern invention* which became *fixed, as it were*, throughout continental Europe by the end of the seventeenth century, and in England by the end of the eighteenth century.

Different systems of chaining were invented and adopted. In most cases books were chained to reading-desks and shelves. The libraries first built in the fifteenth century by monasteries and colleges were narrow, long rooms lighted by rows of equidistant windows. The fittings were lecterns of wood. On these the books were laid on their flat sides, each volume

being fastened by a chain to a bar usually placed over the desk, but occasionally, in all probability, in front of it as well as beneath it. The readers sat on benches immovably fixed opposite to each window. This system of fittings is called the "lectern-system." It is the earliest system and was adopted with various modifications during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries in England, France, Holland, Germany, and Italy. One example of such fittings may still be seen at Zutphen, in Holland, in the library attached to the church of SS. Peter and Walburga, the principal church of the town.

This library was completed in 1563 and was a "public library." On account of the loss of several books the City Magistrate ordered the books to be chained early in the seventeenth century. There are eighteen bookcases, or desks. Between each pair of desks there is a seat for the reader. The books are attached to the desk by chains about twelve inches long. The last link of each chain is passed through a piece of metal nailed or riveted to the edge of the stout wooden board which forms the side of the book. Each volume must lie on the desk, attached by its chain, like a Bible on a church-lectern. The smallest number of volumes lying on a single desk at Zutphen is six, the largest eleven, the total three hundred and sixteen. Some of these chained books were printed as late as 1630 A. D. It is obvious that reading was only convenient as long as the students were few.

The lectern-system was so wasteful of space that, as books accumulated, some other piece of furniture had to be devised. The new system was the "stall-system." The two halves of the desk were separated by a considerable interval, or broad shelf, with one or more shelves fixed above it. As the books were now to stand upright on a shelf, it was necessary to attach the chain in a different manner. A narrow strip of flat brass was passed round the left-hand board and riveted to it in such a manner as to leave a loop in front of the edge of the board, wide enough to admit an iron ring, to which one end of the chain was fastened. The book was placed on the shelf with the fore-edge turned outwards, and the other end of the chain fastened to a second ring playing along an iron bar. The desk for the reader was usually attached to the ends of the case by strong hinges.

The stall-system, like the lectern-system, was monastic

in its origin. It made its first appearance, as far as we know, at the monastery of Clairvaux about the year 1500. This library was fitted up according to the stall-system from 1495 till 1503, and the books were still chained in 1709. The stall-system was popular in England and France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and is actually still in use at the Chapter Library in Hereford Cathedral, at Wimborne Minster, and a few other places in England.

While the "stall-system" was being generally adopted in England and France, a different plan was being developed in Italy. It consisted in a return to the "lectern-system," with the addition of a shelf below the lectern, on which the books lay on their sides when not wanted; and an ingenious combination of a seat for the reader with the desk and shelf. The earliest library fitted up in this manner is at Cesena, Italy. Today it remains practically as it was in 1452. The books are still attached to the desks by chains. The bar which carries them is in full view just *under* the ledge of the desk. The chain is attached to the book by an iron hook screwed into the lower edge of the right-hand board near the back.

These fittings are a survival of what was once in general use in Italy during the latter part of the fifteenth and the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The old Vatican Library, finished in 1481 and replaced by the present one in 1587, was arranged according to the Cesena system. The normal condition of a library of this type was that the books, handsomely bound and protected by numerous bosses of metal, usually lay upon the desks ready for use, and not on the shelves below. Books were lent out of the library sometimes with the chain attached. The present Biblioteca Laurenziana, or Medicean Library, at Florence, Italy, formally opened June 11, 1571, is modeled on the plan of Cesena.

While architects and librarians were still struggling with the difficulties of adapting mediæval library rooms and fittings to the ever-increasing number of volumes, a new system was initiated which eventually *supplanted, during the eighteenth century, with but rare exceptions, all the old models.* It is the present *wall-system*, so familiar to us. The first library ever arranged on this principle was the Library of the Monastery of Escorial in Spain, begun in 1563 and completed September 13, 1584. This monastic library, which is still in existence, is

likewise *the first library ever fitted up in which there were no chains*. It is the first "modern" library.

Previous to the erection of special structures for housing books, *i. e.*, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, smaller collections of books were chained to desks according to the lectern-system in various parts of the monastic and collegiate buildings. In addition to these collections, which varied in extent, single volumes, as well as smaller collections, have always been chained *in churches* ever since the Benedictines at Weissenburg introduced this novelty about 1040 A. D.

The books thus chained in churches belonged to various classes, and were fastened in divers modes. First came Bibles and parts of the Bible or rather *liturgical books*, as is attested by the chaining of four Psalters at Weissenburg about 1040. To these were added before long theological books at the centres of education. In the early part of the thirteenth century several Bibles and other books were chained to desks in St. Mary's Chancel and Church, Oxford, for the use of the "Masters" of Oriel College. When, in the fifteenth century, the library over the Congregation House was built, they were taken out and set up with chains in that new building. During the fourteenth century the *clergy commenced to have libraries chained in the interior of the churches*, and at the places of pilgrimage the life of the respective Saint could be read by the devout pilgrim in the "Legend" chained in the church. At the same time the custom originated to chain prayer-books to the pews in the parish churches. Even secular literature found a safe resting-place at chains in churches now and then. Thus the history of the Province of Treves in Germany was chained in the Cathedral some time before 1512 A. D.

The *Protestants adopted all these customs* which had originated in pre-Reformation times. Bibles, theological tracts, prayer-books, and now and then popular secular books, were chained by them in churches. In England, English prayer-books were chained to the pews in many churches for the use of the poorer parishioners till up to the eighteenth century. In the parish church at Whitechurch, Little Stanmore, Middlesex, chains are still hanging on the pews, where, at one time, people used to pray from chained books. At Leyland, Lancashire, the *Preservative against Popery*, by Edmund Gibson, printed at London in 1738, can still be seen chained in the

parish church of the place. However, the chained copy of Burkitt's *Notes on the New Testament*, printed as late as 1752, in the parish church at Grinton, is the latest instance of chaining. In the Protestant parish church at Ecclesfield, Yorkshire, were chained up to 1860 such Catholic books as the Latin commentaries on the Bible, by Lyra, Denis the Carthusian, and Prierius.

Grammar schools were another repository for chained books from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries. In 1588 a dictionary was chained in the schoolhouse at Tavistock, Devonshire, and Bolton Grammar School, Lancashire, founded in 1641, still preserves a collection of about fifty chained volumes, one of which was printed as late as 1708.

Indeed the custom of fastening books by chains was common throughout all Europe for five centuries.² We still possess a print representing the University of Leyden, in Holland, which was made in 1610. This library, a *purely* Protestant foundation, had in 1610 twenty-two bookcases, each containing from forty to forty-eight chained volumes. Each bookcase contained a single row of books, chained to a bar in front of the shelf. Six bookcases contained works of theology, two works of philosophy, two literature, one mathematics, five law, two medicine, four history.

Considering that pre-Reformation libraries contained comparatively small collections of books and that chaining of *entire* libraries originated only about the middle of the fifteenth century, we can safely assert that *more books were chained during the two centuries succeeding the Reformation than during the three centuries preceding it.*

The Bible was, of course, one of the most common books in the chained collections. *Latin and Greek Bibles, as well as Scriptures in the vernacular, were fastened by chains in countless libraries throughout five centuries.* If one would undertake to gather all the references to chained Bibles from the hundreds of old library catalogues, the recorded wills of donors, and the various account-books of monasteries, universities, and churches, he would compile a stately volume.

However, more valuable than these literary references are the vestiges of chaining found on shelves and desks which

² This subject has been specially treated by John Willis Clark in his masterly volume, *The Care of Books* (London, 1901), from which most of the foregoing facts are taken.

are still preserved.³ In England, collections of chained books are still preserved in the Cathedral Library and the vestry of All Saints' Parish Church at Hereford, in Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, at Chirburg, Salop, Christchurch, Hants, in the library over the south porch of the church at Grantham, Lincolnshire, in the Grammar School at Bolton, at Gorton, and in the Parish Church at Turton, Lancashire, in all 2,427 *chained books*. On the Continent, the Laurentian Library at Florence, Italy, has probably the largest collection of chained books in existence, probably over 2,000. There are also chained volumes at St. Walburg's Church, Zutphen, at the Malatesta Library in Cesena, Italy, and at Ghent. We can count *a total of over five thousand chained books still preserved in eleven Protestant and two Catholic (Florence and Cesena) libraries*.

Naturally we are more interested in the Protestant chained libraries. They are mostly of modern date. The chained collection at All Saints' Church, Hereford, is the most recent of all, the books having been chained as late as the year 1715, when the custom had been abandoned on the Continent. The chained library at Wimborne Minster, fitted up in 1686, was founded by the Rev. William Stone, an Anglican minister, as a parochial library. Likewise an Anglican minister, the Rev. Francis Trigg, founded the chained library at Grantham in 1598, and in 1642 Mr. Edward Skipworth, "to encourage the vicars of Grantham to pursue their studies in the winter-time, gave fifty shillings to provide firewood for the library fire." The chained libraries at Bolton and Turton were both established by the will of Humphrey Chetham, a wealthy merchant of Manchester, dated December 16, 1651. The books at Zutphen were chained by order of the Protestant Magistrate of the city at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Chapter Library at Hereford is the only Protestant chained collection which dates back to pre-Reformation times, being first fitted up in 1394.

In England a strong movement set in during the latter part of the year 1547 to chain *Protestant English Bibles* in places of worship. By the year 1575 the English Bible had been set up in every parish church throughout the English realm, and accordingly *a copy of the Protestant English Scrip-*

³ *Ibid.*, p. 318.

tures had been chained in many churches by that date. And these chained Protestant Bibles were kept in these places of worship during the long span of two centuries, so that from 1575 to 1775 a chained English Bible was seldom missing in the Anglican parish church.

Fortunately some of these chained Protestant English Bibles may, even now, be seen occasionally in churches. In 1890, the well-known bibliographer, William Blades, compiled a list of books now yet in chains in England.⁴ A much longer list of chained books which are now found in parish churches in England, either singly or in small groups, was published in 1907 by Charles Cox and Alfred Harvey.⁵ Yet neither of them is to be regarded as being absolutely complete. Both of these lists omit a Book of Homilies chained to a lectern in the parish church of Alnwick.

The most interesting of all the chained Bibles is the one at Shorwell. It is a Bible printed in 1541 and is, therefore, one of the earliest ever set up. Moreover, it has the distinction to be the *only one* still remaining from the reign of Henry VIII. At Chelsea is chained the Vinegar Bible, printed in 1716 and 1717, the latest of all chained Bibles still preserved. However, this was not to be the last time that the English Bible was chained in the church. The chained Bible at East Winch has the following manuscript note on a fly leaf: "This holy volume (King James' Bible of 1611) I have repaired with my own hands and fastened with a chain, as was often done when Bibles were first ordered to be set up. E. J. Alvis, Vicar, September, 1884." Here we have, therefore, an *English Bible chained by an Anglican minister only thirty-six years ago*.

It was the custom at Stratford as late as 1890 to read the lessons on Harvest Festivals from the Bible with attached chain, which is kept in a cupboard. At other churches there are still preserved lecterns to which Bibles were chained formerly, as well as chains, rings, staples which had been once used in fastening copies of the English Bible. Moreover, we know that chained English Bibles were removed from other churches quite recently. There was a chained Bible in an old church at Evesham in 1881; at Minehead, Somerset, in 1880; at Milton, near Clitheroe, in Lancashire, in 1876, at

⁴ *Books in Chains*, New York, 1892, pp. 29-81.

⁵ *English Church Furniture*, London, 1907, pp. 333-340.

Minster in Thanet, Kent, four chained Bibles in 1876, and at Windsor, Berks, St. George's Chapel, in 1857.

Now why were Bibles and books chained? No one now-a-days would think of chaining books to desks or library shelves. This practice has so completely gone out of fashion, that people have even lost sight of its original purpose. It is common opinion that books were chained to preserve them from embezzlement. But the major reason was to *place them at the disposal of students in a permanent manner*. "Books borrowed," writes Mr. W. Blades,⁶ "have always been proverbial for not coming home to roost, and chaining seemed a natural way of securing them *for general use*. *This appears to me more likely to have been the object of chaining than the prevention of theft.*"

Books were chained to be used, to be read, or for the perusal of people. This purpose is expressly stated in countless wills bequeathing books from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries. Moreover, it is attested by the fact that the monastic and collegiate libraries from the thirteenth to the latter part of the fifteenth century were divided, as a rule, into two departments, a lending library and a reference library. The books *most frequently studied by the students were chained* in the library for their common use, a kind of reference department, while those which were not fit for the library on account of their battered condition, or of which a sufficient number of copies already existed, or which were rarely consulted, were loaned to the students. In 1418, for instance, Peterhouse, Cambridge, had two hundred and twenty volumes which were chained and one hundred and sixty unchained. Furthermore, the first public libraries of Europe to which everybody had free access were the very libraries in which *for the first time every book was fastened with a chain*, for instance, the library to the Dominican Convent of St. Mark at Florence fitted up in 1442, the Malatesta Library at Cesena built in 1452, and the older Vatican Library finished in 1481. Chaining was not thought of and never used, as far as we know, in the strictly *private libraries* of kings, princes and princesses, noblemen, wealthy burghers, and scholars, although their collections of books were arranged on lecterns, desks, and shelves like those of the chained libraries.

⁶ *Books in Chains*, p. 18.

The Bible was the first book ever chained and thus placed within easy reach of poor students. Up to the thirteenth century the books of the public libraries of the Middle Ages: the monastic, collegiate, and cathedral libraries, could only be used during the day time. In the evening the librarian who had charge of the books was to collect and count them, and lock them up in the presses. Books had been loaned from a very early date to a few privileged persons under a pledge. Yet only at the beginning of the eleventh century began, in the monasteries, the loan of books to persons in general on adequate security.

These restrictions caused great inconvenience to scholars and students, as well as to the small body of readers in general. About 1040 the Benedictines at Weissenburg solved the vexed problem by chaining the books. It is very significant that the first books thus chained for common use were Bibles and, moreover, Bibles fastened *in the most accessible edifice, the church*. The extremely conservative spirit which governed monastic usage would not have tolerated such an innovation, had there not been a very strong demand for the "open" Bible.

Thirteenth century students duly hailed the chaining of Bibles and books near their schoolrooms as a great progressive movement, more favorable to the prosecution of their studies than the time-honored custom of keeping these volumes locked up in chests or in rooms, the keys of which could be had only under sufficient pledge. So to bequeath Bibles and books to be chained for common use was regarded as a pious work. In 1474, Frederick, Count Palatine, bequeathed to the Church of the Holy Ghost at Heidelberg a *Book of Hours* under the express stipulation that it "should be chained in the church and be kept there *for common use*." A burgher of the city of Leyden in Holland left by will, in 1462, a Bible in the vernacular, which he directed to be chained in St. Peter's Church of that city, so that "good and pious people could read and study it." Thomas, Earl of Ormond, left the direction by will of 1515 that his *Psalter* in the vulgar tongue be chained at his tomb in St. Thomas Acon on the north side of the high altar, "there to remain for the service of God."

The numerous Protestant Bibles chained in Europe during the two centuries after the Reformation were, like their Cath-

olic predecessors, for the perusal of the people. The Reformation did not alter this mode of placing Bibles at the disposal of people in general. The various Injunctions of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Elizabeth ordering English Bibles to be set up in churches enjoin at the same time the clergy "*to admonish every parishioner to read these chained Bibles and they shall discourage no man from reading any part of the Bible.*" Certainly this was an innovation, being peculiar to the English Reformation, to constrain people to buy Bibles.

Ignorance has put the false construction on this curious practice of by-gone ages, that it served to withhold the Bible from the laity. Luther never made chaining the Bible one of his infinite grievances against the Catholic Church. He tells us repeatedly that he had snatched the Bible "from under the bench," where it had lain idly for a long time. The "bench" meant nothing else in those days than the desk to which the books were attached by chains, and particularly the shelf below the lectern on which the chained books lay when not wanted.

Luther's contemporary, George Sabinus (died 1560), is perhaps the first Protestant who held up to ridicule chained Catholic books. In one of his Latin poems he writes sneeringly that such nonsensical books deserve to be chained like prisoners in their libraries. There is no mention made of the chained Bible; the modern myth was not yet born.

Evidently, chaining of Bibles could not have been regarded by Protestants as a prohibitive measure chargeable to the Church, as long as Protestants chained Bibles or the memory of this practice was still fresh. In 1676 a Protestant Bible in Romance was fastened with a chain in a Protestant church in Switzerland. And in the same year, 1676, the Protestant scholar, Bartholin, states that he remembers full well how the books were chained in the Public Library at Copenhagen, Denmark. Half a century later, in 1728, the Protestant historian, John George Schelhorn, informs us that "it had been customary a long time ago to chain books, in order to prevent theft." Chaining of Bibles had not yet become a reprehensible practice in the eyes of Protestants. Gradually, however, that curious custom sank into oblivion, and *during the latter part of the eighteenth century the myth first sprang up in Germany that Bibles were chained in the*

Middle Ages to withhold them from the laity. In 1817, the tercentenary of the Reformation, the Protestant public of Germany was regaled by the harrowing tale of how the Church had stood in the way of general enlightenment, had taken away the Scriptures from the laity, and would have hindered forever all lay persons from access to this key of knowledge, if the valiant Reformer had not discovered the chained Bible at Erfurt and snatched it from under the bench. It was at that celebration, in 1817, that the Swiss Protestant historian, Merle D'Aubigné, conceived the ambition to write the history of the Reformation, a work which more than anything else has given currency to this slanderous story.

But in England people never quite forgot that chained Bibles were very common in Protestant churches and some, like Blades,⁷ regarded the chaining of Bibles in churches *as a genuine Protestant usage which first originated in the Royal Injunctions* given by Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth for the setting up of English Bibles in churches.

Mr. Ernest A. Savage states in his very sympathetic book about *Old English Libraries*:⁸ "These chained books (particularly Bibles) were, in fact, the sign of a glimmer of liberal thought in the Church (during the Middle Ages). During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, not only were monastic books lent to lay people more freely, but many more books were chained in places of worship than in the sixteenth century, when the proclamation for the 'setting-up' of Bibles in churches was granted unwillingly." It is one of the glories of the Church that it made the Bible accessible to the laity and clergy by chaining copies in libraries and churches. The chained Bibles were those copies which had been *used most extensively*, for every Bible chained in the Middle Ages stands for a group of Bible students who made their studies therefrom.

⁷ *Books in Chains*, p. 28.

⁸ London, 1911, p. 109.

THE WISDOM OF SITTING STILL.

BY RICHARDSON WRIGHT.



AMONG the many things for which I have come to love my little place in the country is that it has given a new meaning to repose. And yet, never before did day so teem with activity.

From the first week the spade could go into the ground until this hour—this hour of abundant blossom and promising fruit—there has been no cessation. Hands that were soft with office work are calloused and browned. We have learned the swift anger of the hoe and the measured rhythm of the scythe. War on weeds and pests is steadily pursued. Where once lay dun fields now range the orderly rows. Peonies and iris splash their colors along the border. The shadows lengthen across a velvet lawn, close-cropped and weeded.

Indoors, the house glistens with fresh paint and the foot sinks deliciously into new carpets. The ancient farmhouse walls, cleansed and rejuvenated, look upon new furniture. The windows are prim with fresh-laundered curtains.

Each day a great deal is done—a great deal more than we thought could be done. Then, as dusk closes down, we stop amid the chaos of our labors to learn the wisdom of sitting still.

For sitting still is the first requisite of repose. One gains strength by it, as Isaiah counsels. So much is accomplished by sitting down and sitting still—the actual, physical act of sitting. Visualize the Feeding of the Five Thousand—the seething, zealous mob, hungry and tired, the two small loaves and five small fishes. It may be a far cry from that Gallilean hillside to this hillside in New England, and yet the miracle did not happen until the men were made to sit down, and the miracle of repose was not vouchsafed us until we, too, had sat down.

I.

Repose is as necessary to the soul as sleep is to the body.

Every life, even the busiest, should have its moments of repose; in fact, the busier the life, the more repose is required.

Some devout souls feel that prayer is repose or meditation is repose. Neither of these actually is. For it is a practice insisted on by all spiritual masters that before any form of spiritual activity is attempted, there must come moments of composure. So many people rush headlong and breathless into prayer, come into meditation panting and hot and dirty—the way children, called from play, rush to the table.

Some find repose in the solitary walk along the country road, others in the walk home through the crowded streets after a day's work. It is difficult to say in which he is more alone. Still others must wait until the household quiets down or the office closes or the church is emptied. Whatever the time or place, the first requisite for repose is that one be at least mentally sitting still. Although the body be functioning subconsciously—as in walking—the mind must be made to sit down and sit still.

The second requisite for repose is that one be alone. It may not be possible to be physically alone, yet by the very act of will one can close the physical senses and shut out distractions.

Sitting still tends toward simplicity and simplicity, as Thomas à Kempis says, doth tend toward God.

It is one thing to imagine ourselves in different surroundings from where we happen to be; it is quite a different matter to engulf ourselves in another and greater Personality. The one is usually an act of egoism, the other an act of self-abasement. A poor man may imagine himself dwelling in a palace and derive amusement and consolation from this thought which shuts out the squalor that surrounds him; but it requires more than an act of the imagination to place one's self in the presence of God.

There is a class of poetic souls—"amateurs of religious sentiment" someone has called them—who are satisfied with the mere thrill of beauty that comes with sensuous enjoyments—a far-stretching panorama, a movement in plucked strings, the scent of lovely flowers at dawn. And because they are sensuously aware of this beauty they feel satisfied that they have reached all that is attainable.

How many of us dangerously approximate even these at

whom we would indulgently smile! We've gotten dependent upon our surroundings, upon the stimulus of ritual, the color and action of nature, the soothing of music. When we step from ecclesiastical grandeur into some monastic chapel, bare and rigidly simple, we marvel that hearts can be lifted up amid such poverty. From the very beginning the religious knew the wisdom of being alone, of cutting himself off from the stimulus of sensuous beauty, of renouncing normal enjoyments of the eye and ear that he might approximate the solitary state. It was the wisdom expressed by Hugh of St. Victor: "He is not solitary with whom is God."

Once this is accomplished, once the soul is shut off from the world, then do the windows and doors of the soul's household gradually open on that more lovely Dayspring—as a housewife, after a storm, flings open the doors and windows to let in the clean air and fresh sunshine. Then does the Sun of Righteousness spread across the floor of that being and the threshold know His footfall for which it has awaited.

This entering in of the Holy Spirit should be the desire of those who seek repose.

It may be, however, that It will seize a man in the midst of his busiest endeavors. So it happened to St. Paul. But almost invariably, as in St. Paul's case, it causes the senses to stop functioning. Saul is stricken blind. Many have been struck dumb. Countless mystics have fallen in a swoon. It would seem as if the Holy Spirit demanded that Its captive sit down and sit still.

II.

The wisdom of sitting still becomes Divine Wisdom when we permit the inflowing of the Holy Spirit. We have done our part: we have sat down and sat still. We have awaited It as one awaits a guest. The household of the soul is quiet against His coming. *Sursum Corda!* We lift up our hearts. *Cor Cordium!* Our heart is flooded with His love!

He has promised that when He came He would make all things perfect—but how unusual the perfection! No two of us are perfected alike!

The soul, said St. Bernard, is a capacity for the Infinite. The fluid of the Holy Spirit accommodates itself to a man's capacity and fashion. One does not have to be a saint to have

It fill one's vessel to the brim, nor rich with spiritual experiences nor learned in matters theological. It stimulates each man in the manner of his being and work in life.

Thus it was at the first Pentecost. Each Apostle forthwith spake with a different tongue. To each was given a gift according to the work there was for him to do, so that he could best carry on this work in that land or environment to which he was sent.

So can come the Divine Wisdom to each man in his moments of repose. It may not be what he expects or what at that time he thinks he needs, but It will approach each in his own fashion, in his own peculiar circle or plane.

Nor indeed may It always stimulate him to religious aspiration. As if in very abnegation of Himself the Divine Beauty hides His face from our beholding and turns our eyes to His handiwork instead—the surge of music, the swirl of crowds, the heave and roll of the sea, the singing of a bird, the heady odor of grapes in autumn, the tingle of cold air on a crisp morning—even our purpling dusks at the end of the days' work in the garden. But we must not be satisfied with these. We must not merely revel in the sensuousness of its beauty. It is the Spirit—and the Spirit quickens!

Repose, then, is a little Pentecost. We rise up from it galvanized into action—the arm is strong again, the eye sees clearly, there is singing in the heart.

It would be the height of futility to think that repose was merely an end in itself. We rest—but the Divine Stimulus functions only when we apply It to the next moment's activities. Perhaps the Holy Spirit can be compared to one of those high explosives that may be lighted in the hand without danger, and which exert their force only when confined in the narrow limits of a gun. Until the Holy Spirit, working through a man, is confined to the narrow limits of his life, It seems volatile, to pass off into ether, going, as the wind, where It listeth. But compact It into the muzzle of an average twenty-four hour day, and It gains an amazing force.

III.

Once learned, the spirit of repose can be a constant Pentecost. The soul is emptied of itself, the personality stripped bare, the burden laid aside. Into this vacuum, up to the soul's

brim, rushes the full tide of Divine Wisdom. The heavy burden is supplanted by one that is light and for the yoke that galls is taken His yoke, which is easy.

This changing, this constant flux, is what makes the lives of saints so fraught with romance and adventure. That is why they become so rich in experience, even when they are innocent of the world. Like the multitude that not alone witnessed the miracle of the loaves and fishes, but also ate of them, so do these simple souls, through repose, both see and taste the miracle.

Feeling It active within him, the Christian soul hurls himself into the next moment's contacts. He is driven by a force more compelling than any on earth. It sends him—if for but one short moment—to the very frontiers of the world. He sees—and we have seen it through the dusk on our New England hillside—the faint, far horizon of a Celestial Country.

A PRAYER.

BY LUCY GERTRUDE CLARKIN.

LET my dark hours be dark for me alone,
Nor shadow other lives that I hold dear.
Let me in laughter cloak each useless moan,
And make my little world a world of cheer.

Teach me to turn my every hurt and pain
Into white blooms of tenderness for Thee.
Teach me to make each earthly loss a gain,
And, do I fail, be patient, Lord, with me.

A PILGRIMAGE TO PICPUS.

BY JAMES LOUIS SMALL.



FROM the reclamation of the cemetery of Picpus at the dawn of the nineteenth century to Independence Day, 1917, when the General-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces stood at Lafayette's tomb with his memorable "We are here," stretches a period dramatic in the extreme and replete with noble purpose and high endeavor. During those years hard fought battles were waged in the cause of justice and truth. Sometimes truth triumphed, not seldom injustice. Brave men, and women too, for that matter, shed their blood gladly for God, for country and for Holy Church. In the midst of it all Picpus has stood, a shrine, both of piety and patriotism, to which the steps of many a pilgrim have turned with varying degrees of reverence.

One brings the twentieth century world along with one as far as the Rue de Picpus—a fairly gay and easy going world these days, spite of food restrictions, fuel shortage, post-war regulations and socialistic menace. Paris is gradually setting her feet in the old ways of mirth, though, truth to tell, they will perhaps never tread so lightly therein as in more favored times. Nevertheless, it is a very satisfactory Paris into which the Captain and I are projected, along with thousands of others, on a clear, sunshiny, not too warm July afternoon.

Few places are, *per se*, duller as to surroundings than the Place de la Nation. The statues of Louis the Saint and Philippe Auguste gazing inscrutably towards the Vincennes gate, give no hint of the stirring scenes once enacted at their feet, and it is difficult to believe that the middle-class, commercial looking Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, stretching comfortably westward, has been a veritable way of martyrs in days gone by. If its stones could speak, what horrors would they not cry fie upon!

But Paris, as I have already remarked, is highly satisfactory today. Jacques is strolling with his Jeanne, hands clasped and eyes looking into eyes, oblivious of passing dough-

boy's amused glance, of anything, in fact, but the urging of youthful life and hope typified by the flower in the lapel of Jacques' coat and the roses in Jeanne's cheeks. The small cafés about the square are doing a thriving business. Family groups surround the tables and discuss questions of mutual concern over bottles of *vin rouge*, in placid ignorance of the fact that less favored countries have legislated these proceedings out of the realm of the innocuous. Children play on the sidewalks and an occasional dog scuttles between the legs of an indignant patron. Somewhere in the near distance a band is playing, and if one's eyes are sharp, one can detect strings of colored lanterns swung across the narrower streets opening on the opposite sides of the *Place*. For it is the eve of Bastille Day and Paris is to celebrate as she has never celebrated before.

As we turn the corner into the Rue de Picpus it is as if we were in a region "by the world forgot." On either side of the street, which is cobble-paved and barely wide enough to permit conveyances to pass with safety, there stand rows of mean looking two and three storied houses. They produce an odd illusion of jostling against one another, and bending slightly forward as if to gaze impudently at the khaki-clad visitors. They remind one, somehow, of the bright-eyed Paris gamins who infest the boulevards now-a-days and plead stridently for chewing gum and candy.

If we were to keep our eyes even with the street we should probably pass Picpus by. Gazing upward, however, we discern, several hundred feet ahead of us, a cross rising above an irregular pile of drab colored buildings, evidently a convent. Closer inspection is not encouraging. We find ourselves faced with a ten-foot wall, unbroken throughout its length save for a heavy oaken door, tightly closed and scarred by innumerable storms. The Captain shows signs of bolting. Recognizing the symptoms, I make haste to pull the bell cord at the right.

Almost instantly the gate swings back, not widely and hospitably, but quite slowly as if unwilling to admit worldlings to the hallowed precincts. The caretaker, of middle age and clad in faded blue, looks us over carefully. He is a bit doubtful of the Captain, but when he sights the "K. of C." upon my cap and sleeve his honest face registers a broad smile of

welcome. Straightway he trots into his lodge. Then far away in the building that looms on our right another bell tinkles, and presently a nun emerges and walks toward us across the graveled enclosure. The keys at her girdle jingle as she walks, and as she comes nearer we notice that she wears a soft white woolen habit with two flaming hearts embroidered on the front of the scapular. Her cornette is frilled and stands out from her face like the petals of a flower, an effect enhanced by the modest glance of inquiry from her clear gray eyes.

In halting French we proffer our request: Might we visit the tomb of the great Lafayette? Most assuredly. Monsieur has been here before? No? Very well, she will show us the way. Past the chapel she leads us—a fair-sized and rather ugly building, flanked on the left by a broad pathway beyond which lies a small cottage bordered with beds of vivid bloom. We judge it to be the chaplain's house, for upon our return a serene looking, bearded priest, in soutane and bands, is standing in the doorway.

Yes, Picpus is indubitably another world. It is inconceivable that the charming vista which discloses itself to our view as we reach the rear of the chapel, has part or lot with the apartment houses and shops that encroach as far as they dare upon its walled seclusion, or with the noisy holiday making around the Place de la Nation. Rows of shade trees mingle their branches above the walks, and decorous, well-kept beds of flowers and late vegetables bespeak the thrift that never fails to distinguish the French garden. Here and there a nun moves about, watering pot in hand, replenishing it from time to time at the ancient stone-curbed well. For all the world, one thinks, like Rebecca of old, save in this case the Lover has already come and the query, "Wilt thou go with this Man?" has been answered for time and eternity. All along the edges of the walk there are benches, after the friendly continental fashion. We should like to avail ourselves of them were it not for wondering what lies ahead; what more this peaceful, sun-dappled spot has to offer. The sister who conducted us has disappeared, after pointing the way and then dropping a quaint curtsy of farewell.

Ahead of us and a bit to the left, in a sequestered nook, is a summer house, vine covered, with a table and chairs inside. It suggests to us an interest, though a secondary one, attaching

to the convent. It was no doubt in just such a place as this that Fauchelevent and his "brother" held many a colloquy over pipes and red wine during the six years that Jean Valjean and the small Cosette spent here, fugitives from the panting, red-tongued fate that pursued them to the very end. For tradition says that from this Convent of the Sacred Hearts Victor Hugo drew, in part at least, the picture he gives us in *Les Misérables* of the Bénédictines at 62 Rue Picpus. If so, the picture is drawn passing badly. It would be hard to find anything more fanciful, not to say grotesque, even in our modern, highly seasoned literature concerning nuns and convents, than the concluding chapters in Part Two of the famous novel. They alone, it might reasonably be surmised, could constitute sufficient ground for its place upon the Index.

I have said that this connection of Picpus with the work of the French novelist is secondary. Its chief interest centres around the parcel of ground at the garden's southeast angle, fenced off from the rest and protected by iron gates. The east end of this inclosure is in its turn kept apart, and the entire burial plot, for such it is, is holy ground. We instinctively remove our hats as the porter, who has followed us unobserved, turns his key in the lock and the gate, squeaking upon its rusty hinges, opens to his touch.

In his *Light Invisible*, with the chapter entitled "In the Convent Chapel" as a medium, the late Monsignor Benson has shown the relation borne by apparently quiescent spiritual life to the busy world outside. As he pictures lines of power radiating from the motionless nun praying before the Blessed Sacrament, so we may imagine links, strong though unseen, binding silent Picpus to the Paris lying without.

In early June of the year 1794 the merchants of the Rue St. Honoré, the Boulevard Des Italiens of its day, tired of the constant passing of the tumbrils on their grewsome way to the Place de la Concorde and having an eye to trade, not unlike the merchants of other times and lands, petitioned the Committee of Public Safety (*sic.*) that the guillotine be removed to another portion of the city. "Decent, well-to-do people," they averred, "shun a street where the carts pass daily bearing the condemned." So on the fourteenth of June the grim instrument of death was set up in the eastern suburbs, on what is

now known as the Place de la Nation, but was then called the Barrière du Trône, because upon that spot Louis XIV., when he returned from signing the Treaty of the Pyrenees in 1660, chose to receive his subjects' homage.

There for six weeks the chapter begun at the Place de la Concorde was written to its close. In that time over thirteen hundred gave their lives for their religious or political convictions, not infrequently both. Sixty less than that number had met their fate at the Place de la Concorde during the preceding thirteen months. The "Reign of Terror" only ended with the arrest of Robespierre on July 27th.

We are indebted to an American lady, Ella J. Buckingham, for an exceedingly well-written sketch of the period.¹ It is of more than passing interest to us, as the writer was for a time a guest at the convent of Picpus. Hence, although a non-Catholic, her work has about it something of the intimate and personal.

Very touching indeed is the roster as given by this American woman of those who died on the scaffold in June and July, 1794. It is gathered, among other sources, from "a pamphlet-like, black-bound book, published in 1802, on whose time-yellowed pages are written down the names of all who perished at the Barrière du Trône in the six weeks following the removal of the guillotine (from the Place de la Concorde)." It could be said of those days as the poet tells of the plague, that "wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor." On a single page there appear the names of a merchant of the street fairs, a market gardener, a domestic, a laundress, two seamstresses, a workman and a soldier. These, and others like them, brushed shoulders with ecclesiastics, courtiers and their ladies, aristocrats and simple rustics. Of a town in Brittany a toll of lives was exacted for no other reason than that the villagers had assisted at a Requiem Mass for Louis XVI. on the anniversary of his death, and had worn a black cockade on that day instead of the customary tri-color.

A great number of the accused met death bravely, many even with a smile. One Madame Ste. Amaranthe and her daughter were possessed of such bright complexions, made still more beautiful by the crimson of their blouses, that the color became

¹ *A Souvenir of Lafayette. A Historical Sketch of the Cemetery of Picpus.* Printed by Herbert Clarke, 338 Rue St. Honoré, Paris.

fashionable and was taken up, we are told, by the women of the Faubourg St. Antoine. A little laundress who called "*Vive le Roi*" from her window one day, boldly asserted that she had done it "because it pleased her and that she would repeat the words," a threat which she made good before the Tribunal itself. André Chenier, the poet, and his friend, Roucher; the Marquis de Beauharnais, first husband of the Empress Josephine; Ward, the Irish general; these and many others as famous appear on the list. An abbé, a friend of the family of Madame de Lafayette, had promised them long before that, were they to be brought to the guillotine, he would give them final absolution. Behold him, then, on the day of execution, disguised, following the tumbrils from the prison gates. Twice he was recognized by his friends and twice he was pushed aside by the crowd. When the sad procession reached the Bastille a violent storm arose and the mob scattered. Then, amid flashes of lightning and pelting rain, he raised his hand in absolution.

Nor were the gentle inmates of religious houses spared. The Abbess of the Benedictines, who dwelt on the slopes of Montmartre, Madame de Montmorency-Laval, over seventy years of age, blind, feeble from imprisonment, was actually charged with attempting to escape, when to have done so would have meant crossing a plank which connected a second story window with a wall on the other side of the moat! Yet for this she was beheaded.

The account given by the writer to whom we have previously referred of the execution of a whole company of Carmelites, is so graphic that it will bear quoting:

On the seventeenth of July the people of the Faubourg, who in their turn had grown weary of these daily spectacles, were moved to fresh interest and came to their doors, attracted by the unusual sound of the "*Te Deum*" chanted by strong, firm voices.

It was the day when sixteen Carmelite nuns from the convent of Compiègne were to give their lives for refusing to take an oath of allegiance to this new government, and for alleged treasonable correspondence with the royalist emigrés . . .

With unfaltering voices they finished the "*Te Deum*," then, gathering around the Mother Superior at the foot of the scaffold, they began the "*Veni Creator*."

As the rule of the order demands implicit obedience to a recognized head, each nun, when summoned, kneeling, requested "Permission to die, my mother," until the voices died away in silence.

On the wall to one side of the grating that opens into the inner plot of the Picpus cemetery there is a tablet commemorating these devoted women. "To the memory," it reads, "of the sixteen Carmelites of Compiègne. Died for the Faith July 17, 1794. Their bodies rest behind this wall. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Declared Martyrs and Blessed May 26, 1906."

And what became of the bodies of the thirteen hundred and more men and women who were led to death at the Barrière du Trône? That was a secret known to but few, and by that few kept inviolate, unless they also wished to tread in the footsteps of the martyrs.

Among the many abandoned convents of the neighborhood there was one formerly occupied by some Augustinians. Little remained of it but a moldy ruin. On the edge of the once beautiful grounds was a partly worked stone quarry. This lonely place was selected as most fitting for the purpose, and to it daily, after nightfall, the bodies were brought and into it they were cast, with utmost secrecy and without word of prayer or making of the holy sign. It was well understood that any attempt on the part of friend or relative to discover the destination of the death carts would be followed by punishment, swift and condign. But it was quite inevitable that now and then a man or woman of more than usual hardihood would steal along under cover of darkness and learn the secret.

Among these courageous ones was a poor working girl, whose father had been in the service of the Comte de Brissac, and whose brother had been one of those doomed by the Tribunal to die at the Barrière du Trône. It was to a German noblewoman, whose brother also had perished, and who had been foiled in her repeated attempts to find his grave by the ignorance, real or pretended, of all to whom she applied, that the little working girl imparted the information. The princess bought the bit of ground where the bodies had been thrown, walled it in and set up a cross to her brother's memory, the cross that one sees as one looks through the grating. Thus what is known as the "Cemetery of Victims" became the nu-

cleus of the Picpus cemetery, itself the nucleus of the convent domain of the Religious of the Most Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and Perpetual Adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament. Founded during the Revolution, the young order must have appealed to the survivors of those sad days as a fitting guardian of such a trust.

Poverty made progress slow, for the returning exiles were poor in purse and some of them, possibly, broken in spirit. But at last a society was formed for the purchase of the grounds and ruined buildings. In 1802 the first Napoleon signed a decree confirming the purchase. The names of his step-children, Eugène and Hortense Beauharnais, appear as members of the society, as do also those of General and Madame de Lafayette. It was but natural that the relatives of those resting in the "Cemetery of Victims" should desire burial nearby. Hence there grew up the Cemetery of Picpus, reserved, however, as a place of interment for direct descendants, or their connections to the fourth degree.

If, as someone once said, the cemetery of Père Lachaise is a "record of the genius, not only of Paris but of France," it may be stated with equal truth that the plot at Picpus is an unstained chronicle of devotion to God and country. One's pulse quickens as one reads the titles upon the tombs, names that have figured in the history, not of France alone, but of our own newer land. There are La Rochefoucauld, Rochefort, Noailles, Montmorency, Montalembert, author of *Monks of the West*, and to Americans, most illustrious of all—Lafayette.

In a railed-off space at the southeast corner, where the Stars and Stripes mingle with the Tri-color, rests all that is mortal of the great General. The lines upon the marble slab give the date of his birth, September 6, 1757; of his marriage, in 1774; and of his death, May 20, 1834. Next to his grave is that of his wife, member of the aristocratic house of Noailles, who preceded him to Picpus by twenty-seven years. They lie here by good right, since no less than five members of Madame de Lafayette's immediate family were executed at the Barrière du Trône: her mother, the Duchess d'Ayen; her sister, the Vicomtesse de Noailles; her grandmother, the Maréchale de Noailles; and her uncle and aunt, the Maréchal and Maréchale de Mouchy. It was that de Mouchy who, as he passed from the hall where sentence had been pronounced, replied to the

"*Courage, Maréchal!*" of his fellow prisoners: "When nineteen years old I fought for my king; at seventy-nine I die for my God. It has been a life well filled." Assuredly it was an answer worthy a knight and a gentleman.

One more stopping-place and then we shall leave the little burial ground behind us and be upon our way. At the western end of the cemetery, surmounted by a cross, is a tomb whose inscription is worth reading, both because of its quaint simplicity and also because it breathes the language of love that has from the beginning animated the guardians of Picpus!

"Most Reverend Mother Henriette Aymer de la Chevalerie, Canoness of Malta. Born 1767. In 1797, under the direction of the Most Reverend Father Marie Joseph Coudrin, she founded the Congregation of the Religious of the Most Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and Perpetual Adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament. Despising the grandeurs and joys of the world she dedicated herself to a life hidden in God and crucified with Jesus Christ." There follows a recital of the various virtues with which this pious nun was adorned and which earned for her the title of "The Good Mother," as Père Coudrin was known as "The Good Father." Then, "After having founded eighteen houses she gave up her beautiful soul to God the twenty-third of September, 1834. O Good Mother, watch daily over the children whom thou hast left in their sorrow!"

There is pathos in the concluding invocation, for without doubt the nuns of Picpus have known much sorrow. In the early thirties of the century past, when the surrounding quarter teemed with disorder, the convent owed its security to Lafayette, who caused a notice to be posted above the door, stating that anyone entering there with evil intent incurred the penalty of death. From time to time attempts were made, happily with no success, to extend newly-opened thoroughfares through the grounds. After serving as a hospital during the Franco-Prussian War, the convent fell into the horrid grip of the Commune. It was invaded by a foul-mouthed horde of ruffians, one of whom pressed his sabre against the nun who stood at the door, threatening her with instant death. There is characteristic French spirit in her rejoinder: "Just as you wish, Monsieur!" The intruders sent some of the sisters off to the St. Lazare prison, and pillaged the premises in search

for supposed treasure. The work of sacrilege ended with the intervention of the Versailles troops.

As we retrace our steps the shadows of late afternoon are stealing over the garden, but we have time to enter and say a short prayer in the convent chapel, dedicated to "Our Lady of Peace." Erected in 1840 upon the site of the ancient chapel of the Augustinians its dark interior reveals little of note, either historic or artistic, if we except the famous little statue of Our Lady of Peace. From the reign of Henry III., when it was in possession of the family "de Joyeuse," to the present it has passed through many hands. At one time it stood in the convent of the Capucines on the Rue St. Honoré. There is a story, perhaps no more than legend, that about it in the blackness of the night there circled strains of celestial music. One likes to think that that were true.

A number of nuns are kneeling before the high altar, absorbed in adoration, their forms showing vividly amidst the darkness of the sanctuary. Save for the blood-red mantle, worn only in chapel, they are arrayed as brides, in white habits with filmy veils that envelop them from head to foot. Like their sisters at Tyburn they are making expiation for the sins of the world, fickle and cruel, that turns upon and rends the things it has once loved; that on the Place de la Nation, as at Tyburn, spared neither priest nor consecrated virgin.

Once more we are in the Rue de Picpus. Our visit to the cemetery and the chapel of Notre Dame de la Paix is over. Possibly in days to come fancy will love to roam in the fair regions into which we have been permitted to glimpse. Unbidden there come to mind the words of our American poet, written of a peaceful God's acre in the homeland:

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever;

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors;

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey.

SEBASTIAN RALE AND THE PURITANS.

BY GEORGE F. O'DWYER.



AMONG the pine trees of Maine, along the sinuous reaches of the Kennebec, two hundred years ago, were a few struggling settlements of Irish, Scotch, and English, some of whom at this particular period were at odds with their Indian friends on the easterly side of the river. One of the principal reasons for the enmity was the action of sundry Puritan traders from Boston and the northern Massachusetts settlements, who persisted in mixing trade with the State religion—something which the discerning Norridgewocks and Kennebec tribes of Indians could not reconcile with their ideas. As a result, the traders from Boston, who came up the Kennebec in their barks filled with the implements of barter—trinkets and rum—found their Indian traders strangely disturbed, and the exchanges of goods were accompanied with dire suggestions.

In the powwows, held at this period on the clearings on the easterly side of the river—the Puritan ambassadors had their barks at a convenient point in case of emergency—the main burden of the discussion between the interpreters of the tradesmen was the advisability of replacing the Catholic spiritual adviser of the Norridgewocks—Father Sebastian Râle—with one Rev. Joseph Baxter of Massachusetts, who was of the Puritan state church congregation. The chiefs of the assembled tribes in the clearings saw at once the insidious portent of the plan and, on their own initiative, refused to obey the Puritan ambassadors who orated in the powwows, which caused much confusion among the orators on both sides of the question. The commissioners went back to Boston in their little barks—still loaded with trinkets and rum—and reported the leanings of the Indians to the black-robe Râle and the French. Thereat there was much excitement in the council of the Governor and the House of Representatives. And, as the record indicates, a price of a thousand pounds was set upon the head of Father Râle!

Now this unusual action only made the neophytes of the black-robed Jesuit, in the wilds of the Kennebec, stronger in their profession to the French king and to their spiritual adviser. The naïve honesty of the Indian mind saw the hypocrisy of the Puritan proselyters, consequently they rallied in greater numbers to repel the advances on their lands and possessions made by rapacious settlers who were inspired by the officials at Boston.

The Puritan settlements, at that time, reached from Massachusetts Bay to the original Gorges reservations from the Piscataqua to the Kennebec, and even to the French habitations beyond the villages of the Abenakis. Forts had been erected at convenient points along the Kennebec and Androscoggin Rivers on clearings which the Indians claimed as their own by right of original possession—which the Puritan officials contrived to ignore and ridicule. Naturally, the Indian chiefs felt peeved, and their hot blood was easily aroused at opportune periods, between the dawn of the eighteenth century and 1720.

For a hundred years previous, the French had been friends and good counselors to these chiefs, and the black-robed men of God who dwelt among them saw that their Indian charges were properly instructed in the virtues of adhering to God and country. Accordingly, when the little Puritan barks with soldier-divines and trader-divines on board, sailed into the clearings along the lower part of the Kennebec in the spring of 1720, the chiefs of the Norridgewocks and Kennebecs were prepared. They received their wily English ambassadors with politeness (as they were urged to do by Father Râle) until the emissaries forgot themselves in their ill-advised enthusiasm, and insulted the Catholic faith. Then, the Indian catechumens and neophytes, quick to see the malice conveyed against the religion and the dignity of their tutor, rose in revolt, and the emissaries from Boston were forced to go back with their presents of trinkets and strong waters, only slightly disturbed.

In the summer of 1720, as a result of what they considered an affront to their religion and dignity, the Massachusetts Council, at their session in Boston July 21st passed this resolution:

This House being credibly informed that Mons'r Ralle, the Jesuit, residing among the Eastern Indians, has not only on several Occasions of late affronted his Majesty's Government of this Province but also has been the Incendiary that has instigated & stirr'd up those Indians to treat his Majesty's Subjects settling there, in the abusive, insolent & hostile manner that they have done: Resolved. that a Premium of one hundred pounds be allowed & paid out of the Publick Treasury to any Person that shall Apprehend the said Jesuit within any part of this Province & shall bring him to Boston & Render him to Justice [?]. In Council Read & Concur'd.¹

On the eighth of November the same year, the Council resolved:

That it is derogatory to his Majesty's Honour & very unjurious to this Province That Mons'r Ralle, a French Jesuit & Missionary, should in Defiance [?] of the Law Reside in any part of this Province W'ch we are informed he now does as an Incendiary at Norridgewock among the Indians and that his Excellency the Governour be requested with Advice of the Council to take effective Methods for his Removal.

In order to give strength to the latter resolution, the solons of the Massachusetts House of Representatives resurrected a law passed in 1647, which prohibited Jesuits from coming into the Massachusetts colony. When one considers the fact that the Abenakis and Father Râle lived on what was really French territory at that period, which was theirs by right of eminent domain, the above outburst seems ridiculous. But as most all Puritan outbursts of this period had the same tone of ridicule and conceit for their French neighbors east and north of the Kennebec, the animus of the above quotation is easily accounted for.

Nearly a year later, on September 7, 1721, the Massachusetts Council decided at their session in Boston:

That the Government hath Sufficient reason to prosecute the Eastern Indians for their many Breaches of their Covenants & Treaties and more especially for their open Rebellion Lately Committed at Arowsick. . That One hundred &

¹ Legislative Records of Massachusetts Council, vol. xi., p. 25.

Fifty Effective Men be added to the Three Hundred & Fifty already in the Service in the Eastern Settlements. . That Three Hundred of the said Men at least be sent in Quest of the said Eastern Indians, And that his Excellency be desired to Issue out a Proclamation to be sent by the Comand'g Officer of the Said Forces to be Interpreted to the said Indians Commanding them upon pain of being prosecuted with the Utmost Severity to Deliver up the Jesuits and the other Heads & Fomentors of their Rebellion. And that Mons'r Rallee or any other French Priezt residing among ym be Seized & Secured & Sent to Boston and in Case the Indians Shall forcibly oppose them in their said Attempt that then they proceed to Repell Force by Force!²

Now what have we on the other side of the question? After careful research the writer has found much. But here will be quoted a translation of a part of a letter written by Father Râle to his nephew in France on October 15, 1722, one year after the English published the above dire threat. The translation is by Rev. William I. Kip, M.A., corresponding member of the New York Historical Society, and it is found among other letters by Father Râle translated by this author in a book entitled *Early Jesuit Missionaries in North America* (New York, 1846). Mr. Kip was an Episcopalian clergyman.

Among other things Father Râle wrote of in the letter was the following, as translated by Mr. Kip:

"During the more than thirty years that I have passed in the depths of the forests among the Savages, I have been so occupied in instructing them and training them in Christian virtues that I have had scarcely time to write many letters, even to those who are most dear to me. . . The whole nation of the Abenakis is Christian and very zealous to preserve their religion. This attachment to the Catholic faith has reduced them, even at this time [1722] to prefer our alliance to advantages that might be derived from an alliance with the English, who are their neighbors. These advantages would be of great importance to our Indians . . . the facilities of trading with the English from whom they are distant but one or two days' journey, in place of going to Quebec which it is necessary to take more than a fortnight to reach, certainly hold out

² Records of Massachusetts Council, September, 1721.

great inducements . . . but their faith is infinitely more dear to them and they believe that if they detach themselves from our alliance [with the French] they will shortly find themselves without a missionary, without sacraments, without a sacrifice, with scarcely any exercise of their own religion and in manifest danger of being replunged into their former heathenism. This is the bond which unites them to the French."

In alluding to the coming of the English settlers on the confines, and even on Indian lands along the Kennebec, Father Râle said in the same letter: "The proximity of the English was, at first, a source of pleasure to the Indians, who did not perceive the snare that was laid for them. But at length, seeing themselves surrounded by habitations of the English, they demanded by what right they thus established themselves on their lands and even erected their forts there."

In the autumn of 1722, the inroads of the English on the Indian reservations goaded the latter into open rebellion, and the Norridgewocks and the other tribes in league with them, made war among the frontier settlements. Knowing of the antipathy which the Puritans had for Father Râle, the chief warriors of the tribes advised him to go on to Quebec for a short interval. Commenting on this action of his Indian preservers, Father Râle, in the letter to his nephew, written October 15, 1722, said: "My neophytes, touched by the peril to which I found myself exposed in their village, often urged me to retire, for a time, to Quebec. But what will become of the flock if it be deprived of its shepherd? They have done what they could to represent to me that in case I should fall into the hands of our enemies, the least which could possibly happen to me would be to languish for the rest of my days in a hard prison. But I close their lips with the words of the Apostle which divine goodness has deeply engraven on my heart: 'Do not all distress yourselves,' I say to them, 'as to what concerns me, I do not in the least fear the threats of those who hate me without cause and I count not my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course and the ministry which I have received from the Lord Jesus.'"

Between these lines can be read the wonderful courage and fidelity of this sturdy pioneer in the Maine vineyard of the Lord. And it also shows the strong sympathy of the Indian catechumens and neophytes who were certainly tried in

their allegiance to their zealous missionary and their king in that period.

In a letter written to his brother in France from Narant-sounack, an Abenaki village, on the twelfth of October, 1723, Father Râle said, commenting on the efforts of the Puritan Council in Boston to capture him: "These gentlemen [the English] persuaded with reason that in keeping my Indians in their attachment to their Catholic faith, I was more and more strengthening the bonds which united them to the French, set in operation every kind of wile and artifice to detach them from me. Neither offers nor promises were spared to induce the Indians to deliver me into their hands or at least to send me back to Quebec and take one of their ministers [Rev. Joseph Baxter] in my place. They made many attempts to surprise me and carry me off by force; they even went so far as to promise a thousand pounds sterling to any one who would bring them my head! You may well believe me, my dear brother, that these threats are able neither to intimidate me nor diminish my zeal. I should be only too happy if I might become their victim, or, if God should judge me worthy to be loaded with irons and to shed my blood for the salvation of my dear Indians!"

Here we see the wonderful fortitude and fidelity to his charges of this zealous apostle. One year later he had his wish. On August 23, 1724, he was shot down in cold blood by his English persecutors and assassins at the foot of the mission cross at Norridgewock.

Sebastian Râle was born in Franche-Comté in 1657. At the age of thirty-two (1689) he was sent to the American missions. After spending two years among the Abenakis at the mouth of the Chaudière River, Canada, he was sent to Illinois, where he was successful in making many converts among that war-like tribe. He spent two years in the Middle West, and then went to the little Abenaki settlements in Maine. Here he found his life work. From 1694, until his death in 1724, he labored among the tribe and found time to make several trips up and down the wilds of the Penobscot, the Androscoggin, the Kennebec, and even as far as Quebec, where the "fires of his apostolic zeal" were kindled and many souls were brought to the kingdom of God.

Among the Abenakis he labored as one of their own, and

his leisure hours were few. When he was not instructing the catechumens and neophytes, he was busy planting, or gathering herbs, or gathering the wax-berry for candles for his altar in the rude little chapel outside the stockade of the Indian village, Norridgewock. In the hunting and fishing expeditions of the tribe, he was as ardent and interested as the most active braves, and when the Indians went down to the shore near what is now Kennebunkport to fish for cod and haddock and to gather mussels, clams, and oysters twice a year, Father Râle was with them and enjoyed their humble fare. When he could spare the time he compiled his dictionary of the Abenaki language. It is now reposing in the library of Harvard College.

The results of the crusade of this sainted man of God are still in evidence along the banks of the Kennebec—yea, even to the bounds of the St. Croix—for the descendants of the early French and Acadians and Abenakis and their kindred tribes still practice the faith taught by Father Râle. The inroads of the English have made but very little difference. The seed sown by the sainted missionary lives!

THE BLIND MAN.

BY MARTIN T. O'CONNELL.

THE rose is a sachet of velvet—

The sun, a soft wind from the south—

And the moon and the stars—only phrases

He has caught from another's mouth.

Love is the touch of a warm hand—

Joy—the glad song of a lark:

Beauty is dream-laden music,

And God—flaming Light in the dark!

THE ENIGMA OF DEAN SWIFT.

A TABLOID TREATISE.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY, LITT.D.



ONATHAN SWIFT, the bitter-sweet dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, was the Bernard Shaw-plus-Gilbert Chesterton of the eighteenth century. To his own age he was a challenge and a paradox—and in the more important matters, he remains still an enigma. In England a politician; in Ireland, almost against his will, a patriot; a voluminous writer who is remembered for a single work; a sentimentalist who made shipwreck of every love; an ecclesiastic who served as an almost infallible storm-centre for his co-religionists: he began by asking, in all good faith, *What's Wrong with the World?* And he ended a helpless and ironic prisoner in *Heartbreak House*.

Something of Swift's congenital perversity, only in more gossamer texture, hung about his mother, Abigaile Erick—who amused herself during her son's youthful residence in London by calling at his lodgings anonymously and stealthily, to the great scandal of his landlady. His father, a cousin to John Dryden, was the penniless younger son of an old Yorkshire family, and had early come fortune-hunting in Ireland. But at the time of his death, several months before young Jonathan's birth, he had achieved only a very precarious position as steward to the Society of the King's Inns, Dublin. So when this boy of proud and imperious spirit was born into the world, on November 30, 1667, it was as a predestined *dependent*.

At one year old, the child was abducted by a doting nurse and carried off to England, where his mother permitted him to remain for five years—perhaps because it seemed the easiest solution to at least one of her problems. Subsequently he returned to school at Kilkenny, and later was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, upon the rather grudging largess of his uncle, Godwin Swift. It is perhaps some extenuation of Jonathan's

thoroughly scandalous career at Trinity to remember that he was only fourteen when entered as "pensioner" there. At any rate, he lost few opportunities to show his hostility toward both faculty and curriculum. The result was foreordained. His bachelor of arts degree was first refused ("for dullness and inefficiency," in his own bitter words), later granted under protest, and finally revoked by the college after some particularly blatant acts of rebellion.

So the daring and disgruntled boy left Ireland, and walked most of the way to his mother's abode in Leicestershire. He was just twenty-one; and she, poor woman! seems to have feared that his next imbroglia might involve the heart rather than the head. So she made shift to secure him a new "protector" in the person of Sir William Temple, with whose family she had a certain unexplained intimacy. To this powerful diplomat Jonathan went in a secretarial capacity, and at his home in Moore Park he received his first introduction to men and affairs of state. He was also spurred on to resume his neglected studies, to such good effect that in 1692 he was admitted to the degree of master of arts at Oxford University. Swift's trenchant wit and originality were already as conspicuous as his high temper and passionate love of freedom: and the thousand suppressions of his daily life had bred in him not humility, but a sense of injustice. Even at this early age he was prey to that most poisonous of all obsessions, a belief that *the world was against him*. This curious antagonism toward mankind, coupled often with a tender loyalty toward individuals, merely increased with his years—as indeed, it was to color his entire literary work.

In 1694, Swift left Sir William Temple, smarting under some real or imagined lack of advancement; and it was then that he decided, in order to insure his future, upon taking orders in the Anglican Church. There seems every evidence that his was what might be termed a vocation of convenience; and it is strong proof of the man's inherent idealism that he tried later on to make it a vocation of consecration—even if the consecration was not unmixed with some scandal and more contention. At any rate, he was ordained priest of the Establishment in 1694, and obtained an unimportant prebend near Belfast—which he shortly afterward resigned to return to the reconciled Sir William. During this second residence

at Moore Park, Swift renewed his friendship with young Esther Johnson, another pensioner of the household, whose education he directed with affectionate care—and who, as “Stella,” was to play so permanent, if not prominent, a rôle in his later life. He also inaugurated his literary work with *The Battle of the Books*, a treatise instigated by his benefactor and designed to whip up the controversy then raging over ancient and modern learning. The book would be forgotten today were it not for its admirable and ironic little preface, where Swift strikes the keynote of his later message by declaring: “Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover everybody’s face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets with in the world.” About this time he must also have written one of the most unique and regrettable of all his creations, *The Tale of a Tub*, although its publication did not come until 1704. This is a fantastic allegory of Church history, designed as a piece of Protestant apologetics: but its apology is as perverse as its history. For if Swift derides Peter (the Church of Rome), he cannot resist the temptation to mock Martin (Lutheranism) and to ridicule Jack (Calvinism) as well. Candidly, it is not a very sane piece of writing, and its most brilliant moments are its maddest. Swift’s later career in the Anglican Church suffered much from this reckless work, which seems to have won unstinted approval from no one save Voltaire!

Those were the days of the patron, so after Temple’s death Swift passed as chaplain to the home of Lord Berkeley in Ireland. But here another dissillusion awaited the young cleric, when he found that the deanery of Derry could be his only upon payment of a hundred pound bribe to his lordship’s secretary! However, his just resentment was partially healed when he was given three small “livings” not far from Dublin; and at his own favorite, Laracor, in County Meath, Swift worked with considerable industry over his rectory, his fishpond, and a congregation numbering fifteen souls!

His friend, Esther Johnson, was, at his own request, residing near him at this time (for the ostensible reason that the High Cost of Living was lower in Ireland), with Mrs. Rebecca Dingley as companion. And for awhile the turbulent Dr. Swift seems to have been content with life as a rural clergyman. His *Letters of a Church of England Man*, written during

these years, are interesting in their statement of his frankly political fealty to the Anglican communion. "I think it clear," he says, "that any great separation from the established worship, though to a new one that is more pure and perfect, may be an occasion of endangering the public peace." But that so merely nominal and official a faith failed to satisfy his own love of *reality*, there is abundant evidence in the scathing sarcasm with which he later wrote his *Argument to Prove that the Abolishing of Christianity in England May, as Things Now Stand, Be Attended with Some Inconveniences*, etc. Of the Catholic Faith, Swift was as invincibly and hopelessly ignorant as was the England of his day. It was to him a Garden Enclosed, a mysterious factor of foreign, or conceivably of domestic politics: although we have on record his classic wish—reëchoed by so many of the "separated" ever since!—that when the Pope was weeding out his garden, he would not throw all the *débris* over their side of the wall!

In 1710, Dr. Swift was in London as official representative of the Irish Church (*i. e.*, the Anglican Church in Ireland) in its effort to obtain the "first fruits," or twentieth-part tax, allowed by Queen Ann to her English, but not to her Irish, clergy. Immediately, he and his pen became the object of brisk political rivalry between the Whigs and Tories: and when Swift went over to the latter side, he leaped into high favor with the reigning ministry. Within six months he had gained the petition of the Irish clergy; but he remained in London as editor of the government organ, the *Examiner*. He wrote also for early copies of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, living in daily intimacy with the coterie which included Steele, Addison, Congreve, Atterbury, Arbuthnot, and Pope. From a worldly standpoint, these years were the most brilliant of Swift's career, but they left almost nothing of permanent value in his literary work. For that part of his days which was not occupied by a rather strenuous social life, was filled with a mass of controversial writing—perhaps the most important being his letter upon *The Conduct of the Allies, and of the Late Ministry, in Beginning and Carrying on the War*. This admirable polemic, a plea for ending the ten years war with France and Spain, achieved four editions in one week, and did probably more than any other single thing to show the English public the uselessness of Marlborough's showy victories. It was one

of Swift's most spectacular triumphs, but the dissensions of the ministers and the covert disapproval of the Queen held him back from rising on the crest of his own wave. Not the most political of ecclesiastical "lobbying" could win anything higher for himself than the deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin, to which he was finally appointed in 1713. With the death of Queen Ann the following year, the overthrow of the Tories, and the hated Hanoverian dynasty at its utmost in George I., Swift shook the dust of England from his feet and threw in his lot permanently with the Other Island.

All the details of those stirring years in London—with Swift's familiar prestige in Court circles, his dinners with duchesses and conferences at coffee-houses, his political intrigues and unobtrusive charities, his disappointments and ever-recurrent attacks of vertigo—are told in the celebrated *Journal to Stella*. Sometimes Swift is paternal in correcting "Stella's" spelling or directing her household expenses; sometimes more than paternal in his hopes that her "dear eyes" will not suffer from his writing. But the *Journal* says too much not to say much more. Beneath its minute candor there lurks still a disingenuousness, a suspicion that the man was deliberately shielding himself from possible criticism—or was it from possible responsibility?

The whole problem of Swift's relations with "Stella" rests, of course, under this same suspicion, and it is not, perhaps, the affair of posterity to solve a mystery which he was unwilling and she unable to reveal. The legend of their secret marriage at Clogher in 1716 has never been satisfactorily proved—nor disproved. But in spite of the Dean's temporary and tragic entanglement with the other and younger Esther (Miss Vanhomrigh), there is no doubt of their long and apparently "platonic" devotion. This blustering, bitter-tongued man would seem to have been a timid philanderer where women were concerned and, possibly because of his love of liberty, possibly because of the consciousness of some mental or physical disability, he was determined to shun marriage. So this peculiar intimacy with "Stella," grew into acceptance among his clergy and people in Dublin. And when, in 1728, she died, they mourned with him the passing of a good woman: one who had given her best to Jonathan Swift, and to whom he had given—what he could conveniently! But in the entire range

of his work, there is nothing more simply, searchingly touching than the fragment *On the Death of Mrs. Johnson*, which he, too ill to attend her funeral, finished while the services were in progress in his nearby cathedral. "It is now nine at night; and I am removed into another apartment, that I may not see the light in the church," wrote the cryptic dean. And alone there with the memories of forty odd years, still guarding at least the inner seal of his self-imposed reserves, he penned that discreet yet devoted panegyric of "the truest, most virtuous and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with. . . I knew her from six years old, and had some share in her education, by directing what books she should read, and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honour and virtue; from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of her life. She . . . was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful and agreeable young women in London, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face perfection. . . Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation. . . All of us who had the happiness of her friendship agreed unanimously that in an afternoon or evening's conversation, she never failed, before we parted, of delivering the best thing that was said in the company. . ."

During "Stella's" life, both she and the dean had, as he said, "loved Ireland," and grown to detest "the tyranny and injustice of England in their treatment of this kingdom." After her death, championship of that unhappy isle became his chief literary concern. In protest against a law forbidding the export of Irish woolen goods to any country except England, Swift wrote his bold, but very practical, *Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures*. When Wood's infamous copper-coin abuse threatened, he began his notorious *Drapier Letters*, urging a boycott of the debased currency and finally threatening a general *exposé* of conditions in Ireland. A prize of three hundred pounds was offered by the English government for the arrest of the letter-writer—but the offending coinage was promptly withdrawn! From that day Swift, who had come to Ireland in his own words "an exile," remained the idol of its long-suffering people. But the hopelessness of the situation under Hanoverian rule drew from him

finally the bitter and burning irony of his *Modest Proposal*, that since the upbringing of the children of the poor in Ireland "under the present situation of affairs is utterly impossible," they should be killed young and served at table to those—especially landlords—who could afford such a delicacy!

For verisimilitude of fancy and vigorous satire, this diatribe is surpassed by no work of Swift's save the masterpiece, *Gulliver's Travels*. This classic was published in 1726, after being more than ten years in composition, and from the mass of his controversial writings, it survives as the one certain font of immortality. It looms as a giant in the long chain of imaginary voyages, which include Lucian's *True History*, Rabelais' *Pantagruel*, More's *Utopia*, and in our own day, *Alice in Wonderland* or Mæterlinck's *Blue Bird*. That its popularity should today be chiefly among the young, and because of its adventurousness, is one of the literary ironies. For Gulliver's pilgrimage—whether he soars as a demigod in Lilliput, shrinks to a pigmy in Brobdingnag, adventures among the flying island of Laputa, the infinite projects of Balnibari or those wretched immortals, the Struldbrugs—is obviously Swift's ultimate satire upon the human race. Its final chapter, where the horse is seen as the rational ruler and man has sunk into the degenerate and obscure Yahoo, is the apotheosis of misanthropy: probably the most revolting expression in English literature of "the-more-I-see-of-men-the-better-I-like-my-dog" taunt. But it is scarcely more than this. And here, as elsewhere throughout Swift's work, the sometimes incorrigible grossness of imagination must be attributed partially to the custom of his age, and partially to that morbid mentality, which was later to bear fruit of such real and even pathological pathos.

It is as a master of vigorous, virile and vitriolic prose that Swift will be remembered. But he had considerable facility in satiric verse of the correct and parabolic Popean school, and as late as 1731 he penned the vivacious lines anticipating his own death. . . . After that came the lean and lonely years of increasing senility, when labyrinthine vertigo was merged at last into paralysis and aphasia. Never was any sentence of life more mercifully "commuted by death" than his on October 19, 1745. By his own wish, it was at midnight, and

in the grave long occupied by "Stella," that the world-worn dean was buried. Very much of his own choice, and composition, too, were the words carved upon his tomb:

HIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS

JONATHAN SWIFT, S.T.P.

HUJUS ECCLESIAE CATHEDRALIS

DECANI:

UBI SÆVA INDIGNATIO

ULTERIUS COR LACERARE NEQUIT.

ABI, VIATOR,

ET IMITARE, SI POTERIS,

STRENUUM PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICEM.

He stands, even today, a Promethean figure in British letters, a disenchanted idealist, a hero and a fighter caught in narrow ways. Too well did Jonathan Swift prove the truth of his own bitter aphorism: "We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another."

NATIONAL TRADITION IN IRISH LITERATURE.

BY MARTIN J. LES, B.A.



HOSE," said Edmund Burke, "who never look back to their ancestors, never look forward to posterity." The outlook of a nation should be retrospective as well as prospective: its aim should be to find in the past objects of veneration, pride and worship, incentives to emulation and sign-posts to greatness for the future. When national forgetfulness falls like a distressing nightmare on a country, all notions of public responsibility disappear, the genius of nationhood becomes thwarted and helpless while the factors that made for distinctive nationality serve now as so many jarring forces which run counter to every movement towards a new national orientation. The ideals and driving-forces of every European country find their best and most adequate reflection in its past history. Here the nation finds the fullest embodiment of itself, a motive and a talisman ever serving as incentives to deeds of noble daring, ever acting as a check to the "rash lustihood of youth's powers."

Beneath the melting cloud-land of theory and shadowy region of abstraction is the solid and immovable framework of tradition. Tradition is to the nation what memory is to the individual. It contains the record of a nation's greatness; it is the foundation and basis of a nation's learning. "All that the preceding generations have suffered or achieved, all that dead generations have worshipped, loved, imagined or dreamed is stored for the future in tradition." A movement limited to the cultured and addressed only to the cultured is destined not to survive, for it lacks the essence of permanence, viz., that it must live in the hearts of the people, otherwise it cannot claim distinctive nationality. A culture which touches merely the giants of the people or influences merely the intellectuals of the nation is not founded on tradition: no culture is possible for a race save that founded on tradition.

Hungary or Poland might be taken as examples of the influence of national tradition; but the best example seems to

be Denmark. After the loss of Schleswig-Holstein Denmark seemed doomed. Ignorance and poverty were rampant and all hope of their country's resurrection seemed dead in the mind of the Danes. Grundtvig and Cholb, his colleague, undertook to handle the situation. They understood that any cheap sentiment or stereotyped formalism in education remote from Danish experiences and in discordance with national mentality should be discarded. Having in mind the sagas and stories of the warrior kings of ancient Denmark, they determined to build up the future of their country on the ruins of the past. They established schools in which native fairy lore and ancient saga should be duly catered for. The old-time gods and *jocins* of the ice-bound north were again exhumed, and in the national tradition of their country the Danes laid the foundations of culture and future development.

Those schools are today a state institution. They are attended by all grades of society. Together they sing their country's songs and learn their country's history. Those folk-schools have led the people to understand that above the personality of the individual there is the personality or the "National Being" of the nation in which all take natural pride, to further which all are prepared to sink differences. The Danes began education and statehood upon the only sound foundation. The superstructure rose strong and immovable. National apathy and inertia disappeared. The intelligence of the people had been sharpened, and a great heart-searching resulted in a great national awakening. The study of economics, commerce, and industrialism found a place in the programme of the Folk-Schools. A higher standard of life was sought after with the result that a purer and more refined life ensued. Social intercourse, the spirit of true citizenship, harmony of public life, led to a balancing of diversities, a leveling of inequalities which is the hope and the mainstay of national efficiency.

What happened in Denmark can happen in Ireland where even a greater wealth of national tradition is extant. Ireland is just entering upon a new period of industrial development. It is well that this movement should emerge before native culture goes down, and that our country should be saved the loss of its national soul, so often a consequence of increased production.

In his work on *Irish Polity* "A. E." does not seem to have taken cognizance of this important aspect of national rejuvenation. Evidently the force of tradition has no charms for him. He talks about *creating* our civilization. "Certainly," he says, "we have no national ideals, no principles of progress peculiar to ourselves in Ireland, which are a common possession of our people." But, these ideals are not to be created: they must be and usually are the outcome of a nation's development. They march *pari passu* with intellectual and economic progressiveness. They must first exist implicitly in order to be voiced and made explicit. Moreover, we should feel chary of saying there are no national ideals peculiar to Ireland. We have inherent in us and embedded deep in our nature leanings and tendencies which inspire and ennoble our common efforts. There is something fundamental in our character, though feebly expressed, which is goading us forward in the path of national realization, stimulating us in the molding of the future destinies of Ireland. That harmony of outlook and coöperation in action which present-day economists labor so much, might be more naturally attained along the lines of the new school of Irish tradition.

We have in Ireland special reasons for fidelity to tradition, for in the past our literature served a purpose which was the prime factor in molding our national outlook and providing an adequate incentive to nation-building. Mrs. Greene has made it clear that the common national link in Ireland down through the centuries was literary unity, or a common connection in literature for all the provinces. In England the national idea was somehow associated with politics or the continued existence of a line of kingship. This literary tradition was free from all traces of dialectal differences. Then the pride of nation and the pride of art was strong and took possession of the whole people. Then we were spiritually "over-souled." Cuchullain, the dark, sad man of our ancient tales, was a being who epitomized all the bards thought noblest in their race. Oscar, too, was a bard-created hero, whose half mythical prestige would have been elevated into the Irish ideal of true chivalry and heroism under the immunities of a self-determined existence. The eighteenth century poets shaped for us a maiden of exquisite beauty, varied plight, but of abiding fidelity amid suffering: this

maiden was Eire. Chroniclers compiled their volumes from material drawn from the four corners of the island. The Brehon code, unlike that of Wales, which was provincial in its ambit, contains judicial enactments for the country at large. The archaism and conventionalities of the bards were employed to insure national scope: to prevent provincialism. This nationalism in literature was true of our vernacular literature in all periods of its hard-fought existence. In the dark days of the eighteenth century when a foreign despotism unbridled stalked abroad at noon-day, long-standing configurations of clans and peoples were upset, a number of independent local dialects became marked off, adhering, however, to the rules of Irish art and mode of expression.

The Anglo-Irish Revival—which gave birth to a new pride of nation—took its rise and depended for its source on the fund of native literature. So long as it continued to draw its inspiration from the native fountain, it was embellished with those qualities of traditional culture which won for it a well-merited reception and permanence.

The school founded by the celebrated antiquarians—O'Curry and O'Donovan—led to an interest in things Irish, which culminated in the establishment of the Gaelic League. From this movement also evolved the Anglo-Irish school of poetry of which we have been speaking, whose interests found its ablest exponent in Mangan. Schooled under the same patriotic influences which led O'Donovan and his colleagues to give their monumental works to the public, he drank in deep draughts, the glamour and romantic coloring of Irish legend-lore. Those great pioneers toiling in the ancient scribal school, translating and elucidating our ancient manuscript literature, provided a great thesaurus of literary material, which served to mold the muse of poets of after generations. The Ossianic lays, throwing aside all convention, made way for spontaneity and mediævalism. The personal note, so long silent, was sounded anew. Those lays loomed large before such men of European notoriety as Goethe and Lamartine; for it was an age in which internationalism in literature was at its zenith. Moore, too, in preceding days, had sung of Tara's halls and the Red Branch Knights, and the melodies of ancient Erin reëchoed once more in the halls of Europe. Mangan's translations from the Irish have preserved all the

delicacy of form, the richness of sweet-sounding rhythm and old-world glamour of the native bards. He treads again the plains of Erin and calls out of the dusk of time forms shrouded in the dimness of Ossianic days. Ferguson was no less an antiquarian than a poet, and his famous *Conary* shed lustre on the school of Anglo-Irish poetry. Davis, great and high-souled Irishman that he was, undertook to write a ballad-poetry of Ireland. It was a truly patriotic task.

These versifiers voiced the patriotic and religious feelings of the Irish people, and were the true exponents of the mind of the race, the best interpreters of our national taste. Davis and Mangan, Ferguson and Moore still live in the hearts of the people and have been accepted as typically Irish.

Ireland whose name is mooted abroad today as the classical example of ideals for which in a material age men are prepared to die, can hardly be severed from the Ireland that is gone, can hardly be associated with the materialistic movements of the world of today, nor identified with a literature which takes no cognizance of Catholic thought or national sentiment. For the last decade or so Ireland has witnessed a marked expansion. The opening up of new industrial vistas, the rise of new schools of poetry, as well as the rising of Easter Week, 1916, are the all important circumstances which precipitated thought on new Ireland. Today every aspect of our national life has its galaxy of eager hands. Ireland is vibrant with the consciousness of a new energy and bounding zeal. In spite of this national re-orientation, the literary movement does not seem to find its glamour in the beauteous idea of neo-Celtism. Mr. Lloyd Morris, speaking of the new movement, says: "Ireland has borne a new thought, a new literature, a new economy, a new social philosophy, even a new nation in Ireland." This is the efflorescence of a root idea, and Sinn Fein is the most direct political outcome of the root idea which has flowered into the Abbey Theatre, the coöperative movement, Irish Industrial Revival and the Gaelic League.

The Irish Renaissance, as it has been recently styled, is a movement round which thought and comment must freely play. To a Catholic and to a person at all acquainted with Ireland's evangelizing fame, it sounds strange that this literature should be so little Catholic, and should manifest so superficially the mind of a people deeply Catholic. Ireland was

always intensely Catholic at home; but abroad the very mention of our country's name conjured up in the imagination of a stranger the idea of a land strenuously religious and devout. Even foreigners have set themselves the task of becoming the historians of our missionaries. Montalembert has made known to the world the glories of the monks of the West, and Sheffel has recounted the wonders of Fridolin and written the epic of St. Gall. In post and pre-Reformation days Ireland's loyalty to the Faith was often tested. In later centuries her missionary efforts prove the maintenance of this peregrinating zeal. Only the other day in the midst of the ghastly spectre of war, as it were to redeem the evil of the time, an Irish college was set on foot to convert the innumerable pagans of the Far East. Hence it has aroused much comment that a new school of *littérateurs* should launch upon an Irish reading public ideas and strains purely exotic on an Irish soil. How often do we miss in it the playful tenderness and exquisite poignancy, the intense passionateness so peculiar to the healthy and spiritual outlook of the Irish race. Haunting idealism, brooding melancholy and natural magic flashed across and lit up with soul-thrilling exuberance, are the most noted characteristics of the vernacular literature. They are warf and woof of all our native poetry; yet how far removed are those qualities from the spirit that ordinarily animates and pervades the productions of the Irish Renaissance school.

It may be urged, however, that this literary outburst is the outcome of international causes, that it is meant for a world-wide audience or that it is meant to create a literary aristocracy or that it is necessary for success, that writers of the New Ireland should break loose from the apron-strings of tradition. Perhaps, too, it may be said that Catholicism in Ireland is reduced to the influence of a mere sect. There are some who hold that the royal road to national efficiency and civic virtue, must involve a harmony so disinterestedly civic that all religious influences must be reprobated. This sounds tentatively new and runs counter to methods that have found a long standing vogue in Ireland. It is viewing Ireland through the glasses of a mere sect or literary coterie. "Irish poetry," says Stopford Brooke, "if it is to be a power in literature, must be as Irish as English poetry is English." Its manners and melodies must be its own. It must evoke emotions

and feelings in the Irish heart. It must be racy of the soil, and the past must speak to us from out the gulf of time. The river of Irish poetry rose long ago in our native hills and wrought its turbulent way down the channeled gorge it carved for its streams. The fact that Irish poetry should give a grave, a latitudinous, unimpassioned treatment of the weighty issues of human life does not mean a hankering after cosmopolitanism, and is undeniably compatible with nationalism in literature, so powerfully exemplified in the case of Shakespeare.

Though there be something in the achievement of the Irish Renaissance which gives it a name and a publicity far beyond the shores of Ireland, we are of opinion that it will not long survive its period, that it will be prematurely relegated to the "forgotten graveyard of dead pleasures." We are strengthened in our point of view when we venture farther afield and make comparisons with the happenings in other lands. Burns was a great poet when he essayed the humble melodies and revealed the lowly ideals of rural Scotland; but when he ambitioned to become a great English poet as well, it was *nec sutor ultra crepidam*. In *Il Convito*, Dante inveighs against the reactionaries of his time. In spite of opposition and criticism, he tells us, he decided to write in the vernacular instead of in Latin. The fact that Dante's use of the despised speech of the people led to greater intellectual achievements than would otherwise have been seen, led to the appearance of a work that contests with Homer the premier place in the world's literature, should be an inspiration to us in our endeavor to bring back the tongue of the Gaeltacht.

Two hundred years after Dante, who had enthroned vernacular Italian, was laid in the dust, "a shadow beneath the myrtle's shade," the French tongue was in a torpor. The half barbaric splendor and joyous vigor of the antique "Romance of the Rose" had long since died out of the language and the only literature composed comprised ballads, *rondeaux* and "peasant" songs. The position of the French tongue was then in a like position to Irish in the past century, except that the primitive epic to which France looked back was not to be compared to the Irish versatile epic which, for coherent artistic design and primitive strength, surpassed that of any country in Europe, even that unified by scholars like Lönnrot into the

Káleva—the national song of the now independent race of the Finns.

The awakening in France was due to the exertions of a group of scholars called *Le Pléiade*—of these the most charming figure was Pierre de Ronsard, who was nobly seconded by Joachim du Bellay. The *Pléiade* proved that to break from the root of national tradition is often to spell havoc in the literature of a nation. The work which these men took in hand was no child's play. Words had to be carpentered, obsolete expressions adapted and a stilted speech reduced to a medium of hammered and plastic expression. Thus did brave dreamers become in French poetry the mainspring of vigor and strength, not alone establishing the language, but stimulating its keenest exponents after a lapse of centuries.

It is to be much wondered at that so great a field of operation as Anglo-Irish authorship, which embraces men of all classes and creeds, should not be a more fitting reflection of the Irish mind. At present the world is curious about Ireland and is asking for some true exposition of the Irish mind. Oriental mysticism, later-day theosophy, pagan saga, materialistic philosophy will hardly be accepted by the world of today as a complete revelation of the Irish mind. A literature to be of any stability must live in the hearts and on the lips of the people; it must be a faithful mirror of the mind of the people; it must possess those qualities that make for endurance and longevity in every literature.

Art and Religion, it may be said, have nothing in common, and religion should be divorced from art. Still it is true that all religious people have produced religious art. The art of Italy is the outward expression of the religion of the people. The literature of Poland is steeped in Christian feeling, the songs of the Tyrol are fired with Catholic mysticism and passionate expression. Pagan tradition can't be offered as a plea; it has long since been overshadowed by Christian culture and Catholic love. Neither can unbelief or religious indifference be accepted as an accurate expression of the religious outlook prevailing in Ireland today.

Art, too, is national. Witness Goethe's art as the accurate summing up of the soul of Germany. We have also the national impress borne deep on the art of Dante and Cervantes. Even Shakespeare, though he wrote for mankind, is

English in a sense that Tennyson is not. In fact, all the great giants in literature wrote at a time when the outlook was so circumscribed that the spirit of nationality was unique. Chaucer's power and charm lie in his realistic observations, his natural shrewdness, his simple yet kindly view of human life, his fidelity and verisimilitude in the depiction of mediæval England. German literature carries the stamp of mysticism and Pantheism so peculiar to Germany.

When we speak of Anglo-Irish writers as not exhibiting truly Irish qualities we do not mean to bring all the writers in this sphere within the ambit of our charge. Many of these authors have lent to their art the impress of the religion in which they believe. Not unfrequently, indeed, we find the splendid intensity of vision of the great religious poet, a fine Catholic spiritual utterance. But these traits illumine by snatches not by sustained passion. In other poems, like the *Playher*, we notice the fiery and defiant magnificence, the motif which lent pathos to the smoke and flames of Easter Week. As these poets attempt more ambitious themes, the *grande manière*, and as they learn to feel beyond the amateurish stages of their art, it is hoped the ideas which have been the inspiration of all great minds will find due recognition in their work. It is inconceivable that even the work of a non-Catholic author, who takes his material from Irish sources, who is saturated with Irish feeling and tinged with native color, should not be influenced by the strongest note of the Irish Celt—Catholicism.

Perhaps the absence of this note may be attributable to the fact that the output in this school is as yet very sparse and meagre, generally of the lyric sort, the expression of minor incidents and personal feeling. Perhaps we have to wait for the appearance of some great intellectual outpouring of the national spirit in order to witness those qualities of deep religiousness and Celtic fervor. As to whether a great poet will arise in Ireland whose poetry will be the putting into verbal form of the weird magic and shimmering idealism of the Irish character, elevated by a majesty born of some of the fundamental ideas which have been the inspiration of races; one who will reveal the storm-tossed, long-suffering Irish soul and its indomitable spirit, a craftsman who will pierce the heart of life and give us a true image of the finite

painted against the eternal background of the Infinite, it may be idle to speculate. For any such outpouring of the mind some measure of political autonomy must undoubtedly be presupposed. National harmony and civic responsibility born of a disinterested desire to labor in the interests of the "Greater Being" of the nation, would be a sufficient stimulus to give rise to a great literary fruition in which the *ego* would not wholly shine. Our literature manifests beauty, though not greatness or majesty—that greatness or majesty which is the outcome of the orchestration of humanity by some great leader. Still, we venture to say that Ireland is destined soon to see the appearance of a great national poet as a result of this twentieth century outburst. Great constructive periods in history have generally produced great poets. Shakespeare was the child of the Elizabethan golden age. Milton was the product of the struggling, but always exalted, seventeenth century. With the extinction of our Middle Age stateships, disappeared the solidarity of our race to which the nation was unconsciously groping. The consequent outcome was the plague of petty individualism. Since then the gods and half-gods have dwindled down; the poets have dropped out of the divine procession; they sing a solitary song and inspire nobody to be great. Still there is some incorruptible atom in us and while there is, a way to greatness lies ahead; we are in some relation to the divine order. It is quite true to say that bloody insurrections even recently enacted had their heroes, and the aftermath of the Dublin Rising manifested an unanimity and an united action very hopeful for the future. But when a great Irish poet emerges, we believe he will touch all the strains on the gamut of the Irish Catholic heart. It has always been so.

It is by the mind that civilization advances and peoples become great. "Knowledge is power." Athens, though only a city state within a small promontory, became great and powerful. This was due to a great intellectual movement which manifested itself in art, architecture and literature. But this intellectuality was truly Athenian and calculated to further the interests of one state. The history and glorification of the *μαρτιά* so inspired its manhood that they gave their bodies for the commonwealth. The service of the state became the over-mastering passion of the young Athenian's life. If the literature, which Irishmen will produce in the future, be of a non-

national and colorless stamp, divorced from and unrepresentative of the real life of the people, it may in time to come form one of the boasts of English literature. Literature like that of the Irish Renaissance will hardly be accepted as a national literature, and this is a striking argument in favor of the Gaelic Revival. If Irishmen love their language they will in all probability love nationalism in literature.

One of the greatest and clearest thinkers in modern day Ireland was the high-souled Irishman, Patrick Pearse. Seeing that Ireland was becoming declinatized in the spacious lap of the British Dalila, was falling into the Slough of Anglicization, he determined to do a man's part in wrenching back this tidal wave. He would have men learn culture by the criteria found in the olden literature of the Gael, rather than in the comparatively *parvenu* and altogether utilitarian make-believe of the Pale. He saw a wave of foreign ideals was pervading the land, that a thinly nurtured nationalism was all centuries of oppression could offer. He saw that there was something wrong with Ireland, the scandal of the Cross was becoming a real scandal indeed, and a mammonite Ireland obsessed with narrow material interests was arising. He perceived that Ireland must be saved by the perpetuation of the past in the present, by offering to the youth and savants of Ireland a literature that would appeal to them, one that would be, warp and woof, of the Irish mind and heart.

Pearse saw in the old tales of Ireland the primeval tree of Irish knowledge. Thus he told his boys of the feats and honor and chivalry of Cuchullain and his companions, of the battallions of the Fiamas, the heroes that won their way through all difficulties by truth and the strength of their hands. And from those men of the heroic cycles, he came up the centuries, and called out of the twilight, 'till the shadows and ghostly figures of kings and heroes stood as strong, living men before the kindled eyes of his pupils. All culture must be constructed on an Irish foundation. The Irish boy must feel that his country asks from him his homage and service, and the homage must be given proudly, the service come from the best that eye and brain can see and give.

Pearse wrote almost as a pioneer in the Irish revival. He set the fashion in poetry and drama, and his short stories broke new ground as effectively as he revealed a new world

of spirituality and moral culture in the wild west. A new school of writers and thinkers on his lines would mean a newer Ireland, an Irish Renaissance in the truest sense of the word. His stories are filled with the emotions of Irish life, its native beauty, its manners, its speech, its people, its history. They place us at the open door of the supernatural. He infused the old ideas with the modernity of his own modes of thought. In his poems we have the old forms, with their full-sounding assonances and alliterations so beautifully wrought, while the latter-day enthusiasms and objections never strike us as intruders. The old divinities and figures of the sagas are there, the remnants of the old worship, but all is overshadowed by the Christian concept. Pearse was the symbol of the unbroken continuity and permanence of Irish tradition; in him the tendency of the Irish mind, culture, and love of country meet. Having undertaken any task, he went heart and soul into it, a complete foreigner when he entered the Gaeltacht, he soon became its chief and most skillful interpreter. As he touched upon most departments in modern Irish writing, he sounded all the feelings and passions of the Irish soul. The deep melancholy, the terrible disconsolateness, the vivid mystic longing of the Gaelic soul—all are there. No doubt there were other paths yet untrod by his many-sided genius, which would have seen light had fate been more kind to him.

It has been urged that the true inspiration of the Celtic genius lies in the pagan past, that the truest outlook of the Gael has its sources in Celtic tradition not in Christianity. But whatever may be due to pre-Christian tradition, whatever sources have their origin in the distant past, the fact remains that Ireland's Christianity is her most distinct characteristic and her common label in the world outside. No one will deny the poetic sources to be found in pagan saga and fairy lore; but however great its amount may be, there is a still greater stock of saintly tradition and Christian lore. Whatever still lingering lack of harmony may exist in the mind of the people between Christian and pagan ideals, the exploitation of the one must not mean the exclusion of the other. To do so is to run counter to Irish national tradition. No one better understood the incoherency than Pearse, and in his imaginative representations we have a proper mediation, a harmonious mingling

of both strains. He accurately interpreted the Irish mind, unlocking the gates of the Irish fairy world with true Celtic naïveté and verve, and Ireland has rewarded him by giving his works a brilliant reception and shedding tears, salt-bitter, over his grave.

Father O'Leary is another worker in the cause of Irish national tradition. He gives us the undiluted *patois* of the people. When we read over his beautiful dialogues with the truly Irish characters taken from the home-life of the Gael-tacht, we recognize at once how well he has brought the ways of Irish tradition with him. When we peruse that awful passage in *Seadna*, where the music fills the house, dances on the floor, takes possession of the roof and overpowers mankind, we linger back in gladsome reminiscence to the weird imagery, to the intense realization almost supernatural in its unearthliness of the Celtic mind. Perhaps his greatest share in the labors of the Irish Revival is his beautiful modernization of old tales.

Dr. Meyer, too, has done mighty work in the cause of Irish tradition. His region is the elucidating and editing of ancient and middle Irish texts, a pioneer in a very difficult and much neglected department of Irish culture. The work of editing and publishing our ancient tales, sagas, etc., is a work for which few are qualified, a work which demands the generosity and helping hand of all Irishmen at home and in foreign lands. Thousands of early Irish documents are mouldering away unread. Dating from the eleventh century, they contain a literature and poetry, the first in Western Europe. Our unpublished works reach in quantity beyond that of other European countries. In the whole course of European literature, there will be found, perhaps, no study so alluring where scarcely a path is trodden by more than a solitary worker, where the latest research points to lines of thought hitherto unexplored.

We cannot read Meyer's *Ancient Irish Poetry* without noticing the miraculous freedom of the Irish from the conventional mediæval habit of taking nature for granted. The Irish, at that period, were the only people who could make poetry out of mere nature and nothing else. *The Bards of the Gael and Gall*, from the able pen of Dr. Sigerson, reveals the brilliant soul-searching of a tradition that, we hope, has not

yet fully vanished. In spite of the course of high-handed tyranny in the land, literature flourished in every period, and much has been done since the foundation of the Gaelic League to make up for the inertia that followed in the wake of famine days. New Irish authors have arisen, molding the pliant dialect into crystal and hammered form. Dramatists are producing dramas as virile and naïve as the Irish character demands. Poets, too, are employing the old bardic technique and more modern stress—accentual forms with equal effect to that of Keating and Eoghan Ruadh. The short prose story has most fittingly supplanted the more cumbersome and unwieldy romance. Neither are we lacking promising attempts in the line of the novel. While great energy is expended in the publication of manuscript material, no efforts are lost in the adaptation of our language methods to the ways of modern scholarship. It is to be hoped that with educational matters in the hands of our own statesmen, a new impulse will be given to the cultivation of our Irish language and literature. Such an impulse would give birth to pride of spirit, which would be content with nothing short of the best that Irish writers could give—Irishmen would learn that there was nothing more hospitable in its exercise than devotion to that true Irish culture which remained in their hearts, and every effort would be made to swell the productions in accordance with the great heritage of Irish tradition.

The greatness of Ireland is to come, a greatness which grows out of a massiveness of character, a proud sense of responsibility, a clear foresight, sobriety and breadth of judgment; and these are the virtues of a race that is dowered with self-government.

The gossamer and languid style of the lyrics of the Pale is gone, the temple of modern Irish art must be built up on the ground work of solid Irish tradition. To safeguard our people from the vile writings of today, the strongest rampart will be erected by bringing back the Irish mind to Ireland and to Irish tradition.

PARTNERS.

BY GRACE KEON.



HERE is a kind angel—they call him the Angel of Commonplace Things—who guards the destiny of true lovers; he is wooed by gentle words and tender deeds. These are his treasures—and often he returns them in odd and divers places. None can command his service save the ones who have really earned it. Like as not he makes partners of Sorrow and Joy, Comedy and Tragedy, Laughter and Tears. Perhaps you yourself have experienced his ministrations. If so, you will the better appreciate this tale.

Richard Stoddard was tired. The day had been a hard one. From ten o'clock that morning until five that afternoon he had been on the rack. He had met one of his largest competitors and bested him. He had been consulted by Matthew Kendall, the biggest man in his own particular line, and the prospects looked startling. He had parleyed and baited and schemed and planned every moment of that strenuous time. And he was fatigued to the point of exhaustion.

The cosy, sweet-smelling house! The dainty dinner, excellently cooked, well-served. The air of gentleness, quietness, peace! What a contrast! He ate slowly, contentedly, Agnes watching him with satisfaction. Among various other accomplishments, she possessed the art of cooking. Her husband was proof positive of her skill. His digestion was excellent, his appetite unimpaired, because her forethought and careful rationing provided for that delicate machinery that keeps the body up to high test.

After dinner Richard went into the living-room. It had a festal air, he thought—but that was because of the hot and dusty city he had just left. There were white lilacs in the vases. A cool breeze stirred the curtains. The lamp cast a subdued glow. There was his chair, his pipe, his slippers.

Heavens, wasn't it good to be home! He sank into the

soft cushion! It fitted him comfortably—fitted every curve and hollow. Agnes had seen to that when she bought it. His feet, released from the cramping shoes of civilization, relaxed in the smooth brown slippers—another contribution to his ease made by Mrs. Richard.

And Mrs. Richard, standing in the doorway, called to him gently. "Dick," she said. "I'll gather the dishes while you run upstairs to look at the babies. Please kiss them gently—I don't want you to waken them."

He yawned. When she came back he was smoking and had his nose buried in the paper.

"Did you go, dear?"

"Don't ask me! I'm too fagged to move."

"Poor fellow!" She took the paper from him, and put it on the table. Then she perched on the broad arm of his chair. "A hard day?"

"Tremendous."

"Want to tell me about it?"

"No."

She waited. He put his pipe down and closed his eyes. Presently he opened them again and reached for the newspaper.

"Oh, don't!" said Agnes. "Let us talk a little."

"Yes? What shall we talk about?"

Agnes laughed and her eyes danced with mischief.

"I'm sure I have no idea. Let's pretend."

"What?"

"Oh, make believe. You see I'm your life partner, and we're putting through a great big scheme. Let's balance up."

"For instance?"

Again Agnes laughed. She had a sense of humor.

"Let me see! I should really like you to pause by the wayside long enough to tell me that I'm getting prettier all the time."

He smiled patiently.

"You are, of course."

"You believe it?"

"Positively."

"How lovely! In what way, Dick?"

"Oh . . ." vaguely. "Every way . . . What's the joke, Agnes?"

"Joke?" She lifted her eyebrows. "My beauty a joke? Dearest! Please particularize!"

"You're getting silly . . . honestly."

"How lovely!" chuckled Mrs. Dick, again. "I find my beauty too heavy a topic under the conditions. Very well . . . we shall discuss something lighter . . . yes? Went to town this morning."

"Uh-huh . . ."

"I bought the children some new things. My, how prices have gone up, Dick!"

"Uh-huh . . ."

"I met Mrs. Leland. She is sending her dressmaker over here . . ." She paused wickedly.

"Uh-huh . . ."

"I told her not to bother—we were all going to commit suicide tonight . . ."

"Yes?" He yawned a little. She laughed out loud.

"How closely you're listening, partner. Did you hear what I said?"

"Of course I did . . ."

"Now, Dick, you must pay attention. You *must*. Katharine and your brother, Phil, will be married in a month and we agreed to furnish that room for them. We promised—"

"Agnes," said Dick, reaching for the paper again, "why do you persist in annoying me? I shall not be bothered with Phil's wedding. You do the furnishing—do whatever you like—but don't expect any help—"

Agnes laid her cheek against his hair.

"My dearest! Don't be cross . . . please. I know you're tired, but I'm tired, too. And you're letting your office swallow you up. You're getting away from everything, from every other interest! Come on down and be human, darling! After a while you'll be nothing but the usual American business man."

"My heavens!" he said. "If that isn't like a woman! What would you do if I weren't?"

His wife was silent. Her husband scanned the headlines.

"Dick," she said, then, "I don't like it. It isn't good for either of us. You're going to be sorry—and I—" she hesitated. "Dick, you must listen—"

"Agnes," he began, *angrily*.

The telephone bell rang.

Agnes rose. She was bitterly hurt. Then she crossed the room and took up the receiver.

"It is for you," she said, after a moment, listlessly. "Bob Savage."

"Savage!" Dick bounded out of his chair. "Hello! Bob? Yes . . . You saw Kendall? . . . Yes? . . . All right . . . fine. Good, good! You want to see me? Why, of course! Come along, come along! Not a bit tired—who says tired when there's a job like this on! How soon? Three-quarters of an hour? Fine! No . . . save Kendall till you get here—I want full particulars . . ."

A new man turned from the telephone—animated, eager, full of energy.

"Agnes! Bob thinks we're going to land Kendall. Great, great—there's a fortune in it! Get some of that claret cup ready, will you—and a few of those little seed cakes Bob's so fond of, eh? He'll be here in a jiffy."

Mrs. Dick Stoddard looked at her husband. Looked at him from top to toe, with the most contemptuous gaze she had ever bestowed on a human being in her whole life. Her lips trembled, quivered, opened . . .

The telephone bell rang.

She choked down the rage that convulsed her and answered it.

"Hello!" she said. "Effie? This is Agnes . . . yes. And Post? I should say I will! In thirty minutes!"

She hung up the receiver again.

"I'm going out, Dick."

"Where? Where to? Bob's coming . . . if the children wake—"

"My dear man, the children are yours . . . and the lady who is your cook, housekeeper, tailor, nursemaid, and general servant hereby gives notice. You will be absolutely alone with the children. I expect you to do your duty like a father."

The words were mocking, scornful. The same words could have been said in a different tone and created an entirely different impression. She did not care what impression they made, but ran out of the room. Soon there was the splashing of water—and then he heard her singing. Darn it! Women were—

"Tell me, pretty maiden, prithee tell me true
If you have a lover . . ."

He lost the rest.

Now Mrs. Dick Stoddard had had a hard day. She had risen at seven o'clock, an hour before her husband, and set the machinery of the household in motion. She had swept and dusted and sewed and mended and shopped in a hot city. She had given the best of her energies to her two babies, Junior and Marie. They had drained her of most of her freshness, for they were the usual type of strong, healthy, vivacious children. She had directed her small, careless little maid, who arrived at eight and departed at six, her work finished. Since her shopping she had prepared her evening meal—the meal Mr. Stoddard had enjoyed far more than she did; her babies had to be fed and bathed and put to bed, so that she and Dick might have the evening to themselves. She had wanted—and tried hard to get—an hour of pleasant chat with her partner before going on to the next task. For she was tired of her work and he was tired of his—and a little nonsense would have helped them both.

She thought of all this as she made herself ready. She was on fire with anger. But she sang. And her voice was true and sweet and firm—and beware of a woman who sings when she's in a rage.

"No one that I care for—
Comes a courting, therefore—"

She was down again, drawing on her gloves, the light notes flowing from her lips. Her dress, of some flimsy, black stuff, clung to her pretty figure. Her dark-red hair was piled high; her brown eyes were strangely brilliant, and her skin shone like polished marble.

"I hear the car," she said. Breaking off her song, she ran to the door.

"Oh! Mr. Savage—Bob! I thought—"

"I owe you a thousand apologies," began the newcomer, without preamble. "Please let these make them for me."

He was tall and fair and good to look at—this other member of the firm of Stoddard & Savage. Agnes took the huge bunch of roses in her arm, burying her pretty face in their sweetness.

"Oh! Aren't they lovely!"

"How did you know Agnes loved white roses?" demanded Dick, laughingly, as the two men shook hands.

"I heard her say so often enough," answered Bob. Then he looked from one to the other. "You're sure . . . you're sure I'm not intruding—"

"What nonsense!" smiled Dick. "Come over here and sit down. Agnes is going out.

"Going out!" repeated Savage in bewilderment. "Why—why—I didn't know—"

"Dick's not coming," said Mrs. Stoddard. She selected a few of the roses and tucked them among the folds of silk. "Aren't they perfect? Thank you so, so much! Dick, dear! Be sure to listen for the babies . . . There's Post now!" She was vivid, splendid, all aglow. Bob Savage could not take his eyes from her face. Dick and he followed her to the door, standing there as a long, brown car stole up to the curb.

"But . . . Agnes—" began Dick.

"You—Post?" A man swung down from the seat, unlatched the gate and reached the stoop. "Oh, Post, you blessed boy!"

"Jump it, Agnes!" said a gay voice from the foot of the steps, and her cousin held out his arms.

"I will not," she laughed. "How can you imagine me doing anything so undignified! You dear!" she went on, patting his shoulder as she reached him. "How did you ever remember me? (Oh . . . good-bye, Dick . . . good-bye, Bob!) I was ready to scream with pure tiredness when you called me up. Dinner? But I've had dinner! At the Patrol? Well . . . It's a temptation. Let's take the long way round for the ride—and an appetite. No, Dick won't come! Dick, poor fellow, has a business engagement!"

Bob Savage and Dick Stoddard turned away from the door, and on Bob's face there was something like dismay.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Matter? That's Agnes' cousin, Post Elliott. Jolly as the dickens—they make a great team. The young lady in the car was Effie Brice, his fiancée."

"But . . . I don't understand . . . why should Agnes—Mrs. Stoddard—go out?"

Dick looked at his partner in surprise.

"Come and sit down. Why shouldn't she go out if she feels like it? What ails you, Bob? Tell me about Kendall."

"Kendall? Kendall can wait. You don't think I came to see you about Kendall?"

"Bob, you're crazy!"

"Either I am or you are," said Bob, soberly. "Do you remember an errand you gave me to do for you yesterday?"

Dick looked blank.

"You've—you've not been drinking, Bob?" he suggested.

For answer Bob put his hand into his pocket and drew out a morocco case.

"I forgot to give it to you, Dick," he said, gravely. He pressed the spring and the case flew open, revealing a beautiful brooch—a diamond with three sapphires; Agnes' favorite stones. "The jeweler said you'd find the catch all right—he put on the patented one as you told him."

But Dick actually howled, as he thrust his hands up to his head and held it distractedly.

"Oh, ye gods and little fishes! What shall I do?"

He was the picture of despair. Bob stared.

"What's the matter?"

"I forgot. Everything! All about it! Tonight! Our fifth wedding anniversary! She'll never forgive me! Never, never! Heavens, man, why didn't you see that I got the thing today? Why didn't you?"

Bob was nettled.

"Say! It's *your* anniversary," he said, pointedly.

"Of course it is! If I'm not the blamed— The brooch wouldn't have mattered so much—if I had said something—anything. Heavens! And I was as cranky as a bear! As mean as dirt."

Bob grinned, then. Dick paced the floor, excitedly.

"Laugh! Go ahead! Laugh! You're on the outside looking in, you are! Wait! There's a day coming when you won't laugh! By the Lord Harry, Sherman didn't mean war! He must have meant married life!"

"I'll take a little of it with a girl like yours," said Bob. "As far as I can see, it's your party."

"My party? It's my funeral, that's what it is. My party, indeed . . . party . . . hum . . ." he stood staring at Bob a moment. "I think . . . I see a way out," he said, then.

"I'm with you."

"I'll get Aunt Mollie." He went to the telephone and called a number, got it.

"Mrs. Larrabee? Yes? You, Aunt Mollie? This is Dick. I've got to go out—will you come over and stay with the children the rest of the night? You will? Bully girl! Yes, at once. I'm waiting."

Dick was now bringing to bear, on his domestic problem, the foresight he used in business. He returned to Bob.

"I've a scheme. While I'm dressing, you get it going. Call up my brother Phil. If he isn't home, find out where he is—wait. Call up the Vances—he'll probably be there, and if we reach Katharine first, we'll save time. Tell him he's got to get to the Patrol Inn in an hour. Then for the Inn. Engage a dining-room and the best they have for seven—that's Effie, Post and Agnes, Phil and Katharine, you and myself—"

"But—"

"Bob," said Dick, solemnly, "if you're my friend as well as my partner, you've got to help. Agnes and Post are taking the long road—thank heavens, I heard that much! We'll go the short one, and beat them to it."

"Wait a minute," said Bob. "I want to tell you something before you start. Matthew Kendall and his niece are dining at the Patrol tonight—and he has two bugs. One is Eugene Field—I marked myself down an ignoramus today because I knew nothing about him!—and the other is that married people should never quarrel. So if you and Agnes are going to fight it out tonight, better arrange things so that Kendall—"

"You don't know Agnes!" exclaimed Dick. "There isn't a situation on earth could upset her nerves when the world is looking on."

Then Dick was gone, while Bob kept the telephone wires humming for the next fifteen minutes. Thanks to good guessing, Phil Stoddard was found at Miss Vance's, and the two promised to obey orders at once. The manager of the Patrol Inn was complaisant, also. After which Aunt Mollie arrived to be given a bear's hug, a blessing, and a hurried good-bye from her nephew as he and Bob plunged down the stoop and into Bob's car.

"Let 'er out!" said Dick—as if Bob needed that!

Fortune was with them. They stopped for nothing, and nothing stopped them. They arrived at Patrol Inn before any of the others. Dick wiped his forehead, grinned, and the two shook hands.

"Congratulations, old top!" said Bob. "Let's find the head waiter."

"No, you don't! Stay here . . . Hello, Phil! Hello, Katharine!"

Two astonished faces spoke for the newcomers.

"What's it all about, Dick? We're here! What's the—"

"Hush! On your life, no questions! Bob!" anxiously. "Behold! There comes the whole crowd . . . Agnes . . . Post . . . Effie . . . Kendall . . ."

Bob's mouth opened and shut convulsively. Afterward Katharine told him, with the privilege of a friend, that he looked like a fish. Agnes, at the foot of the stairs, chanced to glance up, and saw her husband. So petrified was she, that she stopped short, and Mr. Kendall and the pretty young lady with him reached the group before her.

"How do you do, Mr. Kendall?" Agnes heard Dick say, very distinctly. "This is indeed a pleasant surprise! We're having a little dinner tonight—our fifth anniversary! Bob, go and see if our tables are ready. My dear!" to the astonished young woman at the foot of the stairs, "won't you come up and meet Mr. Kendall?"

Agnes drew a deep breath. Mr. Kendall turned to greet her. For one flashing, horror-filled, sickening moment Dick feared the very worst. But she did not flinch. When she reached them she held out her slim hand.

"My husband has spoken of Mr. Kendall to me," she said. "This is totally unexpected. I am delighted."

Mr. Kendall bowed. He was a tall, fine-looking man of sixty-five or thereabouts—clever and shrewd.

"My niece, Miss Gerard—"

The charming little lady smiled—while Agnes, without speaking, allowed her cool, chilling glance to rest upon her husband. Sometimes looks can freeze. That one did.

"You'll add your invitation to mine, Agnes—" began Dick.

"Why, Mr. Kendall," said Agnes, prettily, "my anniversary day has been such a perfect one that I feel you will not refuse to give me this pleasure—"

"I—I hardly know—"

"Just a family party, Mr. Kendall," added Dick.

"Only ourselves," echoed Agnes—and her brown eyes darted flames at her husband. "Please—"

"Since you urge me—really—what do you say, Cecile?"

"Oh, do, Uncle Matthew! It will be great fun! Much nicer than dining by ourselves!"

"Then we accept—and thank you." And the party passed on. Effie Brice hung back, afraid that she could not control her giggles. Bob Savage joined them, and took Effie's arm, urging her forward. Post Elliott seemed dazed.

"What the—" he began.

"Shut up!" whispered Bob.

That was a dinner. Agnes played her part to perfection. She joked with Post and Katharine and Bob. She even tried her wits on Dick, but the smile on her lips did not reach her eyes. She charmed Mr. Kendall. She charmed little Cecile Gerard. It was *her* party, *her* anniversary dinner, and she made the most of it. Before it ended, Mr. Kendall rose to give a toast.

"I am an old-fashioned man," he began, "and I like old-fashioned things, even when I find them in new-fashioned surroundings! Now I don't know if any of you read Eugene Field. He's old-fashioned, too, like me—and he liked the things that I like. Perhaps that's why he knew I'd be standing here giving a toast—and he was good enough to write it for me."

He held his glass high:

"To Mrs. Stoddard. There's a dame that's truly to my heart.
A tiny little woman, but so quaint and good and smart,
That if you asked me to suggest which one I should prefer
Of all the Stoddard treasures, I should promptly mention her!"

There was laughter and applause, but before it died away, Agnes was on her feet.

"I can match you, Mr. Kendall," she exclaimed, laughing gaily—and then, in her sweet, fluty tones, she repeated:

"But bless you, Mr. Kendall! May you live a thousand years!
To sort of keep things lively in this vale of human tears—
And may I live a thousand, too—a thousand, less a day
For I shouldn't like to be on earth to hear you'd passed away!"

"Well, I'm stunned," said Mr. Kendall, in huge delight. "I'm—I'm—" Actually there was moisture in his eyes. A woman who knew Field well enough to paraphrase him so happily, was a woman Mr. Kendall seldom met. He told Dick so, as he said good-night.

"And," he added, with a significance that did not escape either partner, "I shall be at your office in the morning."

"But I'm not really the Stoddard treasure," protested Mrs. Dick, as he shook hands with her. "The genuine Stoddard treasures are at home. You must come and see them."

"I will," he assented.

Katharine and Phil went off, and Post and Effie. Also Mr. Kendall and his niece. Bob drove the Stoddards home and bade them good-night at their door. He was comfortably aware of the fact that they had not exchanged a single word. When they reached the hall, Agnes, still silent, turned to go upstairs. Dick put his hand on her arm.

"Please—this way. Only one minute," he said.

She held back, then reluctantly yielded. He led her over to his own big chair, pushed her into it, and knelt on the floor beside her.

"Partner," he said, solemnly, "we *have* a big job on hand, you and I, and I needed a reminder. I got it." He put the morocco case on her lap and the jewels gleamed up at her. "You see? I hadn't forgotten—altogether. But the day was so big that it crowded out the biggest thing of all. Forgive me, partner?"

And Agnes, being a woman—

Thus did the Angel of Commonplace Things, who guards events for loving hearts, make comedy of tragedy.

A BRIDE OF CHRIST.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

HER childhood-years were gay and bright,
As many children's are;
Within her heart she kept a light
Brave-burning, as a star.
With Dawn she laughed, and knew the Night
For magic dreams afar.

In maidenhood she grew apace
With Beauty sweet as Heaven;
There was a glory on her face,
Like roses hushed at even.
She lost not sanctifying grace,
Her virtues, they were seven.

And nightly 'round her hallowed bed
The Angels came to sing;
Unknown, they wove about her head
A mystic bridal-ring.
"Her innocence, for veil," they said,
"She wears, to greet her King."

And one spoke: "See, her hands, how still
They lie upon her breast!
From her dear brow we shall distill,
For Virgin-Mary blest,
A lily-bloom whose incense will
Give some poor sinner rest."

Nay, Womanhood was not for her,
Where Sin and Sorrow 'bide;
She who was long God's chorister,
Gladly took Death for guide.
The day she left, He came for her,
With Love Divine aflame for her—
The Bridegroom for His Bride.

A GREAT CATHOLIC AUTHOR.

BY P. D. MURPHY.



IN the writings of nearly all Catholic authors there is a certain quality which, for want of a better name, is sometimes called the Catholic temper. Exactly what this quality is it would be difficult to explain, for it is a thing of the spirit, something subtle, something elusive, yet something that has the charm of simplicity and the stamp of sincerity. It is in manner reverent; in purpose, lofty; in outlook, broad; and in sympathy, deep. It runs through the works of Austin Dobson, Lionel Johnson, Mrs. Meynell, and Francis Thompson. We find it in the writings of Padraic Pearse and the other Catholic authors who have come to be identified with the Irish literary revival. Now and again we encounter it in writers who do not belong to the Church, in the non-Catholic Yeats, for instance, as a result of his long and intimate association with Father Matthew Russell, and to a still greater degree in the potential Catholic Chesterton. But more than all does it exist in the prolific writings of that truly remarkable man, Joseph Hilaire Pierre Belloc.

In no author now using the English language is Catholic tradition and Catholic culture more deeply rooted than in Mr. Belloc. Poet and essayist, novelist and historian, humorist and military critic, economist and writer of books of travel, when one thinks of him one casts about for a phrase, and only in the epitaph which Johnson inscribed on the death of Goldsmith does one find it:

*Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*

Half English, half French, with Irish blood in him, of which he is inordinately proud, Mr. Belloc is now in the early fifties. As a young man he served as a conscript in the French army, and on his release entered Oxford University, where he had as contemporaries the present Lord Chancellor of England, better known perhaps as F. E. Smith, and Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, an author and critic of repute, who served as an Under Secretary of State in the administration of which Mr. Asquith was the head. The army taught him history and geography, which were to stand him in such good stead in after years, and of the debt he owes to Oxford he himself tells us in one of the best known of his poems.

In Mr. Belloc's day the Oxford Union was, as it still is, the most famous debating society in the University. The leaders of the debates were Smith and Masterman, the one on the Conservative or reactionary side, and the other on the Liberal or progressive side. Mr. Belloc does not appear to have taken more than a casual interest in these forensic duels, but a contemporary, whose name cannot now be recalled, has given us a brief account of at least one of Mr. Belloc's appearances at the Union. Smith and Masterman had each scored a signal triumph. All through the body of the hall it was whispered that a new Disraeli and a new Gladstone were hovering on the horizon of public life. For some moments it seemed as though the last word had been said, and then Mr. Belloc rose. It is unfortunate that we have no record of what he said, but, according to the contemporary mentioned above, after the future author sat down men felt as though Smith and Masterman had never been. The success of Mr. Belloc was complete.

Leaving Oxford, where he won high academic honors, notably in history, he drifted into journalism, writing mostly for Liberal publications on literary, historical, and political matters. From Fleet Street to Parliament is but a step, but it was not until 1906 that that step was taken. In the Liberal victory of that year he was returned by a substantial margin as M. P. for Salford, near Manchester. In the Parliament, of which he was a member, the Liberal Party had one of the largest majorities ever known in the history of English politics. The Cabinet of the day, composed as it was of Asquith, Haldane, Grey, Brice, Birrell, Lloyd George, and at least a dozen

others of almost equal eminence, was referred to by friend and foe as the ministry of all the talents. It was a Parliament in which reputations could be enhanced rather than made, for the numerical strength of the party in power gave few opportunities to the newcomer. But Mr. Belloc availed himself of such opportunities as came his way. He spoke often and always effectively. Before long his speeches were reported at length in the press of both parties. In the phrase, which is perhaps peculiar to English politics, he had the ear of the House and was in a fair way to ministerial preferment, when an event occurred which so disgusted him with English politics that before long he determined to resign from public life altogether. This event was in connection with the Eucharistic Congress held in London some years before the War.

England is not only a non-Catholic country: it is still very largely an anti-Catholic country. When a Catholic, who happens to be something more than Catholic in name, desires to enter Parliament the no-Popery cry is almost certain to be raised to inflame the worst passions of the mob. At the time of which we speak the infamous coronation oath, which branded all Catholics as idolaters, was still in force, and the monarch had to take this oath on his accession to the throne. Catholics were, and still are, precluded from holding certain important offices of State, such as the Lord Chancellorship, for instance, the Viceroyalty of Ireland, and one or two others. The Protestant alliance, the Masons, and others regarded the presence of the Papal Legate as a menace to the might of England and the Protestant succession. Efforts were made to prevent the Eucharistic Congress being held, and these efforts proving abortive, every energy was bent towards getting the authorities to prohibit the holding of the procession on the Sunday that was to witness the close of the Congress. In this the enemies of the Church met with a certain measure of success. True, the procession was held, but Mr. Asquith, in a letter to Cardinal (then Archbishop) Bourne, forbade the carrying of the Host. At the great meeting at the Albert Hall, at which this letter was read, Mr. Belloc said: "They (the Government) have touched a nerve that will cost them dear." It did. A short while later there was a succession of by-elections in the North of England, where the Irish and Catholic vote is strong and on the whole very well organized. Even the Liberal

papers admitted afterwards that Asquith's stupid blunder was the cause of the Government's failure to hold those seats. As soon as Mr. Belloc got his chance in Parliament, which he did within a week of the Albert Hall meeting, he launched a bitter attack on the Government. From this onward it was clear to all who had eyes to see and ears to hear that Westminster would soon know Mr. Belloc no more. At the General Election of 1910, though invited to do so by his old constituents, he declined to seek reëlection.

The Catholic temper, which is so evident in all his writings, the well-stocked mind which he brings to whatever task he undertakes, his unruffled spirit, his penetrating insight, his ripe scholarship—these and a score of other qualities endear him to a wide and discerning public. But there is one quality of his which stands alone, inherited probably from that Irish grandmother who was the first to translate Moore's *Melodies* into French, that will be admired while red blood flows in the veins of men. It is his combative spirit. He seeks no quarrel, but he will never deviate a hair's breadth to avoid one. He showed this when he stood up to the strongest power in England today—the political machine. He showed it again when he declined to contribute to any of the fifty odd journals controlled by Lord Northcliffe, the man who can make and unmake ministries. And he showed it during the controversy which raged in England over the execution of Ferrer, when, in concert with Mr. Chesterton, he fought practically the entire lay press of the country.

No author of our day has displayed such an amazing versatility as Mr. Belloc. He is not a novelist who has written verse as a sort of literary exercise, as Thomas Hardy has done. Nor is he an historian who seeks relaxation in the lighter literary forms. His novels are real novels, his poetry real poetry, his history real history. What branch of literature is his particular *forte* it would be difficult to say, but it is safe to assert that his books of travel are more popular with the general public than any of his other works. Excellent as his novels are, he yet does not seem quite at home in this field of literary endeavor. *Mr. Clutterbuck's Election* and *Pongo and the Bull* are amusing skits on English politics and politicians. *The Girondin* gives us a vivid picture of revolutionary France. The two former are local in their appeal, while the latter has

an historical background which somehow conveys the idea that the author started out to write history and then changed his mind. His poems are all too few to be considered separately. They are leaves in the laurel wreath which Mr. Belloc has won rather than a laurel wreath in themselves. For some mysterious reason the average man is prejudiced against history, which is a pity, for it is one of the most fascinating of studies. How much of the existing prejudice is directly attributable to the historians probably we shall never know, but it must be considerable. Gibbon was more concerned with the grand manner than with the all-important matter. Green's conception of history never rose higher than a tradesman's conception of his wares. His history was written to sell, and one can well imagine people who have read it, laying it aside with the firm resolve never to open a history book again.

As an historian it is still early to pass judgment on Mr. Belloc, but this at least can be said, that the reader who peruses his historical studies will never again say that history is a dull subject.

His work on the French Revolution began with the publication in 1899, when the author was still in his twenties, of a *Life of Danton*. This is one of the most intimate, as it is certainly one of the most picturesque, accounts we possess of the Great Tribune. A book on Robespierre followed, and after it an introduction to Carlyle's *magnum opus*. But it was *Marie Antoinette*, published some years later, which established his reputation as an historian. According to Mr. Thomas Lecombe, himself a professor of history, a critic of repute, and a brilliant man of letters, this is one of the best studies we possess of that tragic figure. "The book really," writes this authority, "in its firm blend of the four great prose qualities of narration, description, exposition, and argumentation is one of the very best Mr. Belloc has given us. The historical episodes are vivid in the extreme, and the characterization is surprising in amplitude, perception, and divination, a quality in which the author overflows alike in his historical and topographical work." With three of the central figures of that epoch thus presented, it only remained for Mr. Belloc to write the history of the Revolution itself, and the work was in a sense complete. This book was eventually written for the Home University Library series, and enjoyed a wide and

well-deserved popularity. Into a very limited space the author packs a surprising amount of information and marshals his facts with the skill of a master. Reading it, one feels that Mr. Belloc was very close to realities while he was writing it. The King and Queen, Mirabeau, Necker, Carnot, Lafayette, and the rest are presented in a light that is a trifle strange to those whose conception of these figures was gleaned through the blurred glasses of Carlyle and others who did not possess the sure vision of Mr. Belloc, his firm grasp of essentials, and his highly-developed European sense.

The Path to Rome is, as it deserves to be, the best known of all Mr. Belloc's books. It is not, as the title might lead one to suppose, a new *Apologia*: it is an account of a journey on foot to the city of the Popes. If you only know Mr. Belloc, the historian, you could never imagine him writing such a book as this. It is overflowing with gentle humor, gay badinage, and exquisite descriptive matter. Written as it is in a light, easy style, there are nevertheless passages here and there that search the roots of history, the foundations of religion and of civilization. It is admittedly a great book, perhaps the greatest its author will ever give us, and only a great European could have written it.

Ever since Mr. Belloc shook the dust of the House of Commons off his feet, he has been engaged in the writing of serious books. *The Party System*, *The Servile State*, a history of the early days of the War, an indictment of the English press, and others have all been published since 1910. He again strikes a serious vein in a new historical study, *Europe and the Faith*, just published in this country by The Paulist Press.

At the moment, and not altogether without reason perhaps, Europe and things European have fallen from the high position they once occupied in the estimation of the American people. Still it must not be forgotten that the old continent, if not the cradle of civilization, was at all events its nursery, as it is still the centre of the Catholic world. If only for these reasons, it must still be considered by the people of the New World. In *Europe and the Faith* Mr. Belloc goes to the heart of many things, the old Roman Empire and what it was and meant, the Dark and Middle Ages, the so-called Reformation and evils it brought in its train. The past is made to live again within the pages of this book, and of the future the

author says that Europe will return to the Faith or she will perish, for the Faith is Europe and Europe is the Faith.

Much of the ground covered by Mr. Belloc has already been traversed by Gibbon and other non-Catholic historians. But these men did not see it as Mr. Belloc sees it, for, as he rightly says in the introduction to his book, "the Catholic sees Europe from within," and amplifying this he goes on:

"The Catholic brings to history . . . self-knowledge. As a man in the confessional accuses himself of what he knows to be true and what other people cannot judge, so a Catholic, talking of the united European civilization, when he blames it, blames it for motives and for acts which are his own. He himself could have done those things in person. He is not relatively right in his blame, he is absolutely right. As a man can testify to his own motive, so can the Catholic testify to unjust, irrelevant, or ignorant conceptions of the European story; for he knows why and how it proceeded. Others, not Catholic, look upon the story of Europe externally as strangers. *They* have to deal with something which presents itself to them partially and disconnectedly, by its phenomena alone *he* sees it all from its centre in its essence, and together."

That is not only Mr. Belloc's attitude towards history: it is also the Catholic attitude. It is to be hoped that *Europe and the Faith* will receive as warm a welcome here as it is almost certain to enjoy on the other side of the Atlantic.

THE LOYALIST.

BY JAMES FRANCIS BARRETT.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.



IN one of those wide indentations along the eastern shore of the Schuylkill there opens out, in tranquil seclusion, a spacious cove. The waters wander here to rest, it seems, before resuming their voluminous descent to the Delaware and the sea. Trees and saplings wrapped about with close-clinging vines, hang far over the water's edge like so many silent sentinels on guard before the spot, their luxuriant foliage weighing their bending twigs almost to the surface. Green lily-pads and long rib-boned water grass border the water's curve, and toss gently in the wind ripples as they glide inwards with just murmur enough to lull one to quiet and repose.

Into this scene, under the overhanging leaves, stole a small canoe with motion enough scarcely to ruffle the top of the water. A paddle noiselessly dipped into the undisturbed surface and as noiselessly emerged again, leaving behind only a series of miniature eddies. A small white hand, hanging lazily over the forward side of the tiny craft, played in the limpid water, and made a furrow along the side of the boat that glistened like so many strings of sparkling jewels.

The sunlight played on the ripples and the tender foliage alike; the waters laughed back in a playful mood; the delicately woven verdure smiled and bowed with complacent and pure delight. Nearer to the shore, where the cove curved away from the river, the sunbeams revealed themselves only at intervals as they stealthily crept through the interstices of the filigree overhead, and brought into relief crystal patches on the dark and glassy surface of the water. All was quiet and peaceful; the murmur of the breeze among the trees and the purl of the wavelets against the grassy bank alone interrupting the Sabbath stillness around.

"So you are going away again tomorrow?" Marjorie asked as she continued to dabble in the water.

She lay partly reclining in the bow of the canoe, her back supported by a pillow. A meditative silence enshrouded her as she lay listless, unconcerned to all appearances, as to her where-

abouts or destination. She gazed steadily at the waters as she splashed them gently and playfully. Like a caress the silence of the place descended upon her and brought home to her the full import of her loneliness.

"In view of what you have disclosed to me, I think it only my duty," Stephen replied as he lazily stroked the paddle.

Again there was silence.

"I wish you weren't going," she finally murmured.

He looked straight at her, holding his arm motionless for the space of a moment.

"It is good of you to say that," was the measured reply. "This has been a delightful day, and I have enjoyed this glimpse of you."

Raising her eyes she thanked him with a look.

"You must remember that it has been due to no fault of mine that I have seen so little of you," he continued.

"Nor mine," came back the whisper.

"True," he said. "Events have moved so rapidly during the past month that I could only keep abreast of them with the greatest difficulty."

"I daresay we all are proud of your achievement."

"God has been good to us. I must thank you, too."

"Me?" She smiled contemptuously. "I am sure, when the truth is known, that I shall be found more an instrument of evil than of good."

"I wish you would not say that."

"I cannot say otherwise; for I know it to be true."

"Do not depreciate your efforts. They have been invaluable to me. Remember, it was you who greatly confirmed my suspicions of Anderson. I did acquire some facts myself; but the information you imparted to me enabled me to put together several ambiguous clues."

"Really?"

"And you must remember that it was through your coöperation that my attention was first drawn to General Arnold."

"You suspected him before our conversation. You, yourself, heard it from his own lips in the garden."

"Yes, I did. But the note!"

"What note?"

"The note you gave me to read."

"Peggy's letter which I found at her house?"

"The same. Have I never told you?"

"Never!" was the slow response. "You know, you returned it to me without comment."

He was puzzled. For he wondered how he had failed to acquaint her with so important an item.

"When you allowed me to take that letter you furnished me with my first clue."

She aroused herself and looked earnestly at him.

"I? . . . Why . . . I never read it. What did it contain? I had supposed it to be a personal letter."

"And so it was—apparently. It proved to be a letter from one of Peggy's New York friends."

"A Mischienza friend, undoubtedly."

"Yes, Captain Cathcart. But it contained more. There was a cipher message."

"In cipher?" Then after a moment. "Did she know of it?"

"I am inclined to think that she did. Otherwise it would not have been directed to her."

This was news indeed. No longer did she recline against the seat of the canoe, but raised herself upright upon it.

"How did you ever discover it?"

"My first reading of the note filled me with suspicion. Its tone was too impersonal. When I asked for it, I was impelled by the sole desire to study it the more carefully at my own leisure. That night I found certain markings over some of the letters. These I jotted down and rearranged them until I had found the hidden message."

She gazed at him in wonder.

"It was directed to her, I presume, because of her friendship with the Military Governor; and carried the suggestion that His Excellency be interested in the proposed formation of the Regiment. From that moment my energies were directed to one sole end. I watched Arnold and those whom he was wont to entertain. Eventually the trail narrowed down to Peggy and Anderson."

She drew a deep breath, but said nothing.

"The night I played the spy in the park my theory was confirmed."

"Yes, you told me of that incident. It was not far from here."

She turned to search the distance behind her.

"No. Just down the shore behind his great house." He pointed with his finger in the direction of Mount Pleasant.

"And Peggy was a party to the conspiracy!" she exclaimed with an audible sigh.

"She exercised her influence over Arnold from the start. She and Anderson were in perfect accord."

"I am sorry. She has disappointed me greatly."

"She has a very pretty manner and a most winsome expression; but she is extremely subtle and fully accomplished in all manner of artifice. She was far too clever for you.

"I never suspected her for an instant."

"It was she who set the trap for Arnold; it was she who made it possible for Anderson to rise to the heights of favor and influence; it was she who encouraged her husband in his misuse of authority; and I venture to say, that it was she who rendered effective the degree of friendship which began to exist between yourself and this gentleman."

Marjorie blushed at the irony.

They were drifting about the cove in the slowest manner. Only occasionally did he dip the paddle into the water to change the course of the little craft.

"Yes, I think that I ought to leave tomorrow for White Plains to confer with His Excellency."

"I should be the last to hinder you in the performance of duty. By all means, go."

"Of course it may be no more than a suspicion, but if you are sure of what Anderson said, then I think that the matter should be brought to the attention of the Commander-in-Chief."

"Of course, you understand that Mr. Anderson told me nothing definite. But he did hint that General Arnold should be placed in command of a more responsible post in the American army; and that steps should be taken to have him promoted to the Second in Command."

"That sounds innocent enough. But you must remember that events have come to light in the past fortnight which for months lay concealed in the minds of these two men. Who knows but that this was included in their nefarious scheme. I am uneasy about it all, and must see the Chief."

"But you will come back?"

"At once, unless prevented by a detail to a new field. I am subject at all times to the will of my leader."

Her face fell.

The solemn stillness, the almost noiseless motion of the boat, the livid shades surrounding the place, all contributed to the mood of pensiveness and meditation which was rapidly stealing upon them. The very silence of the cove was infectious. Marjorie felt it almost immediately, and relaxed without a murmur.

She was living over again the memories of the happy hours of other days.

Certainly Stephen was as constant as ever. But he was still an enigma. Never had he been so attentive quite as John Ander-

son, nor so profuse in his protestations, nor so ready with his apologies. And what was more, she did not expect him to be. But he was more sincere. He truly possessed the standard to which, in her estimate, all were obliged to conform. And so he compelled her admiration.

Her unfortunate acquaintanceship with Mr. Anderson had seriously disquieted Stephen. And yet she had been profoundly sincere with herself. Never had she conveyed the impression to any man that she had given him a second thought. Of the two men Stephen had, unquestionably, impressed her the more favorably. But he seemed too far removed from her. Friendship requires a certain equality, or at least a feeling of proportion between those whom it would bind together. And this, she felt, had not prevailed.

Happily, her enterprise respecting Anderson and his nefarious scheme had terminated successfully. Happily, too, Stephen's misconstruction of the affair had been corrected. No longer would he doubt her. Their fortunes had approached the crisis. It came. Anderson had fled town; Arnold and Peggy were removed from their lives, perhaps for ever. Stephen was with her now and she experienced a sense of happiness beyond all human estimation. She wished she could read his mind as to his feelings. But he was as non-communicative as ever, absorbed in this terrible business that obsessed him. Her riddle, she feared, would remain unanswered. Patriotism, it seemed, was more pressing than love.

The canoe had drifted nearer to the shore. At Stephen's suggestion she aroused herself from her lethargy and alighted on the bank. He soon followed, drawing the canoe on to the shore a little to prevent its wandering away. Marjorie walked through the grass, stooping to pick here and there a little flower which lay smiling at her feet.

"Stephen," she asked, as she turned to him and stood for a moment smiling straight at him, "will you tell me something?"

"Anything you ask. What do you wish to know?"

But she did not inquire further. Her eyes were fixed in earnest attention upon the flowers which she began to arrange into a little bouquet.

"Are you still vexed with me?"

There! It was out. She looked at him coquettishly.

"Marjorie!" he exclaimed. "What ever caused you to say that?"

"I scarce know," she replied. "I suppose I just thought so, that was all."

"Would I be here now? One need not hear a man speak, to learn his mind."

"Yes. But I thought—"

He seized hold of her hand.

"Come," he said. "Won't you sit down while I tell you?"

She accepted his offer and allowed herself to be assisted.

"You thought I was displeased with you an account of John Anderson," he remarked as he took his place by her side. "Am I correct?"

She did not answer.

"And you thought, perhaps, that I scorned you?"

"Oh, no! Not that! I did not think that . . . I . . . I . . ."

"Well, then, that I had lost all interest in you?"

She thought for a second. Then she smiled as if she dared not say what was in her mind.

"Listen. I shall tell you. I did not accuse you of so much as a fault. I know well that it is next to impossible to be in the frequent presence of an individual without experiencing at some time some emotion. He becomes repugnant, or else exceedingly fascinating. The sentiments of the heart never stand still."

"Yes, I know—but . . ."

"I did think that you had been fascinated. I concluded that you had been charmed by John Anderson's manner. Because I had no desire of losing your good will, I did ask you to avoid him, but at the same time, I did not feel free enough to cast aspersions upon his character and so change your good opinion of him. The outcome I never doubted, much as I was disturbed over the whole affair. I felt that eventually you would learn for yourself."

"But why did you not believe in me? I tried to give you every assurance that I was loyal . . ."

"The fault lay in my enforced absence from you, and in the nature of the circumstances which combined against you. I knew Anderson; but I was unaware of your own thought or purpose. My business led me on one occasion to your home where I found you ready to entertain him. The several other times in which I found you together caused me to think that you, too, had been impressed by him."

Marjorie sat silent. She was pondering deeply the emotions that had fought in his heart. She knew very well he was sincere in his confession and that she had been the victim of circumstances; still she thanked God the truth had been revealed.

"Sometimes I feel as if I had been simply a tool in his hands, and that I had been worsted in the encounter."

"You have no reason to think that. You perhaps unconsciously gave him some information concerning members of our Faith, their number, their circumstances, their ambitions, but you must remember, too, that he gave some valuable information to you in return. The man may have been sincere with you from the beginning."

"No! I think neither of us was sincere. The memory of it all is painful; and I regret exceedingly playing the part of the coquette."

A great silence stole upon them. He looked out over the river at the wavelets dancing gleefully in the sunlight, as they ran downstream with the current as if anxious to outstrip it to the sea. She grew tired of the little flowers and looked about to gather others. Presently she bethought herself and took from her bodice what appeared to be a golden locket. Stephen, attracted by her motion, saw the trinket glistening in the sun.

"Have you ever seen this?" she asked as she looked at it intently.

He extended his hand. She gave it to him.

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed. "How long have you had this?"

"About a year," she replied nonchalantly, and clasped her hands about her knees.

He leaned forward and continued to study it for the longest time. He held it near to him and then at arm's length. Then he looked at her.

"It is beautiful," he repeated. "It is a wonderful likeness, and yet I should say that it does not half express the winsomeness of your countenance." He smiled generously at her blushes as he returned it to her.

"It was given me by John Anderson," she announced.

"It is a treasure. And it is richly set."

"He painted it himself and brought it to me after that night at Peggy's."

"I always said that he possessed extraordinary talents. I should keep that as a commemoration of your daring enterprise."

"Never. I purpose to destroy all memory of him."

"You have lost nothing, and have gained what books cannot unfold. Observation and experience are prime educators."

"But exceedingly severe."

"Come," said Stephen. "Let us not allude to him again. It grieves you. He has passed from your life forever."

"Forever!" she repeated.

And as if by a mighty effort she drew back her arm and flung the miniature far from her in the direction of the river.

On a sudden there was a splash, a gulp of the waters, and a little commotion as they hurriedly came together and folded over their prey.

"Marjorie!" he shouted making an attempt to restrain her. It was too late.

"What have you done?" he asked.

She displayed her empty hands and laughed.

"Forever!" she repeated, opening her arms with a telling gesture. "I never should have accepted it, but I was strangely fascinated by it, I suppose."

For the moment neither spoke; he felt as if he could not speak; and she looked like a child, her cheeks aglow with the exertion, and her eyes alight with merriment. Stephen looked intently at her, and as she perceived his look, a very curious change came across her face. He saw it at once, although he did not think of it until afterwards.

"Marjorie," he said as he moved nearer to her and slipped his arm very gently about her. "You must have known for the longest time, from my actions, from my incessant attentions, from my words, the extent of my feeling for you. It were idle of me to attempt to give expression to it. It cannot be explained. It must be perceived; and you, undoubtedly, have perceived it."

There was no response. She remained passive, her eyes on the ground, scarcely realizing what he was saying.

"I think you know what I am going to say. I am very fond of you. But you must have felt more; some hidden voice must have whispered often to you that I love you."

He drew her to him and raised both her hands to his lips.

She remonstrated.

"Stephen!" she said.

He drew back sadly. She became silent, her head lowered, her eyes downcast, intent upon the hands in her lap. With her fingers she rubbed away the caress. She was thinking rapidly, yet her face betrayed no visible emotion, whether of joy, or surprise, or resentment.

"Marjorie," he said gently, "please forgive me. I meant no harm."

She made a little movement as if to speak.

"I had to tell you," he continued. "I thought you understood."

She buried her face in her hands; her frame shook violently. Stephen was confused a little; for he thought that she had taken offence. He attempted to reassure her.

"Marjorie. Please . . . I give you my word I shall never mention this subject again. I am sorry, very sorry."

She dried her eyes and looked at her handkerchief. Then she stood up.

"Come, let us go," he said after he had assisted her.

They walked together towards the boat.

CHAPTER II.

It has been said with more truth than poetic fancy that the descent to Avernus is easy. It may be said, too, with equal assurance, that once General Arnold had committed himself to treachery and perfidy, his story becomes sickening, and in the judgment of his countrymen, devoid of no element of horror both in its foul beginnings and its wretched end. Once his mind had been definitely committed to the treacherous purpose, which loomed like a beacon light before him, shaping his destiny, his descent was rapid and fatal. The court-martial, with its subsequent reprimand, was accepted by him with the greatest animosity. From that hour his thirst for vengeance knew no restraint. One thing alone was necessary to his evil plans: he must secure an important command in the Continental Army.

Some time before he had asked for a change of post, or at least for a grant of land with permission to retire to private life, but this was under the inspiration of an entirely different motive. Now he specifically asked for a command in the army, adding that his leg was quite healed and that he was fit physically for field duty. In entering this demand, he was actuated by the motive of George Monk, the Duke of Albemarle, commander-in-chief of the forces of three kingdoms.

It is true that Washington had been devoted to him and remained faithful to him until the very end. To reprimand his favorite general was a painful duty, performed with delicacy and genuine tenderness. His Excellency had promised to do whatever lay within his power to enable his beloved general to recover the esteem of his fellowmen, and he was glad to furnish him with every opportunity of rendering real and lasting service. He wrote at once offering him leave of absence. Congress then ordered "That the sum of \$25,000 be advanced to Major-General Arnold on account of his pay." Finally a general order was issued by the Commander-in-Chief himself appointing General Arnold Commander of the Right Wing of the American Army. The restoration so long awaited was at length achieved.

Arnold at once began to make preparations for his departure from the city. His privateering ventures had been cleared up, but with profits barely sufficient to meet his debts. Mount Pleas-

ant, his sole possession, had already been settled on his wife. His tenure of office had been ended some time before, and whatever documents were destined for preservation had been put in order pending the arrival of his successor.

The plan for his defection had been evolved by him with elaborate detail. Never had the time been more opportune for the execution of a piece of business so nefarious. The country was without what could be called a stable form of government. It was deprived of any recognized means of exchange because of the total depreciation of the Continental currency. The British had obtained possession of the great city of New York and were threatening to overrun the country south of the Susquehanna. Newport was menaced and the entire British fleet was prepared to move up the Hudson where, at West Point, one poorly equipped garrison interposed between them and the forces of General Carleton, which were coming down from Canada. Washington was attempting to defend Philadelphia and watch Clinton closely from the heights of Morristown, while he threatened the position of the enemy in New York from West Point. In all, the American Commander had no more than four thousand men, many of whom were raw recruits, mere boys, whose services had been procured for nine months for fifteen hundred dollars each. Georgia and the Carolinas were entirely reduced, and it was only a question of time before the junction of the two armies might be effected.

Clinton was to attack West Point at once in order to break down the one barrier which stood between his own army and the Canadian. Learning, however, of the rapid progress of events on the American side and more especially of the proposed defection of General Arnold, he suddenly changed his plan. He determined to attack Washington as soon as Arnold had been placed in command of the right wing of the main army. The latter was to suffer the attack to be made, but at the psychological moment he was to desert his Commander-in-Chief in the field, and so effect the total destruction of the entire force.

This was the plan which was being turned over in his mind as he sat on this June afternoon in the great room of his mansion. He again looked the warrior of old, clad in his blue and buff and gold. Care had marked his countenance with her heavy hand, however, and had left deep furrows across his forehead and down the sides of his mouth. His eyes, too, had lost their old time flash and vivacity, his movements were more sluggish, his step more halting. The past year had left visible tracing upon him.

He sat and stroked his chin, and deliberated. In his hand he held a letter, a letter without date or address or salutation. It

had been brought that day by messenger from the city. He understood it perfectly.

He looked at it again.

Knyphausen is in New Jersey [it read], but, understanding Arnold is about to command the American Army in the field, Clinton will attack Washington at once. The bearer may be trusted.

ANDERSON.

"It is either Westminster Abbey for me or the gallows," he remarked to his wife that evening when they were quite alone.

"You have no apprehensions, I hope."

"There's many a slip . . ." he quoted.

"Come! Be an optimist. You have set your heart on it. So be brave."

"I have never lacked courage. At Saratoga while that scapegoat Gates sulked in his tent, I burst from the camp on my big brown horse and rode like a madman to the head of Larned's brigade, my old command, and we took the hill. Fear? I never knew what the word meant. Dashing back to the centre, I galloped up and down before the line. We charged twice, and the enemy broke and fled. Then I turned to the left and ordered West and Livingston with Morgan's corps to make a general assault along the line. Here we took the key to the enemy's position and there was nothing for them to do but to retreat. At the same instant one bullet killed my good brown horse under me and another entered my leg. But the battle had been won."

"Never mind, my dear, the world yet lies before you."

"I won the war for them, d—— 'em, in a single battle, and single handed. Lord North knew it. The Rockingham Whigs with Burke as their leader knew it and were ready to concede independence, having been convinced that conciliation was no longer practicable or possible. Richmond urged the impossibility of final conquest, and even Gibbon agreed that the American Colonies had been lost. I accomplished all that, I tell you, and I received—what?—a dead horse and a wounded leg."

There was a flash of the old-time general, but only a flash. It was evident that he was tiring easily.

"Why do you so excite yourself?" Peggy cautioned him. "The veins are bulging out on your forehead."

"When I think of it, it galls me. But I shall have my revenge," he gloated maliciously. "Clinton is going to attack Washington as soon as I have taken over my command. I shall out-rival Albemarle yet."

"We may as well prepare to leave, then."

"There is no need of your immediate departure. You are not supposed to be acquainted with my designs. You must remain here. Later you can join me."

"But you are going at once?"

"Yes, I shall leave very soon now. Let me see." He paused to think. "It is over a week now since I was appointed. The appointment was to take effect immediately. I should report for duty at once."

"And I shall meet you—"

"In New York, very probably. It is too early yet to arrange for that. You will know where I am stationed and can remain here until I send for you."

While they were still engaged in conversation, a sound became very audible as of a horseman ascending the driveway. A summons at the door announced a courier from the Commander-in-Chief to Major-General Arnold. The latter presented himself and received a packet on which had been stamped the seal of official business. He took the document and withdrew.

It proved to be an order from His Excellency transferring the command of Major-General Arnold on account of physical disability, which would not permit of service in the field, from the right wing of the American Army to Commander of the fortress at West Point. He was ordered to report for duty as soon as circumstances would permit, and was again assured of His Excellency's highest respect and good wishes.

He handed the letter to Peggy without a word. He sat in deep meditation while she hastily scanned the contents.

"Tricked again," was her sole comment.

He did not answer.

"This looks suspicious. Do you think he knows?"

"No one knows."

"What will you do now? This upsets all your plans."

"I do not know. I shall accept, of course. Later, not now, we can decide."

"This means that I am going, too."

"I suppose so. I shall have my headquarters there, and while they may not be as commodious as Mount Pleasant, still I would rather have you with me. We shall arrange for our departure accordingly."

"You will, of course, inform Anderson of the change?"

"He will hear of it. The news of the appointment will travel fast enough you may be sure. Very likely Knyphausen will now be recalled from New Jersey."

"So perishes your dream of a duchy!" she exclaimed.

"No. West Point is the most important post on the American side. It is the connecting link between New England and the rest of the colonies. It was the prize which Johnny Burgoyne was prevented from obtaining by me. It commands the Hudson River and opens the way to upper New York and Canada. It is the most strategic position in America, stored with immense quantities of ammunition and believed to be impregnable. Without doubt it is the most critical point in the American line."

"Bah! You need an army. Albemarle had an army. Marlborough had an army. Of what use is a fortress with a large force still in the field. It's the army that counts, I tell you. Territory, forts, cities mean nothing. It's the size of the army that wins the war."

"I know it, but what can I do?"

He conceded the point.

"Insist on your former post," she advised.

He thought awhile and began to whistle softly to himself as he tapped his finger tips one against the other.

"Listen," she continued. "There is some reason for this transfer at the eleventh hour. Are you dense enough not to see it. Someone has reached Washington's ear and whispered a secret. Else that order would never have been written."

"Washington believes only what is true. Always has he trusted and defended me from the vilifications of my enemies, knowing that these reports only emanated from jealous and unscrupulous hearts. My leg has caused this change of command; I know it."

She looked at him in scorn. She could not believe he could be so simple.

"Your leg! What has your leg to do with it? Once you are astride your horse you are safe. And don't you think for one minute that Clinton is a fool. He does not want you. I daresay if the truth were known, he has no respect for you either. It is your command which is of value to him, and the more authority you can master, the more valuable you become. Then you can dictate your own terms instead of bargaining them away."

"It would realize nothing to attempt a protest. A soldier asks no questions. Whatever I may be, I am still a soldier."

"As you will."

She shrugged her shoulders, and folded her arms.

"West Point it is," she observed, "but Colonel Clinton may reconsider his proposition. I would not be too sure."

"I am sure he will be satisfied with West Point. With that post he might easily end the war. Anderson will write me soon

again. I tell you I can dictate to them now. You shall have your peerage after all."

"I am not so sure."

"Have it your own way. I know what I am about and I know where I stand. At first it was a question only of my personal desertion. The betrayal of an army was a later development. But I could not become a deserter on a small scale. I have been accustomed all my life to playing signal rôles. If I am to sell myself at all, it shall be at the highest price, with the greatest prize. I have only one regret, and that is that I am obliged to take advantage of the confidence and respect of Washington to render this at all possible."

"Don't let your heart become softened by tender condolences at this stage. Your mind has been set; don't swerve."

He looked at her and wondered how she could remain so imperturbable. Ordinarily she burned with compassion at the sight of misery and affliction. He could not understand for the life of him how stoically she maintained her composure. Plainly her heart was set on one ambition. She would be a duchess.

But she did not know that he had maintained a continual correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton or that West Point had long since been decided upon as a possible contingency. Much she did know, but most of the details had been concealed from her. Not that he did not trust her, but he wished her to be no party to his nefarious work.

So he was not surprised at her genuine disappointment over his change of command. In fact, he had been prepared for a more manifest display of disapproval. Perhaps it was due to the fact that she was at length to accompany him, which caused her to be more benign in her appreciation of the transfer. For he knew she detested the city and longed for the day when she might be far removed from it forever.

"You will, of course, make ready to leave Mount Pleasant?" he asked her.

"Assuredly. I shall acquaint mother and father with the prospect this evening. They do not want me to leave. But I am determined."

"They should be here. It is not early."

"The ride is long. They will come."

The last night spent by the Arnolds and the Shippen families at Mount Pleasant was a happy one. The entire family was present, and the Arnold silver was lavishly displayed for the occasion. American viands cooked and served in the prevailing American fashion were offered at table—hearty, simple food in great plenty

washed down by quantities of madeira and sherry and other imported beverages.

Toasts and healths were freely drunk. After the more customary ones to the "Success of the War," to the "Success of General Washington," to the "Nation" there came the usual healths to the host and the hostess, and more especially to the "Appointment of General Arnold." The ceremonies were interspersed with serious and animated conversation on the political situation and the chances of the army in the fields.

"Miss Franks would have been pleased to be with us," announced the General.

"Could you believe it, General, not once have we heard from that girl since she moved to New York," and Mrs. Shippen set her lips firmly. "That is so unlike her; I cannot understand it."

"But you know, mother," explained Peggy, "that the mail cannot be depended upon."

"I know, my dear, but I think that she could send a line, if it were only a line, by messenger if she thought enough of us. You know it was at our house that she met the friends with whom she is now engaged."

"Our mail system is deplorable," Mr. Shippen remarked. "Only yesterday I received a letter which apparently had been sent months ago."

"I can understand that very readily," Arnold rejoined. "Often letters are intrusted to travelers. At times these men deposit a letter at some inn at the cross roads for the next traveler who is bound for the same place as the epistle. It often happens that a missive remains for months upon a mantel piece awaiting a favorable opportunity. Then again sheer neglect may be responsible for an unusual delay. I myself have experience of that."

This explanation seemed to satisfy Mrs. Shippen, for she dropped the subject immediately. The mode of travel then occasioned a critical comment from her until she finally asked when they intended to leave for West Point.

"Very likely I shall leave before the week is out," replied Arnold. "It is most important that I assume command at once. We shall begin our preparations tomorrow."

They talked far into the night. The men smoking while the ladies retired to the great drawing-room. Peggy played and sang and took her mother aside at intervals for conference upon little matters which required advice. At a late hour the families parted. Peggy and her husband closed the door upon their kinsfolk and abandoned themselves to their destiny—to glorious triumph or to utter ruin.

Late that same evening, alone before his desk, General Arnold penned the following ambiguous letter to John Anderson. West Point it was. That was settled. Still it was necessary that General Clinton be apprised immediately of the change of command with some inkling of the military value of the new post. The business was such that he dared not employ his true name; and so he assumed a title, referring to himself throughout the note in the third person.

SIR:

On the twenty-fourth of last month I received a note from you without date, in answer to mine; also a letter from your house in answer to mine, with a note from B. of the thirtieth of June, with an extract of a letter from Mr. J. Osborn. I have paid particular attention to the contents of the several letters. Had they arrived earlier, you should have had my answer sooner. A variety of circumstances has prevented my writing you before. I expect to do it very fully in a few days, and to procure you an interview with Mr. M——e, when you will be able to settle your commercial plan, I hope, agreeable to all parties. Mr. M——e assures me that he is still of opinion that his first proposal is by no means unreasonable, and makes no doubt, when he has a conference with you, that you will close with it. He expects when you meet that you will be fully authorized from your House; that the risks and profits of the co-partnership may be fully and clearly understood.

A speculation might at this time be easily made to some advantage with ready money, but there is not the quantity of goods at market which your partner seems to suppose, and the number of speculators below, I think will be against your making an immediate purchase. I apprehend goods will be in greater plenty and much cheaper in the course of the season; both dry and wet are much wanted and in demand at this juncture. Some quantities are expected in this part of the country soon.

Mr. M——e flatters himself that in the course of ten days he will have the pleasure of seeing you. He requests me to advise you that he has ordered a draught on you in favor of our mutual friend, S——y for 1300, which you will charge on account of the tobacco.

I am, in behalf of Mr. M——e and Co., Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

GUSTAVUS.

To Mr. John Anderson, Merchant.

New York.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

AN ESSAY ON MEDIÆVAL ECONOMIC TEACHING. By George O'Brien. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.75.

It is a truism (which unfortunately is rarely true) to say of a new book that it supplies a long felt want; but in the case of Dr. O'Brien's essay to say so would be strictly true. For while many economists, such as Cunningham and Ashley, have considered mediæval economic practice, mediæval economic theory has never before been discussed with the fullness it merited.

Everyone must have noticed a striking difference in the manner of approach between the older economists and those of our own day. It is impossible now to argue in the cold-blooded style of Adam Smith without any reference to ethics. Partly because the theories of the classic economists have hopelessly broken down in recent experience; but more because no one would dare to deny that the question is one of moral not of abstract academic interest. To take an example, the various schools of Socialists invariably appeal to the idea of Justice—and the newest among those schools are seeking their sanctions from the charters of the Guilds.

Admirable as have been the writings and labors of the Guild Socialists, they have not so far examined to any great extent the ethics of the mediæval Guildsmen. This does not mean that Guild Socialists have no ethical theory (quite the contrary); it does mean that they are likely to approximate more nearly to the spirit of their models when they have had time to examine those models more carefully.

If they and others wish to understand mediæval economic teaching, they will not be able to do better than to read Dr. O'Brien's clearly written and profoundly learned summary of the economic doctrines of the great Scholastics, particularly of the greatest of them all, St. Thomas Aquinas. For though, as Dr. O'Brien points out, we shall come across few economic treatises in the modern sense in the Middle Ages, we shall discover the principles we need in "the works dealing with general morality, in the Canon Law, and in the commentaries on the Civil Law."

In other words the mediæval philosophers and theologians did not treat of economics as a pure science that had only a remote connection with humanity, but always in its relation to the souls and bodies of men. To quote Sir William Ashley: "The

doctrine of the canon law differed from modern economics in being an art rather than a science. It was a body of rules and prescriptions as to conduct, rather than of conclusions as to fact."

Nevertheless, though its preoccupations were mainly spiritual, canon law did succeed in developing a theory which justified itself even on the material plane by the general prosperity it established in society. Attracted by that general prosperity (so unlike modern prosperity which is achieved by the many for the few) modern society is going back to the Middle Ages for its economic practice. This it has largely learned: when it has also learned and accepted the economic teaching of the Middle Ages, society will recover its lost health.

FATHER WILLIAM DOYLE, S.J., 1873-1917. By Professor Alfred O'Rahilly. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50 net.

A Superior's unwillingness to follow the request of a subordinate has given us a spiritual classic. Professor O'Rahilly tells us in his preface that Father Doyle left with his intimate journal a request that, in event of his death, it should be burned unopened, but those nearest him, both ecclesiastically and in the flesh, willed otherwise.

Born in 1873, at Dalkey, County Dublin, of well-to-do parents, William Doyle's childhood and youth was that of a normally pious, manly lad. His health, during the whole of his forty-four years, was not of the best.

During all his years of preparation in the Jesuit novitiate and later again in his tertianship, we witness the unfolding of that flower of sanctity which was afterwards to issue in rich fruitage as director of souls, first as missionary and retreat master in his native land, then as chaplain on the European War front.

In reading many of these pages one is constrained to tread lightly, as in the presence of something profoundly sacred. If some of the young priest's mortifications seem to us to be extreme, we may make self rejoinder that to whom it is given to know the secrets of the way of penance by him only can they be received. "His (Father Doyle's) acts of self-conquest," remarks the narrator, "were not a cold, calculated succession of deliberate inhibitions, nor was his ideal mere apathy or dehumanized perfection. In real Christian asceticism and mysticism there is always a joyous note, a paradoxical combination of gayety and pain."

The last twenty months of his life, spent as Chaplain to his beloved Irish Fusiliers, were filled with incident and splendid priestly achievement. The extracts from Father Doyle's notes of

this period are fascinating, especially those dealing with the terrible struggle at Wyttschaete Ridge. Speaking of the Feast of Corpus Christi, he writes: ". . . I thought of the many processions of the Blessed Sacrament which were being held at that moment all over the world. Surely there never was a stranger one than mine that day, as I carried the God of Consolation in my unworthy arms over the blood-stained battlefield. There was no music to welcome His coming save the scream of a passing shell; the flowers that strewed His path were the broken, bleeding bodies of those for whom He had once died; and the only Altar of Repose He could find was the heart of one who was working for Him alone, striving in a feeble way to make Him some return for all His love and goodness."

The story ends on August 16, 1917. Father "Willie" Doyle having spent his last day on earth in tireless service among the dead and the dying, himself made the great sacrifice.

THE LONELY HOUSE. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.90.

Oddly enough Mrs. Lowndes seeks the attention of this subtle world by a tale which, rivaling *Macbeth* in horror, lacks simultaneously Shakespearean strength. Not that Mrs. Lowndes fails to display her own power. Skillfully avoiding the superficial in her surface treatments, she shows no mean skill. If we do not know her characters intimately, at least we see them with all the vividness of the theatre-goer. We enjoy watching "Papa Poldeau" upon whose unobtrusive strength the story hinges. Gazing fixedly upon the chameleon-like Countess, now generous, now mean, we behold a "master mind" exerting almost hypnotic influence upon her husband and Cristina, Cristina whom she, serpent-like, fascinates into doing her will, which always concerns Beppo's happiness; but for all his dashing charm we are unable to find in him sufficient charm to instigate his mother's crimes. Lily, whose happiness is to be sacrificed for him, is real enough, but a mere type, however delightful, of the conventional young English girl. Stuart, her lover, is interesting by the strength of his devotion and his fine sense of honor.

But the background and atmosphere of these players is wherein Mrs. Lowndes has excelled herself. The delights of Monte Carlo are real, and still more so is the gloom of the uncanny old house, "La Solitude." It is consistent that Lily should have her strange dream warning as she enters the land of the evil eye, where all which may be imagined may also be possible—the country to Lily's eye so superstitious. And she never learns

to read deeper, for Mrs. Lowndes is interested only that her plot shall move swiftly toward its dramatic conclusion. It is all too unfortunate that so able a writer should seek to satisfy shallow desire for excitement rather than to gratify literary taste; of the latter Mrs. Lowndes would be very capable should she wish to produce, not a best-seller, dependent upon its author's noteworthy name, but work of real merit.

MEDIÆVAL MEDICINE. By James J. Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

The mere layman may perhaps stand aghast at the title of Dr. Walsh's book, and decide its subject too recondite for any but the adepts of medical science. As a matter of fact the volume is fully within the comprehension of any educated reader, and is as entertaining as a novel. The author insists over and over again that the Middle Ages were not times of ignorance, much less of obscurantism; that the scientific spirit was thoroughly alive; that on many points these ancient physicians anticipated the newest ideas of today; and that their achievements, considering the tools and means at their disposal, were nothing short of marvelous.

As early as the ninth century Salerno was a famous medical school, noted for the severity of the tests imposed on would-be practitioners. Four years' study was the minimum for a doctor's degree, which merely authorized the candidate to teach; a year of practice with a physician was demanded before allowing the tyro to practise himself. And Salerno possessed likewise a pure drug law, and had inspectors to see it enforced. Montpellier, still renowned in medical circles, dates back to the tenth century. When Innocent III. founded a model hospital in Rome, he sought at Montpellier the organizing head to upbuild and direct it, and Guido by the Pontiff's wish became chief of the *Santo Spirito*. The Pope desired every diocese in the Catholic world to possess a similar hospital, and bishops visiting Rome were urged to establish similar institutions in their own countries.

Not only did these mediæval doctors practise an elementary antiseptis, but even anæsthesia as well. Mandragora formed the base of their anæsthetics, and a combination with opium was in still higher repute. Dr. Walsh points out that the total oblivion into which anæsthesia subsequently fell is quite inexplicable. One of these ancient medicos reached even the Papal throne itself, under the name of John XXI. As Petrus Hispanus he had specialized in diseases of the eye, and he wrote a book on his subject which is still extant.

It will be a distinct surprise for most to learn that medical training for women was in vogue during the Middle Ages, and several women doctors are known to fame. One of these ladies was called Trotula, and left behind her several textbooks. Another lady named Mercuriade wrote on *Crises in Pestilent Fever*. But most wonderful of all is that a Benedictine Abbess of the twelfth century, who is also revered as a saint, St. Hildegarde, wrote two volumes on medicine.

In hospital work, and in the architecture and sanitation of these buildings, the Middle Ages were remarkable, but still worthier of admiration is their treatment of the insane. Religious houses frequently accepted and cared for the non-violent insane. At a later period certain villages, of which the most famous was Gheel in Belgium, practised the colony system of caring for defectives and imbeciles.

Dr. Walsh's volume proves abundantly the charity, resourcefulness and competence of the Ages of Faith. And it shows too that the twentieth century, which prides itself on its perfection, may yet learn useful lessons from long vanished days.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Dr. Charles H. McCarthy. New York: American Book Co. \$1.32.

This volume outlining the history and development of the United States, by Dr. Charles H. McCarthy of the Catholic University, will prove an admirable text for the upper grades in the parochial schools or for elementary classes in high schools. To write a good textbook is no easy matter. To compress within five hundred pages the story of America from the days of Leif, the Viking, to the Conference at Versailles is a task of compilation which requires restraint, a broad perspective, and a keen appreciation of relative values. To write this text was doubly difficult, for in addition to the usual survey of essential facts, it was necessary to consider the position of the Church and to emphasize, or at times suggest, the Catholic contribution to our national life and culture. This Professor McCarthy has done with a degree of success unique in such a manual.

Critics will deal differently with Dr. McCarthy's book. Some will criticize severely its moderation, hesitancy of personal expression, and somewhat colorless chronicle of events, where a critical analysis might be given. However, it is well that the writer made no attempt at propaganda, political, sectional, or racial. Not a journalist, but a trained historian, the author maintains judicial poise even when considering controversial questions. No song of dissent is sung; Puritans are not sneered at;

nor is England portrayed as ever tyrannous, always at fault; the South is not condemned; and the contribution of no element in the population is minimized or unduly exaggerated. Politically the writer might be of either party, but in religion he is a Catholic and in nationality frankly American. This is as it should be in a book whose purpose is to train our young students in a truer understanding of America and of the Church in America.

ST. TERESA, 1515-1582, AND HER FIRST ENGLISH DAUGHTERS. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.80 net.

This book is one of the Notre Dame Series, which Series seems, like many other pre-war activities, to have suffered suspension.

The aim of this book is to trace the bond that unites St. Teresa to her English daughters and their direct descent from Spain, in the person of her, whom St. Teresa herself, addressed as a companion and co-adjutrix—Anne of Jesus. Through Paris, Brussels, Antwerp to Lanherne, the line is traced, showing how foundations were made abroad for those fervent souls, who, debarred from English conventual life, gave themselves as victims for the conversion of the land that would have none of them. From Hoogstraet, a branch of Antwerp, the first convent of Carmel in Maryland, U. S. A., was founded in 1790, so that both England and the United States, in this matter, are offshoots from the same parent root of Avila.

The book is intended specially for English readers.

DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE ON THE DIVINE NAMES AND THE MYSTICAL THEOLOGY. By C. E. Rolt, S. P. C. K. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

Dionysius the Areopagite, formerly confounded with the convert of St. Paul in Acts xvii. 34, is now known to be a writer of the close of the fifth century. It has been conclusively proved by Hugo Koch and Joseph Stiglmayr that the pseudo-Areopagite in his treatise on the Divine Names borrowed largely from the neo-Platonist Proclus.

The translator was handicapped by the fact that we possess no modern critical edition of the text, the last edition having been made in Antwerp in 1634. Moreover he did his work in a village rectory far from libraries, and was left to the kindly offices of friends who supplied, in some measure, the books he needed. W. J. Sparrow-Simpson writes a supplementary chapter on "The Influence of Dionysius in Religious History." The author might have consulted with profit the article on Dionysius by Stiglmayr in Volume V. of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*.

SUMMARIUM THEOLOGIAE MORALIS. Auctore Antonio M. Arregui, S.J. Editio quarta. Bilbao: Elexpuru Hnos.

That thirty-five thousand copies of this book have been called for in two years, makes one wonder why so tiny a treatise on moral theology should have such a vogue. It is only when one has dipped into the little volume here and there that one sees that its size, or rather its lack of size, is one of its greatest merits. Into the minutiae of Moral Theology it does not enter—the things that the incurable casuist loves to labor must not be looked for in these pages; but the things that the priest needs in the normal ministrations of his daily life are here set down with an order, lucidity, accuracy, and conciseness that must make the book a veritable *vade-mecum* of any priest into whose possession it comes. Father Arregui has brought the great practical science of the priest's life into harmony with the new code of Canon Law. Two-thirds of the Canons of the Code are quoted or referred to, and those that are omitted will not be missed. The little volume is the best embodiment in tabloid form that we have seen.

FRANCISCANS AND THE PROTESTANT REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND. By Francis Borgia Steck, O.F.M. Chicago: Franciscan Herald Press. \$2.00.

Father Steck has compiled a most interesting and edifying account of his order. The Friars reached England as early as 1220, and they multiplied so rapidly that at the time of the Black Death they numbered 2,000. Several of them were famed as scholars and sought as professors for foreign universities; while Duns Scotus in philosophy and theology, and Roger Bacon in science, reached the very apogee of intellectual achievement.

When Henry VIII. sought to justify his unlawful union with Anne Boleyn and drag his kingdom into schism and error, the Franciscans were among the first to resist, and in April, 1534, Fathers Risby and Rich laid down their lives for their faith. Numerous other martyrdoms followed in the years immediately succeeding, Hueber recording thirty-four for the year 1537.

The following year Blessed John Forest, the confessor of Queen Catharine of Aragon, was burned to death. Other victims went to the gallows or the block in Tudor and in Stuart times, and under Cromwell's government as well. Thus Father William Ward was put to death in July, 1641; Father John Bullaker in October, 1642; Father Paul Heath in April, 1643. As a result of Titus Oates' plot, two Franciscans died on the scaffold and four suffered imprisonment. Even as late as 1745, the date of the last Stuart uprising, Father Germanus Holmes was thrown into

prison for his faith, and he died from the hardships he endured.

The annals of the English Franciscan province, as recounted by Father Steck, form a beautiful anthology of burning faith and heroic fortitude and unselfishness.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By John P. O'Hara. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

This book is intended for the higher classes of the grade schools and due regard, therein, has been paid to the capacity of the pupils. More attention is given to the constitutional and political history as it develops, which indeed has become increasingly necessary. The "genus" politician does not shine, though there is no word to indicate the author's personal opinions. Facts are stated; wars receive no undue attention, but the writer has kept steadily in mind the requirements of the pupils, as is evidenced by the questions and vocabularies at the end of each chapter. The type and head notes are particularly satisfactory. The plan followed is division by administrations, but this is not given any undue prominence.

FROM UPTON TO THE MEUSE WITH THE THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTH. By W. Kerr Rainsford. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00 net.

This is the authentic story of the 307th Infantry told by the regiment's official historian. Captain Rainsford gets his material both from actual personal experience (he participated in all the important engagements on the Lorraine front and on the Vesle and at Merval) and from the official reports of the 307th Regiment and the 77th Division.

The 307th Infantry was a part, an important part, of New York's illustrious division. Its ranks were filled by clerks, mechanics, laborers and salesmen, drawn from New York City's cosmopolitan populace. It was a "draft" outfit, and in the eyes of many military critics the poorest fighting material in the United States. There was not much to be expected of these city men when pitted against the shock troops of the German Empire.

Yet, read the record that Captain Rainsford has given. There is none brighter or more glorious. Not only did they conquer their foes, but they endured with cheerfulness and courage hardships and privations that the mind can hardly conceive of, and overcame terrible difficulties, especially in the Argonne forest, that would have broken the hearts of men less valiant and courageous. The story that Captain Rainsford tells is a glorious epi-

tome of American manhood that heard its challenge and accepted it.

One remembers, on reaching the end of this volume, what Colonel Hannay said in its opening pages: "No division suffered greater hardships, had greater losses during the time it was in line, nor was better disciplined and trained than this cosmopolitan division of New York City—the 77th, New York's Own." The thought comes to the reader that Colonel Hannay has not overstated the case. He might have said more, and still been conservative in his praise.

Justly deserved is the commendation of General Pershing when, on reviewing the division at Solesme, he said: "I consider the 77th Division one of the best—in fact, it is, in my estimation, *the* best division in the A. E. F." What is true of the division is true of the 307th Regiment.

The book proves also that Captain Rainsford writes as well as he fights—which is no small praise.

A SHORT HISTORY OF BELGIUM. By Leon Van der Essen, Ph.D., LL.D. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. \$1.50 net.

Dr. Van der Essen has succeeded admirably in confining a record of monumental size within the compass of a small volume. Yet, in doing so, he has not sacrificed clearness for brevity nor interest for compactness.

Beginning with the period of formation, he traces the history of the Belgians from the days of the Roman Republic, down through the period of feudalism, the rise of the Communes, the union of the Belgian principalities under the Dukes of Burgundy, the vicissitudes of Spanish, Austrian, French and Dutch domination, the birth of independent Belgium and its crowning triumph—its participation in the Great War.

Such history must necessarily be complicated. As a consequence it might be dull and uninteresting. The author's lucid style, however, makes the thread of Belgium's development stand forth clearly from the cloth of European history. But the book is noteworthy for more than its interesting presentation of fact. It treats of periods that were marked by intense struggle, both political and religious. In recording these, Dr. Van der Essen is eminently fair. At all times he is the dispassionate, unprejudiced historian, free from partisanship or warped judgment.

In presenting Belgium's history thus clearly, Dr. Van der Essen has performed for his country a timely and meritorious service.

THE CATHOLIC STUDENT. By the Rev. Michael Hickey, D.D., Ph.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.25.

Father Hickey is well qualified to speak to students. As dean of University College he knows their needs by experience. This volume contains ten lectures, whose subject matter is sufficiently indicated by their titles: "The Serpent Deceived Me," "Lord, That I May See," "Lord, What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do?" "In the Cross Is Salvation," etc. Here is no milk for babes, but the Catholic is made well aware of the fact, that eternal life is the prize of the victor, and that strife—successful strife—is the victory. The Catholic student is left under no misconception as to the responsibility he has to the world, and the work which God and the Church expect of him. The author's apt and abundant use of Holy Scripture is particularly striking.

These conferences are storehouses, whence food may be drawn for thought and prayer. Notable is the point made that the whole destiny of redeemed man rests upon four great fiat: "*Fiat lux*," "*Fiat mihi, secundum verbum tuum*," "*Non Mea voluntas sed Tua fiat*," and lastly, our own "*Fiat voluntas Tua*." Also where love or charity is shown to be the flowering and fruitage of the Holy Spirit. But we will leave the reader to gather his own fruits.

THE FIVE BOOKS OF YOUTH. By Robert Hillyer. New York: Brentano's. \$1.50.

Here is a book of verse which deserves and will undoubtedly attract attention. Mr. Hillyer is a young American who has been characterized as "one of three poets" who have arisen in America during the War. In this, his second book, there is fine performance and no little promise of greater things. He stands, as craftsman, upon the ancient ways, and reminds one at times of the cool lucidity of Matthew Arnold (and, at times, of the jeweled intensity of Rossetti). He is especially successful in the sonnet.

THE HARVEST HOME. By James B. Kenyon. New York: James T. White & Co. \$2.00.

In a choice volume of really beautiful format, the collected poems of James B. Kenyon are now issued. Here is gathered, for old friends and new, the work of more than twenty-five years; work of the conservative Wordsworthian tradition, serene in its imaginative nature love, reverent toward God and man, religious in tone although obviously without Catholic inspiration. Mr. Kenyon's sonnets are more than usually good, and that written upon "A Flyleaf of Dante" is one of the best.

FRANCE AND OURSELVES. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50 net.

This volume contains a series of articles published in monthly periodicals during the past three years. Their purpose was to bring about a better understanding between France and the United States so that, in our desire to help, we might not hurt by misunderstanding or be offended through having been misunderstood.

For the most part, this book is still very timely and a great aid in affording an insight into the French mind, particularly so in presenting the problems that face France since the conclusion of peace. The chapter on "What Confronts France" should be read by the French also, for in it the writer shows that unless the birth rate is improved for the better, France, as a nation, will cease to exist within the comparatively short period of eighty years.

Dr. Gibbons is an American, who lived in Paris throughout the War and during the Peace Conference, and he knows his subject intimately. When, therefore, he writes of the French nation, he speaks with authority born of experience and close contact. He takes great pains to do justice to France and is at all times a very convincing advocate.

Dr. Gibbons' words will do much to cement the friendship of our own country and France.

HABITS THAT HANDICAP. By Charles B. Towns. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.50.

Were the moderation of this book's title reflected in the letterpress, its influence would be strengthened. Mr. Towns is dealing with the drug, alcohol and tobacco habits, all of which he submits to a sweeping condemnation, as being almost equally ruinous to health, physical, mental and moral. His denunciations take no account of divergent views, save in so far as he disposes of them on the ground of bias; yet to pronounce upon the use of tobacco, especially, is to challenge the personal experience of immense numbers, and the fruits of an observation that is practically universal.

As an instance of the author's methods, we quote him on the supplying of cigarettes to our soldiers during the War: "Here are facts which, if realized by the good men and women who, during the late War, worked so faithfully to 'get smokes to the boys,' might give them pause, for scores of thousands of these fine young chaps have been, and are being, killed by the kindness of these well-meant efforts." Obviously, this specific arraignment

calls for specific data obtained by an investigation extraordinarily extensive, intimate and persevering; but Mr. Towns presents it supported only by generalities. In the same absolute manner he makes statements yet more extreme, frequently rendering it difficult to yield him the deferential hearing to which he is entitled for his zeal in combating dangerous addictions.

THE MAN OF TOMORROW. By Claude Richards. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

The Man of Tomorrow is an excellent vocational guide-book. Mr. Richards has done a good thing; he has mapped and plotted the ordinary avenues of vocation; he has labeled and gauged and measured them as approaches to success. He has done this in a simple, unpretending way, always mindful that his audience is intended to be the boy who is becoming a man. One can say with a fair degree of assurance that his book will be an inspiration and a help to every "man of tomorrow" who reads it. It should be an inspiration even to the *man of today*. It is rich with illustrations and anecdotes that inspire and interest. Its tone is high and the little ethical teaching that it contains is safe and sound. Mr. Richards is evidently a religious man; he departs from the usual in practical sociological writings and finds a place for God and for faith in Him in his chapter on "Success Factors." One looks in vain even for the to-be-expected materialistic emphasis in "Success" literature; success, in Mr. Richards' definition of it, has a minimum content of materialism—it consists of an adequate income, joy in one's work, opportunity for growth plus a "chance to serve."

THE JANUARY GIRL. By Joslyn Gray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

This story for girls tells of two schoolmates, one of whom, Rosemary Greenaway, has figured in an earlier volume. How Rosemary misjudges and underestimates Janice January, and how Janice's fine, generous qualities finally break down the wall of prejudice and gain for her what she so earnestly desires, Rosemary's affection and esteem, are well worked out and make acceptable reading. Unfortunately, the book, like so many others, labors under the absurd, deplorable limitations that are, apparently, imposed upon writers; the result being that our juvenile fiction, taken alone, would convey the impression that, by concerted action on the part of parents and educators, the majority of young people in the United States are sedulously kept from hearing any mention of the name of God.

THE CHARM OF FINE MANNERS. By Mrs. Helen Ekin Starrett. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Co.

Of this little book, we are inclined to echo the wish of one of Mrs. Starrett's readers, as quoted, that "a copy of it could be placed in the hands of every girl when she enters high school and made a part of her course."

The author, as Principal Emeritus of a large girls' school, has vast stores of experience to draw upon in dealing with her subject, which is one too much neglected, the manners of young girls. It is not mere surface politeness of which she treats, but the true courtesy of the rightly directed heart and mind. Small as is the content, she covers much ground, and with thoroughness. It is refreshing to note her plain statement that the culture of which fine manners are the flower, finds its only real, lasting source in the fear and love of God.

WHISPERS. By Louis Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

The night that Whispers, the brilliant newspaper man, came to the city, a most mysterious and startling murder is committed in an old costume shop on a lonely street. How the rival reporters try to solve the mystery that baffles the police is told in a most dramatic and effective fashion. If you like a detective story—and who does not—you will read this tale at a sitting. The plot is rather original, for who ever thought before of having two men confess to committing the same crime?

MESSRS. BENZIGER BROTHERS publish two small and attractive volumes by Archbishop Goodier of Bombay (\$1.25 net each). These small volumes offer food for pious and instructive reading, and should cultivate a large field. *The School of Love* deals with subjects such as loneliness, cravings, prayer, trouble, friendship, and the like most attractively and in a manner to move the heart nearer to God. In *Jesus Christ the Son of God* the claim of Christ's divinity is put before the reader in a plain and convincing way, with a view of appealing to the non-Catholic mind especially.

A BOOK useful to nuns and spiritual directors is *The Brides of Christ*, by Mother Mary Potter, Foundress of the Little Company of Mary (Chicago: Matre & Co. \$1.25 net). This book places before the reader Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, on the Cross, and in His glory. It will be most helpful to Sisters in their daily duties, and to the confessor in his direction of their souls.

WE wish to correct a regrettable misprint in our September issue. The title of Alfred Noyes' latest book of poems is *The New Morning*.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

Bible students will find interest in a pamphlet entitled *The Bearing of Archæological and Historical Research Upon the New Testament*, by the Rev. Parke P. Flournoy, D.D. It is published for the Victoria Institute by Morgan & Scott, Ltd., London (4 d. net).

The Friends of Irish Freedom issue a list of *English Atrocities in Ireland*, compiled by Katherine Hughes (10 cents).

Capital and Labor is the title of a pamphlet by John A. Ryan, D.D., and published by Our Sunday Visitor Press for the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council. A pamphlet on a matter of such peculiar, present interest by this noted economist commands attention.

The American Association for International Conciliation presented in its June pamphlet "Present Day Conditions in Europe," "The United States and the Armenian Mandate," "Report of the American Military Mission to Armenia." In July it treated the "Documents Concerning the Accession of Switzerland to the League of Nations," and "The United States and the League of Nations." In August it published a study of "The Treaty of Peace with Germany in the United States Senate," by George A. Finch.

Professor Charles W. Meyers, once a Protestant Pastor, now a Catholic, answers common objections to the Catholic Church in a small folder bearing the title *Seven False Facts or Seven Times Naught is Naught*. This should interest non-Catholics, because it considers their viewpoint. It is printed by the Church Book Rack Printing and Publishing Company, Denver, Colorado (15 cents).

Non-Catholics frequently misunderstand relations between the Pope and Catholics. This subject is well and briefly explained in *Catholics and the Pope*, issued by the publicity department of the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia.

We have at hand the following pamphlets from the Australian Catholic Truth Society: *Our Lady's Titles*, by Albert Power, S.J.; *Spread the Truth*, by Rev. A. J. Martin; *Faith and Reason*, by Peter Finlay, S.J., and *Visits to the Blessed Sacrament*, Numbers I. and II., by a Sister of Mercy.

The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, New York, publish an attractive devotional pamphlet, called *Under the Eyes of Jesus*.

The Oblate Fathers, Aurora, Kansas, publish an *Outline of a Religious Retreat*, of value to priests conducting retreats. It may be obtained in English or French at the above address.

Recent Events.

Russia.

Towards the end of August the Poles, in their last stand before Warsaw, by a tremendous effort launched a counter-offensive which not only relieved the pressure on the capital, but turned the Bolshevik advance into a general retreat. By a series of shattering blows the Poles have since driven the Soviet armies almost completely from Polish territory with vast losses of men and supplies. The Bolshevik forces arrayed against Warsaw had been variously estimated as anywhere from 250,000 to 300,000 men, and of these the losses in prisoners alone have been placed as high as 80,000 men with 40,000 killed, while 128,000 additional have retreated into East Prussia.

The cause of this sudden and dramatic reversal is generally attributed to French aid and more specifically to the masterly plans of the French General, Weygand, who in the Great War had been Foch's Chief of Staff. The main feature of these plans seems to have been the swift transfer to Warsaw by double-deck auto buses of Polish forces engaged in other fields, especially in Galicia, which up to the last moment the Poles were reluctant to abandon. In addition to General Weygand himself the Poles had the assistance of six hundred French officers, who either took active command of various units of the Polish army or served on the staffs of Polish commanders.

Since the battle of Warsaw fighting has continued throughout the month in two principal quarters—in the northeastern battle area, where the Bolsheviks rallied a force of from 30,000 to 40,000 men, and in Galicia, where the cavalry of General Budenny attempted a new encircling movement against Lemberg. The greater part of Eastern Galicia has been recovered by Polish and Ukrainian troops, who are masters of all the left bank of the Dneister River. At Zamosz, in the Lemberg region, in a battle which lasted four days, from August 29th to September 1st, Budenny was badly defeated and his forces dispersed. He rallied, however, and reconcentrated his mounted army under cover of a newly-arrived infantry detachment. These reinforcements endeavored to undo the defeat suffered by the cavalry, but without success.

On the northeastern front the Poles consistently advanced and captured six towns, including Augustowa and Suwalki in their advance on Grodno. The capture of these towns, however,

which are in Lithuanian territory, introduced another complication, and hostilities broke out in the Suwalki sector, near the German border, between the Lithuanians and the Poles. These hostilities have continued intermittently for several weeks, varied by appeals from each side to the League of Nations and by conferences between the two, which have come to nothing. The Poles demanded the use of certain railway lines and also the right of provisional occupation of Vilna in their operations against the Bolsheviks, but as these demands were contrary to the Russian-Lithuanian peace treaty, Lithuania was compelled to reject them. On the other hand the Poles charge the Lithuanians with permitting the passage of Soviet troops through Lithuanian territory and with numerous aggressions. The problem has again resolved itself, according to recent dispatches, into another conference, which threatens to be as fruitless as its predecessors. Meanwhile the Poles have been forced to withdraw from Seyn, and the Lithuanians are advancing in the direction of Grodno. The Lithuanians, it seems, dislike the Poles and the Bolsheviks equally, but the Lithuanian incident will probably have a beneficial effect upon Poland, where the Moderate Party, of which Prince Sapieha is the chief, is having hard work to restrain the more jingo element.

Turning from the military to the diplomatic situation we find another complicated state of affairs, due to divided councils among the Allies. On the question of material interests England and Italy are in favor of trade-resumption and more lenient treatment towards Russia and Germany, because they are in a position to profit by it. France is bitterly opposed to this programme both because she is in no position to export and because she fears Germany and distrusts the Bolsheviks, who have repudiated the debt of 29,000,000 francs advanced by France to Russia before the Revolution. These diverse positions have conditioned their various attitudes towards Poland—England and Italy being unwilling to aid Poland so as not to offend the Soviet Government, and France encouraging the Poles from its desire for Soviet downfall. Moreover, France is proving herself the abler champion of orderly government. She gave recognition last month to the anti-Bolshevik forces under General Baron Wrangel in the Crimea, thus imperiling Anglo-French relations. The crisis, however, has since been safely tided over, due to subsequent events, the chief of these being the recent Polish successes and the emphatic enunciation by America of no compromise with the Bolsheviks. With regard to Poland, it remains to add that all the Allies, and also America, whose policy discountenances

any dismemberment of the Russian Empire, have warned Poland to confine her hostilities within the ethnographic units laid down for her at the Peace Conference. This injunction, however, the Poles, in their hour of victory, now seem disposed to ignore, and to their disregard of it—if they do disregard it—will probably be traced many subsequent evils.

The fighting in the Crimea throughout the month has been constant and severe. General Wrangel is reported to have 60,000 men in his fighting units, while the Soviet troops endeavoring to corner him in the Crimea and the Taurida region are estimated at 50,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry. The Bolsheviki are better equipped, but General Wrangel's men are better disciplined. The latter are divided now into two armies—one in the Taurida district, under General Kutiepof, and the other in Kuban, under General Ulagha, the cavalry leader, who is operating in several raiding columns. Reports from this quarter are conflicting, and it is impossible to say with which side the advantage rests. There have been a series of attacks and counter-attacks in the Taurida region and along the Dneiper River, success apparently alternating with each side, but on the whole the engagements have been of a minor character and there has been no definite result. The most promising feature of the Wrangel offensive is his popularity with the populace and the submission to his control of the Cossacks of the Don, Kuban, Astrakhan and Terek territories. His policy of actually handing over land to the peasants, while at the same time promising full payment for it to the owners when the Bolsheviki have been expelled and a stable government formed, has immensely strengthened his cause. He has thus avoided Denikin's mistake, who by a course of confiscation and pillage and also from the suspicion of his being a Royalist, had incurred distrust among the people through whose territories he advanced.

The various negotiations initiated by the Soviet Government have all ended abortively. The parley with the Poles at Minsk continued all through the fighting around Warsaw, but broke up without result, and a new conference has now been called at Riga, the Latvian capital, for the last of this month. The other principal Bolshevik endeavor for agreement with the outside world—that with England—has also ended unfavorably and the chief Soviet envoy has returned to Moscow. The ostensible reason for the breaking off of negotiations was the discovery by the English authorities that the Soviet Government had placed £75,000 of gold in the hands of *The Herald*, a London labor organ. Though Gregory Kameneff, the Soviet Government's political envoy in London, has returned to Moscow, Gregory Krassin, the Soviet

trade representative, still remains in England, and is proceeding with purchasing plans and business organization.

As to internal conditions in Russia, there have been in various parts of Western Siberia a number of serious peasant revolts which overthrew the local Soviets, but these have been suppressed and the Soviets restored. The population in general and particularly the peasants are restive and showing great discontent, but appear to be too greatly intimidated to rise in rebellion. Reports indicate that the Bolsheviks are passing through a serious crisis, that foreign aggression, such as the Polish offensive, helped them to rally and hold out for a time against the processes of disintegration, which otherwise would have progressed more quickly, but which are still, despite all the efforts of the Bolsheviks to arrest them, going on. The Bolsheviks are reported to be greatly disheartened, having obtained nothing essential in the way of concessions from the powers, and expecting nothing. Extraordinary conditions of food scarcity in Soviet Russia are reported. Smuggling of food supplies is common, and the food situation in Petrograd, the old capital of Russia, is growing steadily worse.

Italy.

On August 22d there was initiated in Milan a vast industrial revolution, which is still in progress, and the course and result of which it is impossible to foretell. That it is of far-reaching importance is certain, and if successful it will mean the beginning of the end of the capitalistic system. In effect it is a modified form of Sovietism. The start of the movement was the outcome of six weeks of fruitless negotiations for further economic betterment carried on between the Metal Workers' Federation and the Owners' Association. As a result of this failure, 500,000 workmen began an obstructionist campaign in all metal foundries, machine shops and naval dockyards. Obstructionism is not a formal strike, but simply means that, while the workmen are to report for work and thus compel the plants to keep open, they are to take legal advantage of every opportunity for the employment of dilatory tactics.

In one instance the owners' response to these tactics was a lockout, and this, in turn, being a violation of the agreement entered into by the Employers' Federation against isolated action, provoked an immediate assembly of the Syndicalist Union, which issued an urgent order to the metal workers to proceed forthwith to take forcible and simultaneous possession of all factories throughout Lombardy, except in cases where the firms were ready

to sign a formal undertaking not to resort to a lockout. The invariable reply of the owners, however, was that no such undertaking could be entered into without prior permission from the Industrialists' League.

The workers then took possession of three hundred of the largest establishments in Lombardy. In most cases the men cut telephonic communications and sent groups to surround the foremen's offices, clerks' departments and directors' rooms, so as to impede every contact with the masters or the carrying away of any business papers. They further placed armed pickets to guard safes and strong rooms against any attempt on the part of the directors to remove money. In most cases the change was effected without disorder or personal violence.

Since then the factory-seizing movement has quickly spread to Turin, Rome, Naples, and other big centres, but the National Labor Convention has decided that the immediate struggle shall be confined to the metal workers, who are ordered to resist with all the force at their command in the positions they have conquered.

Nothing is more remarkable about this whole business than the comparative absence of disorder and bloodshed, and it was for this reason probably that the Government maintained for some weeks its extraordinary attitude of aloofness and silence. Recently Premier Giolitti has attempted the solution of the metal workers' difficulties by appointing a commission of manufacturers and workmen to prepare a settlement plan. Conciliation and moderation are being urged by Signor Giolitti in his conferences with workmen and employers. A section of the employers has suggested it might accept intervention in the management of factories, and representatives of the workmen have asked if this intervention would be exercised by the State in the interests of the men.

The only serious disorder of the month occurred at Trieste, and that was a Socialist revolt apparently having nothing to do with the factory-seizing movement. In the Trieste affair, barricades were erected in the streets, and artillery, rifles, machine guns and bombs were freely employed in a struggle between the rioters and the military. Seven persons were killed and fifty injured in the revolt, which lasted for three days. Italian troops and naval forces finally succeeded in restoring order.

A series of earthquakes beginning on September 7th and occurring at intervals for several days thereafter caused great damage, chiefly in Northern Italy. More than one hundred towns and villages were destroyed or badly wrecked, and it is estimated that

the dead exceeded five hundred, and the homeless more than twenty thousand. The first shock was most severely felt near Pisa and in the region north of Florence, and later shocks occurred along the southern slopes of the Swiss and Italian Alps from Monte Rosa to the Bernina Pass, and also in the Emilia district, which embraces the territory between the Apennines and the River Po.

Gabriele d'Annunzio on September 9th proclaimed Fiume an independent State, and took the oath of office as its head. The new State is called the "Italian Regency of Quarnaro," and comprises the city of Fiume and several islands in the Adriatic. The National Council of Fiume, the city's representative body, has resigned owing to disagreement with d'Annunzio over the new constitution, which he himself drew up. The proclamation of the new State is viewed as merely the prelude to annexation to Italy, which action in turn will involve the abandonment by Italy of the Treaty of London, which gave Fiume to the Jugo-Slavs.

Considerable distrust is being expressed in Italy over the formation of the "Little Entente," as it is called—an agreement recently entered into by Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia and Rumania. The object of the alliance is a common neutrality in the Russo-Polish conflict, common defence against danger from Hungary, and preservation against ultimate return of the Hapsburgs as well as against a Danubian confederation, which might be the instrument to gain hegemony for some western power. Italy raises no objection to these aims, but professes to see in the alliance a revival of the "Pan Slav" idea, which the press of the smaller Slav countries is agitating, hoping that the "Great Mother Russia" will again make her power felt. A more immediate cause, however, for Italian uneasiness lies in the fact that she is at odds with the Jugo-Slavs over Fiume and other questions and in the material circumstance that, combined, the three States have a population of approximately 40,000,000, equal to France, and slightly superior to Italy. Thus their military resources are sufficient when united to make a respectable showing, even against a great power.

At a conference at Aix-les-Bains on September 13th, between the French and Italian Premiers, which succeeded an

earlier conference at Lucerne between Lloyd George and the Italian Premier, it was decided not only to postpone indefinitely the proposed Geneva conference with the Germans, but to drop altogether the Lloyd George policy of having joint discussions with the Germans of questions arising out of the peace. This

means that France has succeeded in detaching Italy from its agreement with England on the "conference method" of collecting the German indemnity, and that hereafter the Reparations Commission, rather than conferences like that at Spa, shall be intrusted with the determination and the collection of the German indemnity. France and Italy, under the new agreement, do not exclude the policy of subsequent meetings with the Germans, but insist that all questions taken up with the Germans shall be discussed with them only after the Allies have previously met and agreed among themselves.

In return for this change in Italian policy Premier Millerand was forced to assent not only to Italy's demand for complete freedom of action in dealing with Soviet Russia, but also to the reservation that the victors must treat the vanquished in a spirit of moderation and benevolence. The agreement is important as foreshadowing a realignment of diplomatic forces on the Continent.

The Council of the League of Nations met in Paris on September 16th almost unnoticed by the public and the press. The French are becoming more and more hostile to the League: first, because they feel it has proved its impotence in the Russian-Polish conflict due to the fact that it has no armed body to enforce its decisions, and second, because of a growing movement among the delegates of neutral nations in favor of a revision of the financial clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. France also is suspicious of the movement afoot for the immediate entry of Germany into the League.

The National Assembly will convene at Versailles on Saturday, September 25th, to consider the election of a successor to President Paul Deschanel, who has resigned because of prolonged ill-health. Both Millerand and former President Poincaré have issued emphatic declarations that under no circumstances would they accept the Presidency. Nevertheless, both names are still prominently mentioned as candidates together with those of Marshal Foch, Raoul Peret, President of the Chamber of Deputies, and Senator C. Jonnart, former Governor of Algeria, who will probably be the governmental candidate.

The defensive alliance projected in June by Marshal Foch for France and General Waglinse for Belgium, has been dropped as a result of a Belgian Cabinet crisis. It appears that definite ratification by Belgium would raise certain difficulties in its relations towards Holland and incidentally towards England, which disapproves of Belgium's endeavor to acquire certain rights over the Scheldt estuary. Under the auspices of British diplomacy the

Dutch and Belgians have recently reached an accord, by which the Belgians renounce all claim to the Dutch Province of Limberg and the Dutch give commercial and tariff concessions in respect of passage of the Scheldt. But in the event of war the Dutch right to bar battleships or troop transports or munitions remains. If France had made a definite alliance with Belgium, great pressure would have been brought to bear on Holland to open the Scheldt entirely to Belgium, a state of affairs to which England was opposed. In place of the abandoned defensive alliance it has been decided by France and Belgium to limit the matter to an "agreement," which has received the approbation of the military advisers of both sides, but binds neither absolutely.

From a recent statement by André Tardieu, President of the Committee of Devastated Regions, it appears that France has made rapid strides towards recovery. Among other facts the figures show that of the 2,728,000 persons driven away from their homes by the War, 2,023,000 had returned up to April 1, 1920. Of the 4,068 municipal governments destroyed, 4,006 have been reëstablished; of the 6,445 schools that existed before the War, 5,345 have been reopened. Under dwelling houses, M. Tardieu shows that 574,777 were damaged to the extent of being one-half or wholly destroyed; of these 13,100 have been rebuilt, 178,500 have been repaired, and 46,570 temporary houses are in use. The 1,400 miles of main railways have been entirely repaired, and 485 miles of the 1,000 miles of canals destroyed have been restored. Of the 32,000 miles of roads destroyed, 1,122 miles have been completely repaired and 10,000 miles repaired in part. Of the 11,500 factories destroyed, 3,540 are working again and 3,812 are in process of rebuilding. A census taken in 3,508 factories shows that in 1914, 679,000 workmen were employed and in 1920, 258,000 were employed in producing and 82,000 in repairing, making the total in 1920, 340,000.

In operations against Turkish Nationalists, French forces recently captured Urfa, in Asiatic Turkey, which had been held for some time by the Turks. A few days later French troops captured Aintab, a city in Asia Minor, fifty-eight miles northeast of Aleppo, and the scene several months ago of a massacre of Armenians by Turks. The city had been held by two Turkish brigades. French forces are also reported marching on Marash, thirty-seven miles northwest of Aintab, and are meeting with obstinate resistance. Marash has been the scene of a number of encounters between the Turks and Armenians during the last few months. Many attempts have recently been made by the Turks to destroy the Bagdad Railway, but without success. The

only other recent action against the Turkish Nationalists, who are opposed to the Turkish Peace Treaty, has been the progress of the Greeks, who have captured Kutayah, eighty miles south-east of Brusa, and Afiun-Karahissar, fifty miles southeast of Kutayah.

Germany.

Violent disorders have marked the month in Germany. These have sprung from two sources—internal economic discontent and outbursts of national dissatisfaction over recent events in Upper Silesia. A movement for a general refusal to pay taxes, originating in Württemberg, spread rapidly to other towns, principally Stuttgart, which was without gas, electricity and water for several days. The strike began in the Daimler motor works in Württemberg, where the workers refused to allow the deduction of the legal tax of ten per cent from their weekly wages, because of dissatisfaction with the Württemberg government of Centrists and Democrats, who are charged with endeavoring to institute the old capitalist régime. Regardless of this purely Socialist argument, the masses of the people throughout Germany protest that they have good ground for refusing the ten per cent deduction to a Government which makes no effort to seize excessive and often fraudulent war and revolution profits, does not punish men compromised by the Kapp rebellion, and which shows neither power nor ability to right various injustices. The discontent of the people is finding expression in disastrous strikes and lockouts. In the Siegerland mines near Cologne, and also in Essen, the tax refusal has been the cause of violent disorder, and several mine and factory officials have been severely wounded.

Despite these disorders, however, there is strong opposition, even among Socialists, toward any alliance with the Bolsheviks. Recently in Berlin the Federal Congress of Independent Socialists heard the report of its delegation to the Communist Congress at Moscow, which was to the effect that Bolshevism was impossible in Germany, and that even in Russia this form of government, if government it could be called, has no future. The visiting delegation seems to have been thoroughly disillusioned by its view of actual conditions under Bolshevik rule, and its members delivered violent speeches of denunciation of Sovietism, which one speaker declared to be more militaristic and oppressive than the despotism of the Tsar.

Clashes between Germans and Poles and Inter-Allied military forces have occurred at Kattowitz, in Upper Silesia, which is soon to be the scene of a plebiscite deciding whether it is to belong to Germany or Poland. The town of Kattowitz is a German centre,

but all the surrounding country is Polish. The Polish inhabitants of the rural communes, exasperated by the suffering inflicted on their fellow-countrymen in Kattowitz, formed bands to exercise reprisals against the Germans. As a result the Inter-Allied Commission, determined to prevent all excesses from whatever quarter they come, has proclaimed a state of siege not only in Kattowitz, but also in the rural area round the town. In recent fighting between French troops and the inhabitants of Kattowitz, twenty Germans were killed and many wounded, while the French lost seven killed.

During a demonstration in Breslau by the old bourgeois parties against the Polish agitators in Upper Silesia, a crowd of German Nationalists stormed the Polish and French Consulates and destroyed the records and demolished the furniture. In amends the German Government was obliged to make a formal apology to France and pay a fine of 100,000 francs.

Another result of the troubles in Upper Silesia has been the reduction of coal production in that region by some 700,000 tons, thus making it impracticable for Germany to make deliveries as prescribed in the Spa agreement. The German peace delegation in Paris has handed a note to the Peace Conference calling attention to the situation. A third German request to the Ambassadors' Council for a neutral Commission to investigate matters in Upper Silesia has been refused.

The independent exports commission, representing Swiss industries and agriculture, which recently returned from investigating commercial and agricultural conditions in Germany, reports that stagnation still continues. Business houses are selling off goods at half prices, manufacturers are holding back, and production everywhere is restricted. Consequently unemployment is increasing at a fearful rate so that a fall in wages can hardly be avoided. This, however, is anticipated with alarm because of the political ferment in Germany and of the conditions on that country's eastern frontier. For the coming winter, the Swiss report says, matters look black.

More than 1,700,000,000 marks in new paper money was put in circulation during the week ending September 6th, according to the Reichsbank's weekly statement. The total now exceeds 71,000,000,000. Financial writers designate the record as indicating a highly unfavorable development.

September 20, 1920.

With Our Readers.

THE granting of the Presidential franchise to the women citizens of the United States undoubtedly marks a new era in the political history of our country. The woman franchise will soon be extended—and in most cases, has already been extended—to every political office in nation, state and city.

The privilege of voting at National and State elections should be of the greatest interest to the Catholic women of the country. Indeed, we feel that no word should be needed to lead them to use the ballot and to interest themselves in matters of national welfare. But unfortunately, there is, in some quarters, a tendency to hold back: a hanging on to old arguments that the vote is not for women: that the woman vote will be an enemy of the peace of the home: that women don't know enough about public matters to vote intelligently. Whatever power those arguments may once have had to make debate lively, the new franchise amendment has thrown them all to the scrap heap.

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THE constitutional amendment is a mandate to the women citizens of the United States to take their responsible share in the national government. No citizen can escape it. And to us, it seems that not only political, but moral blame must be attached to the person who neglects it.

It carries with it the duty of making oneself acquainted with the obligations, duties and privileges of citizenship. A handbook that will give all such necessary data, entitled *The Fundamentals of Citizenship*, is issued by the National Catholic Welfare Council, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C., and may be obtained free by sending six cents for postage. A knowledge of current events and of the issues at stake may be obtained from the better secular journals and from the Catholic press of the country.

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BY Catholic women at the present hour, the privilege of the ballot ought to be viewed as a sacred, a blessed right and opportunity. We include, under the title of women, our lay women and our religious, those who are not cloistered.

Each individual has, moreover, a moral influence upon his fellows. To be interested in the ballot is to promote its dignity.

To be present at the register booth and at the polls is to help just so much in bringing home to others the importance of the ballot and reverence for legal, orderly procedure and for the law. Stability of government is not built upon agitation or revolutionary methods. Yet both methods are the order of the day. If faith has been lost by many in our present system of representative government: if, despairing of orderly methods, they have had recourse to disorderly ones, to illegal short cuts to secure their immediate ends, irrespective of the fate of the Government, the fault lies in part with the failure of the majority of our citizens to use the ballot and to hold their representatives responsible to the electorate. The first step in a Bolshevik régime is to limit the franchise. When citizens, otherwise law-abiding, voluntarily limit the franchise, by failure to exercise it, they are contributing, in small but effective measure, to the propaganda of communism.

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IT is by the popular ballot that all our national legislation is ultimately determined. It is by their knowledge of the voters, their opinions, their activity at the polls that legislators in Congress are governed. At times, one may appeal to them successfully on principle: but principle, as a rule, has an easy facility of shading off into political opportunism. And the duty of doing what one's constituents want and for which they will support a candidate for reelection, is always very "clear" and very imperative.

It must be known to our Catholic women—for the matters have been rehearsed repeatedly in the press—that the national legislature will be interested at its next session with matters that vitally affect the moral well-being of the country: its Christian tradition: the spiritual health not only of its children but of the generations yet unborn.

Any Catholic woman who has the power to affect such legislation and doesn't use that power is, in effect—we use the words advisedly—an enemy of true national interests and of Catholic welfare. If she abstains from voting, she weakens her own cause and adds to the strength of the opposition. The silence of her voice through the ballot adds emphasis to the voice of the enemy. She serves the Church or she serves against the Church. To the question of national education: of child welfare: of marriage and divorce: of sex hygiene: of birth control—all of which vitally affect the home and the public morals—she cannot be indifferent. And all of these questions will come up before the State and National legislatures. The powers behind the extreme radical

movements on all these questions are un-Christian, materialistic, pagan. This may, to some ears, sound intemperate. But when it is known the Voluntary Parenthood League is making a studied effort to introduce a bill that would so modify the national penal code as to make the sending of indecent literature through the mails, *lawful*: and when this bill was all but introduced into the Senate, by a United States Senator, at the last session of Congress, the censure of intemperance against the above language will, we feel, be lifted, at least by most people.

This work of the Parenthood League is purely in the interests of birth control, and the League teaches that child-killing is not a sin: that marriage has no sanctity and the moral law, no binding force. By another organization, very powerful, the teaching of sex-hygiene is to be made obligatory in all schools by national mandate.

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OF course, the far-reaching consequences of such a step on the whole life of the country could not be exaggerated. No Catholic woman citizen, knowing that these matters are to be submitted to our national legislators, can still think she is free to vote or persuade herself that she is at liberty to vote or not to vote. It is idle to say that they do not affect the Catholic body—that we and our children will be impervious to all this change for the worse in the national atmosphere. As well say we could live just as healthily in a room full of foul as of fresh air.

And in such specious attempts to get away from duty, there is a graver error. Such attempts imply that while we are members of the Church we are not necessarily active, intelligent, patriotic citizens of the nation. Any one who, by word or action or default of action, takes that attitude is false to the teaching of the Catholic Church, and false to the duty which the Church places upon him as of God and as of conscience.

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THE government is ours: the national life is ours just as much as it is any other citizen's or body of citizens'. We owe it constructive, abiding loyalty. We owe it the contribution of the best of our powers. Patriotism is just as necessary—indeed more so—in times of peace as in times of war. America's soul is in our keeping and next to our Faith, it is the most sacred treasure and inheritance that we possess. Indeed, as it is a duty, so, in a true way, is it part of our Faith. It is for every one of us to have that soul express the truth of Christ, in so far as we can bring it to such expression.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, through the columns of his *London Times*, has been constrained by the effect upon the world of recent events in Ireland to attempt the perhaps impossible task of awakening the conscience—or at least the sense of danger—of the British Government by publishing a series of articles revealing, not only the gross injustice of England's course in Ireland, but also its notorious incapacity. Incidentally, the *London Times'* articles emphasize the fact that the terrible flames of religious strife were blown upon and fanned into a conflagration by those reactionary forces which seek to divert the attention of the world from the main issues in the situation in Ulster by striving to make it appear that the Ulster Protestants' chief concern in clinging tightly to the skirts of the British is because they fear the dominance of the Catholics which would follow if Ireland set up its own independent government.

But the bulk of trustworthy testimony is altogether against this view. The most competent witnesses agree in stating that outside the narrow circle of a few Orange bigots, and their political masters, who work upon their blind fear, nobody, even in Ulster, takes seriously the "Rome-Rule" bogey set up by Carson and his henchmen.

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A SWISS journalist who has recently visited Ireland, and who contributed a series of articles giving "a neutral view of Ireland," to the *Neue Zürcher-Zeitung* (the Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), a series of articles which has been reprinted in England and America, point out in the latest of his letters that it was not until the separation of Church and State in Ireland in the second half of the last century, when the Presbyterian clergy were granted subsidies from the public treasury, that there developed a division of interest, so far as Irish independence was concerned, between the Orangemen and the Irish Nationalists. Previously, the rank and file of the Protestant population, tyrannized over by the great English proprietors, had joined with the Catholics who were in the same condition, and had demanded the political emancipation of the latter as the first step toward their own complete political freedom. "The result was that late in the eighteenth century Ulster became the stronghold of Irish Republicanism."

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DURING Gladstone's campaign the Orange party adopted the catchy slogan "Home Rule means Rome-Rule." But as the Swiss journalist well says: "If Ireland's independence would mean today Roman suzerainty, if there were any real peril of the erec-

tion in this corner of the Atlantic Ocean of a Jesuit state, this danger must have been immeasurably greater one hundred and twenty years ago, when Protestant Ulster was vigorously demanding an Irish Republic."

And he continues by stating that "this religious, or rather church politics, argument is not to be taken seriously, and sober-minded politicians hardly ever mention it . . . The truth is that the Protestants in other parts of Ireland (three hundred and fifteen thousand Protestants live outside the Province of Ulster) are not opposing Home Rule. They are mostly successful merchants, living in communities, predominantly Catholic. They know their fellow citizens intimately, and are not in the slightest disturbed by such 'Rome-Rule' bogies. Their only complaint is that their fellow Protestants in northeastern Ireland want to separate from the rest of the country, and leave their co-religionists an even smaller minority in the rest of Ireland than they would otherwise be. With such a separation, the Protestants would form one-tenth of the people, while in a united Ireland they would form more than one-fourth of the population. If the Ulster men really believed that the Protestants were likely to be persecuted, their present attitude would constitute a betrayal of their scattered fellow believers in severed Ireland. However, they know that no such danger threatens." The writer goes on to prove from personal investigation that although this "papist" argument of Carson and his tools has no merit, it has, nevertheless, played an important part in the artificial agitation which produced the present dreadful crisis. "It is religious agitation first and foremost," he testifies, "that induced the young men of Belfast and the surrounding country to enlist in the Ulster Volunteers, for whose organization and arming Carson is responsible. From every Protestant pulpit in Ulster the clergymen preached against Home Rule; and volunteers took their vows of loyalty in the churches. After services half a million of the faithful solemnly swore with religious ceremony to be true to the 'Covenant,' thus formally obligating themselves to 'fight unto death' against Home Rule. It was a half-religious, half-military revolt against the English Government of the day. The fact that that Government surrendered to the revolters without a struggle, does not change the situation. Unhappily the result was to destroy the last remaining confidence in Great Britain retained by the Irish Nationalists in the south, and to convince even moderate people that it was necessary to defend their rights by force. What was permitted Ulster men must also be permitted to Sinn Fein."

THESE facts are not new to well-informed Americans; but it is good that neutral and independent European observers should get at the truth and express it for the enlightenment of neutral peoples. While many other observers agree with this Swiss journalist in attributing the present outbreak of a religious strife to an artificial and deliberate propaganda, it does remain true, in a sense far deeper than questions of political predominance of Catholics or Protestants, that the war in Ireland is a religious war. The terrible conditions in Ireland are truly the fruit of religious tyranny. It was the Catholic faith in the souls of the Irish people that English conquerors strove most bitterly to uproot. It was their failure to do so which through all the centuries down to our own time brought about a hatred of Ireland that was keener and more dreadful in its results than any economic spoliation or merely political dominance could explain. Through all these centuries Ireland has upheld the torch of liberty, inspiring and encouraging other oppressed people throughout the world. The very soul and the flame of that torch was the Irish love of and devotion to the Catholic Faith. Neither the light of the Faith nor the light of the love of liberty has been quenched in their souls, and it burns today as bright as ever before.

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AS these lines are written the Lord Mayor of Cork is still alive. Press dispatches state that he attributes his continued hold upon life to the prayers and the "innumerable Masses offered up for me" by his fellow Catholics throughout the world. MacSwiney lives—let us pray that as these lines are read he may still be referred to in the present tense—a symbol of the soul of Ireland. It is the Faith that nourishes that soul today as during all the dark centuries of Ireland's oppression. May the end of Ireland's awful Dark Night of the Soul be at hand.



THE music season is with us again. What was once—and not so many years ago—a matter of interest chiefly to New Yorkers and Bostonians, in whose cities alone opera and symphony orchestras and chamber music organizations flourished, is now a national concern. Permanent orchestras of high merit are maintained in a chain of cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and these go "on tour" to the cities adjacent to their permanent abodes. According to Bernard Shaw, writing recently in the *London Morning Post*, music is so great a moral force that it is really deserving of state and municipal aid, apart from purely æsthetic reasons, because the spreading of a taste for it among

young people will tend strongly to keep them away from the low pleasures of life. "The higher the level of music," says Shaw, "the lower the taxes of a country!" This for the reason that money spent on music will save much money otherwise wasted on vice, and the police!

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HOWEVER this may be, the *New York Times* seems to support Shaw's views, declaring editorially that if young people can be led to appreciate good music "they will be less likely to be beguiled by the lures of the streets, and the exploits of the juvenile gangster. And vice and crime being thus summarily eliminated, is it not obvious that the tax-rate would be lowered? Catholics have always appreciated the power of music in the realm of morality, as well as of æsthetics. Catholics, however, seem alone in recognizing that music, like the other arts, and no less so when artistically it is of a high order, may be an influence for evil as well as for good.

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IF Walter Pater had left no other result of his lifetime devotion to æsthetics, his name would live because of his memorable phrasing of a fundamental verity, where he said that, "All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music." "Music, then," he says in the same essay, "and not poetry, as is so often supposed, is the true type or measure of perfected art." All the development of æsthetic thought since Pater's time has tended to confirm what then seemed a startling conclusion. Music has more and more become the art which is not only the one towards the ideal of which all the other arts aspire, but the one which is the criterion of artistic appreciation. That community which fosters its music will foster the other arts; that one which neglects music is indifferent to the others.

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THE sacramental principle in art finds in music its most eloquent voice. By the sacramental principle in art is meant that quality in art in which the outward sign reveals an inward, or spiritual, meaning, or character. Art which is merely surface beauty, or surface interest; or art in which the interior quality overwhelms and breaks down the exterior form which should control and express it, are equally dangerous. It is obvious that music, like painting, literature, and all the arts, is being influenced deeply by the great flux which is taking place on all planes of human life today, a flux of which the World War is the hugest

manifestation. As that acute student of life and art, the late Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard, pointed out, there is a general feeling that art is about to realize a new birth in all its forms, just as there are to be fundamental reconstructions in political and social systems, brought about by the clash of arms. "The tendencies are manifold," he wrote, "nor does anybody know for certain whither this or that is leading . . . The students of politics and the social order are already busy with plans for reconstruction when the day of peace shall have arrived. And a similar activity must be shown by the masters in art if they are to save their precious heritage." And this essayist went on to insist upon the recognition and application of the sacramental principle if the new spirit in art is to develop in health and beauty and service.

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HE is but one of the many voices proclaiming the same message. Every programme of music, every new book, every new picture which manifests the sacramental principle, is a step toward good art; and every work which misses or ignores or opposes the sacramental principle is bad art. And by good and bad in art is meant precisely and baldly what we mean by good and bad in other things; their moral sense. The silly, but powerfully dangerous notion that art is somehow separate and distinct from all moral considerations is dying out today, like a great many other foolish and sickly intellectual aberrations, but there are still a few critics who stick to that false standard. It is high time that the public should shake off the influence of such pernicious stuff. Music, or play, or dance, or poem, or picture, or story, may and actually do either help or harm the very springs of human life, our interior spirit; wherefore, back into our study and criticism of art must come the factor of morality. In other words, when confronted by any work of art we must ask, not merely, "Is it beautiful?" or "Has it character?" but also, "Is its beauty or character for good or for evil?" For beauty may be subtly and poisonously corrupted; beauty may be of hell as well as of heaven. Beauty may be a lie as well as the truth, Keats to the contrary notwithstanding.

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OF all the influences that play upon human life, next to religion art probably produces the most far-reaching results. And of all the arts, music seems the most influential. Hence it follows that every concert we attend is an important chapter in the history of our soul; a weighty episode in the complicated drama of our fate. Happy and to be blessed, therefore, is the

music which puts the soul in harmony with life-enhancing, clean romance, and the intimations of spiritual mystery, and the tone vistas of sacramental beauty; but utterly to be condemned and avoided is that music, produced by morbid and faithless souls—often most highly endowed from a technical point of view—music which rips the inner fabric of our minds and souls with acrid, sickly psychologizing, or which carries into the heart the seeds of doubt and despair. The importance of a school of art criticism which shall be based upon true morality is one of the great necessities of this time of transition, in all the arts, but especially perhaps in the mystical realm of music.

A VERY common subject of discussion in our current secular magazines is the present decline of religion and of morals. There seems to be no disagreement that public morality has fallen very low: it has no notable defender.

Many of the older generation have criticized scathingly those of the younger and abused the latter for repudiating the moral inheritance, which it received. And the present generation has answered—as for example in the August *Atlantic Monthly*. The answer does not deny the indictment but, with anger that knows no strain of reverence, charges the older generation with the full responsibility. The fathers and mothers of the younger people of today gave them no guidance: no truth which they could hold to: no light by which they could walk. It left to them a world of disorder: of increasing problems made the more acute and unsolvable by neglect and indifference—and the result? Well, the result is that the younger generation must try to forget itself—must work intensely and must play intensely, regarding neither the purpose of the one nor the morals of the other, in order not to remember too bitterly that it has a soul.

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IT would be difficult to imagine a sadder article than this one in the *Atlantic*. It has bravado but no bravery: knowledge but no wisdom: earnestness but no reverence; audacity but no hope.

It is as if the present generation damned, even with tears, its fathers and mothers, and in reckless abandon, cut itself loose from all human experience.

And so there will be much wretchedness of soul, many blinded cries, before the world lifts itself from the depths into which sin has plunged it.

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WE say sin advisedly, for sin presupposes religion: and it is to the absence of religion and religious belief that the loose morals, indeed the propaganda of immorality, are due. To put it simply, if there is no personal God to Whom every man is responsible, then every man has a right to frame his own morals. No human law: no convention: no tradition will be strong enough to withstand that logic. The human race will see to it that immorality will not progress so far as to wipe out the race—but short of this extreme limit, men and women without God will be men and women without morals.

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“THE chaos of the world,” says Father Martindale in the June *Dublin Review*, “is an anxious chaos: and men are beginning to ask, not so much what the War has achieved, as what it revealed.” Continuing his article, he shows that the official reports in the religious belief of the British Expeditionary Force show practically absence of all religious belief.

These reports, it may be stated at once, do not include the Catholic soldiers. They had a definite religious belief: and the book that tells of it was reviewed in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* of February, 1920.

The English Protestant soldier is not an atheist. He does not deny God. But how does he picture God? “The men, on whose account people are so anxious to ‘revitalize’ or ‘restate’ their creed, have already made themselves a new god. Who then? ‘How about Old Bill?’ He ‘symbolizes what the men like to see in others, and want to see in themselves . . . He stands for optimism, humor, comradeship, bravery, common sense.’ He is ‘within reach—within you.’ ‘It’s a type that cheers . . . Which do you think they’d choose for a twelve hours’ journey, or half an hour’s visit to a hospital ward—Old Bill or a chaplain?’ Old Bill, every time, is the answer.”

“In this country (England),” Father Martindale adds, “I believe the average man has a belief in God suited to his sort of natural culture, as the savage has.” God does not enter into the things of ordinary life; and the gulf thus fixed has cut Him off from mortals.

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AS for Christ—there is a sentiment for Him but no knowledge of Him and consequently no belief in Him. After reviewing the evidence, Father Martindale states: “But observe how the Reform, which proposed to restore Christ to men, has removed Him, and how He, like God and moral law, is safe in Catholic

hands only." The Rev. Mr. Keable, a High Churchman, the author of *Standing By*, an estimate of the religion of the English soldier, and a book which Father Martindale reviews, declares: "One cannot help feeling that nine Protestant chapels out of ten have really ceased to have any religion at all . . . In the Church of England one is slowly suffocated." "It would be hard to find one more tragic or complete (religious failure) than the failure of the Established Church of England. That for the hundreds who see it there are thousands who do not, and that for the thousands who do not there are tens of thousands who do not take enough interest in a palpably worn-out institution to think about the matter at all, only emphasizes the tragedy." "There is probably no religious instrument in Europe today less fitted than the Establishment for this condition of affairs. It is difficult to conceive of a religious body more hopelessly stranded . . . I wonder if I have met one (man or woman of the many who will now speak freely, even to a clergyman) who has had anything of good to say of the religion of the Establishment." "In every case their success (the padres) has been almost relative to the extent to which they have thrown the Establishment over."

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WE have quoted these extracts and the words of Father Martindale to show that religious belief is absent from the ordinary life of the majority of the people of England. The record of the American soldier showed a better condition prevailing in America. And yet evidences are by no means lacking to show that here also God, as a real present factor in every-day life, is forgotten or denied and that there is little real knowledge of a belief in Christ, through Whom alone we can know the revelation of God. Indeed, it was thought by some officials of the Government here that when our troops went abroad Y. M. C. A. secretaries could well care for their religious needs. Any knowledge of the sacramental system, which alone keeps alive our conscious relation with Christ and with God, was frequently entirely absent, even in high places.

And the most deplorable sign of the passing of Protestantism and a religious system of any kind, is its increasing willingness to abdicate to the forces of the new paganism—forces that do not admit any positive moral law, obligatory on man.

The most noteworthy admission of the article in the *Atlantic*, already referred to, is that the passing of religious belief has meant the oncoming of immorality. The writer thereof is a Protestant, or at least one whose parents were Protestant.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Mr. Coleman, Gent. By E. Dennis. \$2.25. *Joan of Arc, Soldier and Saint.* By I. A. Taylor. \$1.50. *The Art of Interesting.* By F. P. Donnelly, S.J.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Emperor's Royal Robes. By F. A. Forbes. *The Catholic Doctrine of Grace.* By G. H. Joyce, S.J. \$2.00 net.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

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ALLYN & BACON, New York:

Biology for High Schools. By Smallwood R. Bailey. \$1.40.

FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York:

Towards the Dawn. By C. Galway. \$2.00 net. *High Company.* By H. Lee.

ROBERT M. MCBRIDE & Co., New York:

A Tankard of Ale. An Anthology of Drinking Songs from the Fifteenth Century to the Present Day. Compiled by T. Maynard.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Flappers and Philosophers. By F. S. Fitzgerald. \$1.75.

HARCOURT, BRACE & HOWE, New York:

The Philosophy of Mysticism. By E. I. Watkin.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

Sixteen Revelations of Divine Love Shewed to Mother Juliana of Norwich, 1373. \$2.50 net.

BRENTANO'S, New York:

India's Nation Builders. By D. N. Bannerjea. *Poland and the Minority Races.* By A. L. Goodhart.

JAMES T. WHITE & Co., New York:

The Luzumiyat of Abu l-Ala. By A. Rihani. \$1.50 net.

AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York:

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Hispanic Anthology. Collected and arranged by Thomas Walsh, Ph.D. \$5.00.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

An Elementary History of England. By E. Wyatt-Davies, M.A. \$1.20.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, New York:

The Other Life. By Rev. Wm. Schnelder, S.T.D.

THE CORNHILL Co., Boston:

Rachel Grimke. By A. W. Grimke. \$1.25. *Dehydrating Foods.* By A. L. Andrea. \$1.75.

SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:

Christine of the Young Heart. By L. B. Clancy. *The Four Just Men.* By E. Wallace. *The Gray Angels.* By N. Bartley.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:

Noces Chrétiennes. By Abbé Félix Klein.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:

The Mystic Guide, The Road Home. By P. Rudkin. *A Sober Condemnation of Spiritualism; The Pilgrim Fathers.* By Rev. H. Thurston, S.J. Pamphlets.

MARY'S MEADOW PRESS, Ludlow, England:

Lilies of His Love; The Happy Stillness. By A. O'Connor, 2 s. net each.

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WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY J. W. DAWSON.



THE ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment of the United States Constitution by Tennessee makes woman suffrage in this country an accomplished fact. After eighty-one years of agitation women have now been placed on the same footing as men in regard to the ballot. The battle, begun by Lucielia Mott, the Quakeress of Pennsylvania, in 1839, and carried on by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, Alice Paul, Carrie Chapman Catt and countless other woman suffrage leaders, has at last ended in victory for the suffragists.

The struggle has been no trifling one. Although Mrs. Mott made her demand for woman suffrage at the World's Slavery Congress in London in 1839, it was not until 1869 that the Territory of Wyoming gave women the right to vote. It became a State in 1890 with a Constitution that contained a provision for equal suffrage. This was the first State in the Union to accord women this privilege. In 1893 Colorado gave women the vote and in 1896 Utah and Idaho did likewise. It took fourteen years of agitation before any other States followed the lead of these western pioneers. In 1910 Washington extended the right to vote, and other States soon followed suit: California in 1911, Kansas, Oregon and Arizona in 1912, Nevada and Montana in 1914, New York in 1917 and Oklahoma, Michigan and South Dakota in 1918.

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It was in 1878 that the constitutional amendment recently ratified was introduced into Congress. After years of propaganda zealously carried on by the tireless suffragists, the amendment was passed by the House of Representatives in 1918 and by the Senate a year and a half later. Since that time thirty-five States have ratified the amendment. Tennessee has just rounded out the necessary two-thirds. Woman suffrage is a principle of our constitutional law.

In a country district through which a railroad ran, a farmer and his wife were accustomed to sit on their front porch when the evening express rushed by. Every time it passed, their little dog would run after the train.

"I wonder," said the wife to the farmer, "why Foxy always runs after the train."

"That is not what is bothering me," answered the farmer, "I'm wondering what he would do if he ever caught it."

This state of mind is characteristic of that of many people who have watched with interest the fight for suffrage. Now that the objective has been obtained they are asking: "Well, now that the women have the vote, what are they going to do with it?" Theirs is a curiosity that is heavily tinged with sarcasm. At best, they are doubting Thomases. For the most part they exclaim with Ovid:

*Quid, victor, gaudes,
Hæc te victoria perdet?*

To them the extension of suffrage to women—a privilege with many duties—is not at all desirable. They opposed woman suffrage. They look upon it as a not unmixed blessing that will carry many serious reactions inimical to the best interest of the women themselves and particularly to the homes. They are sincere, too, in their belief that woman suffrage will do no good in an affirmative way and result only in lowering, rather than elevating, the status of women. They are the "antis." If they had prevailed, women would not have been given the suffrage. They fought their fight, too, and lost.

Their arguments, no matter of what merit, are now merely academic. Women do vote. The question no longer is whether they should or should not vote. Universal suffrage is here, and whether it should or should not have been established gives way to other considerations that are more practical.

Now that woman suffrage is an actuality, we must consider it as such. By the action of Congress and the several States, a great new influence has been put to work in the body politic. By the Nineteenth Amendment more than twenty-seven million new voters have been added to those who already determine the issues of our Republic. That is a tremendous influence, a power that cannot be estimated in words. United, organized, it might revolutionize our Government and accomplish what it would. Disorganized, it is still a factor that must be considered in all future political movements. Twenty-seven million people is a nation in itself. Make that number articulate; give them a message, and the consequence must inevitably be that they will be heard and in no uncertain terms.

Into what action will this vast new power be translated? What will be the ends for the accomplishment of which this fresh influence will be used? Will it be a dominating factor, alive, keenly sensitive of its strength and purposeful in its determination to exert that strength, or will it be merely the passive power of the sleeping giants? Will it allow itself to be controlled by the man voter and made subordinate to his will? And if it should awake to a realization of its importance what direction will it take?

It is trite to say that woman is not the equal of man. It is just as bromidic to say that man is not the equal of woman. One is the complement of the other; one is different from the other; they were never meant physiologically or psychologically to be considered equal. They are essentially different, and for that reason cannot be measured by common terms. There is no common denominator of the sexes.

Consider, however, the reasoning of those who oppose woman suffrage. They say, and with some show of truth, that to man is given leadership, initiative, perseverance and rugged strength to overcome obstacles. They bring forward a great array of facts to support this contention. In what field is woman the leader? None! Not even in her own particular spheres does she take command. In dressmaking the fashions are made by men. Men design the ladies' headgear. The best cooks are chefs. The greatest musicians are men. The most famous artists are men. There are few great women writers compared with the number of men. In the household, the sewing machine, the vacuum cleaner, the bread mixer, the

dish washer, the electric iron—all these are the inventions of men. These may be facts. But what conclusion do they draw therefrom? Therefore, they argue, if the leadership lies with man and not woman, the woman should not seek to participate in public life. She should not be eager to be a force in political affairs. She should leave all this to her superior, man, to whom has been given the genius of leadership.

The fallacy of all this lies in the result their reasoning deduces. Their conclusion is based on the false premises that there is a conflict between the sexes. When women participate jointly with men in any enterprise of life it is not in a spirit of challenge, but of coöperation. Women do not seek to usurp man's prerogatives. By nature they are different and have tendencies which cause them to lend aid to man as auxiliaries, to give him what he has not, to supply him with those things which they have in abundance and which he altogether lacks, and without which his nature is incomplete.

Look back through history and you will find that there has never been a truly great man who did not have a woman's help in his work, and without which his success could not have reached the limits that it did. A few examples will suffice to show this. In medicine, Morgagni, who made such wonderful progress in pathology, was successful because of his mother, Maria Tornieli. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, was helped in his work by his wife, who inspired him to rise even above material successes. Galvani, the discoverer of animal electricity, was great because of his wife, and another woman, Laura Caterina Maria Bossi, one of his teachers. Johann Muller is called the father of German medicine. At an early age his father, a cobbler, died. To bring up her five children, and particularly to secure an education for the future great physician, his mother carried on the cobbler's work. Pasteur, the great scientist, was helped by Madame Pasteur and his children. What that influence was, can be gleaned from a letter to his father some time after the death of his daughter, Jeanne. "I can only think at this moment of my poor little one, so good, so full of life, so happy in living, and whom this fatal year, now drawing to a close, has snatched from us. After a very short time she would have been for her mother and for me, for all of us, a friend, a companion, a helpmate . . . She is happy. Let us think of those who remain, and let

us try to prevent for them, as far as lies in our power, the bitterness of life."

In literature, who can estimate adequately the ennobling influence of Mary Lamb upon her brother, Charles—one of the sweetest characters in history. Who can measure the effect of the love of Dorothy Wordsworth for her brother, who wrote of her:

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of angelic light.

Who can appreciate the inspiriting love of the invalid, Elizabeth Barrett, for her poet husband? Read "One Word More," "By the Fireside," and "O Lyric Love," in the closing of Book I. of *The Ring and the Book*, and you will catch a glimpse of what a woman can be unto a man. Who can picture the influence of Mrs. Unwin upon the lonely, broken, stumbling Cowper, who, at fifty, began to write immortal verse? Who can picture the life that might have been had Francis Thompson received the loving encouragement of a mother who understood, instead of a step-mother who knew not?

Lincoln was truly great, yet no small credit for his greatness is due Nancy Hanks. Daniel O'Connell did much for Ireland. In 1836 he wrote a letter to his friend, Richard Barrett, in which he speaks of his wife, Mary, now near death. "I am incompetent," he wrote, "or too womanish and too weak to do my public duty, and this is what she would condemn. But I think I can rally. She would advise me to devote my energies, even in misery, to Ireland . . ." Who can think of other heroes of Irish history without a thought for Elizabeth Mason Emmet, for Emelia Mary, Duchess of Leinster, for Jane Emmet, the wife of Thomas Addis Emmet, for Pamela, wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald?

In religion, who will speak of St. Patrick and forget St. Bridget of Kildare, of St. Benedict and his sister, St. Scholastica, of St. Francis and St. Clare, of St. Vincent de Paul and Madam le Gras? Who can discount the work and the influence in this life of Blessed Madame Barat, Venerable Julie Brilliart, St. Elizabeth of Hungary and St. Teresa of Spain?

But it is unnecessary to peer into the past to learn the universal truth of woman's love and inspiration and zeal for the better and nobler things of life. There is no son or daughter who will not testify to the affects of a mother's guidance, who will not say that he or she was influenced to higher things because of his or her mother. Nor is it merely by emotional inspiration that the mother works upon her children. Many times it is she who gives the practical common sense solution of a pressing problem proving too great for the other members of the family. In every crisis it is she who stands by, gentle yet firm, comforting but not weak, envisioned but not foolish. When the hour of sacrifice comes, she is always ready to take up the heavy burden so that another might go on into the light. Mothers are greater than governments and higher than law.

*Quid leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt?*

To this question of Horace's we might ask: And how can we have morals and their observance without their inculcation by the mothers in the hearts of their children?

If this is true, some argue, that women have exerted and do exert an influence that elevates, that purifies, that fortifies for good, then the operation of that influence should be confined to where it belongs, within the circle of the home.

*Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus?*

Where they accomplish the most, they say, there let them remain, rather than dissipate their energies upon the fruitless tasks of public life where all their efforts will turn to Dead Sea fruit, bringing only a sense of unattainment of their ideals and a loss of opportunity for doing real good in their homes.

But is the matter as simple as all that? Reduced to its simplest terms, their argument might be put into the following syllogism: Woman's greatest and best influence lies in the home. The extension of woman suffrage with its attendant obligations will tend to dissipate that influence. Therefore, women should prefer the home to exercising their political rights. Apparently this is sound reasoning, and once the premises are admitted as true, the conclusion necessarily follows. But the difficulty is not so elementary as conveyed in

this syllogistic form, even were the truth of its mean premise conceded. There is still a very serious consideration to be kept in mind and one that must be met in a progressive spirit, with large foresight and courageous determination. It carries with it portentous consequences that must be guided and shaped correctly to rid them of evil. It may be summed up in the simple statement that *all* women *can* vote; *some* women *will* vote. Who are they to be? If this tremendous power is to be put into the hands of the women of our country to decide what our Government is to be, are we deliberately going to tell the best elements in that group of twenty-seven million people, the women who love their homes, the women who *do* exert that wonderful influence, the women who stand morally for the best in life, are we deliberately going to tell that wonderful body of voters not to vote? Are we going to counsel the women, who have inculcated beautiful ideals in their children and given them moral strength to live up to those ideals, to retire to the sanctity of their homes and leave the field free to those women who will insist upon voting?

The day when we can say that women do not need to vote; they are represented well enough by the men, has passed. Elections are based on mathematical results. Today the decent, forward-looking American who forms the bulwark against the destruction of our Republic cannot represent his wife by his vote alone. The radical and his wife will surely vote, and where only one votes where two should, the result cannot be disguised. As a question merely of defensive protection, it will be necessary for the women of the family to vote as well as the men members. Numbers will decide many grave questions of public policy which may affect our very homes. Numbers will spell success or defeat for the accomplishment of the ideals for which we stand. Numbers will cause us to be respected and our rights unmolested. Numbers are our weapons of offensive and defence. Do you, therefore, think it the part of wisdom to counsel our women not to vote?

Most of our citizens suffer from political myopia. They cannot see beyond their nose. In my experience in public life, I have been startled by the realization of the flux in our form of government. It is not a static condition. It is dynamic, living and consequently reactive to all influences brought to bear upon it. Our Government is ourselves and what we allow

to predominate amongst us must have its effect upon our Government. Yet despite this patent fact, our citizens have been utterly apathetic in their scrutiny of the forces at work to accomplish their ends in our economic and political life. They shut their eyes to the efforts and, as in the case of prohibition, are dismayed at the results.

It is idle even to state that there are many propagandists in our public life whose philosophy is godless, whose morality is pagan, and whose vision is material. Their thoughts find translations in easy words that appeal to many minds. Those minds do and will translate these ideals into action. The only action they can resort to at present is the use of the ballot. And, a conclusion that cannot be too seriously emphasized, they are going to make use of that opportunity with the ballot to make their ideas and their ideals a reality. And here again numbers count. Will the wives, the daughters and the sisters of such men vote? Will their women be told that their place is in the home, and to stay there? Of this be sure, the so-called liberal and the radical have agitated for years for woman suffrage, if for no other reason than that its extension would swell the ranks of their cohorts and add to their power.

A democracy is a nation of governing minorities. This is true because all the zeal, the energy, the force that can be obtained is centred upon the accomplishment of the aims and desires of the minority. They work day in and day out. The great mass of citizens are busy with other affairs; they are apathetic, and worse, unorganized. As a result, the minority succeeds in imposing its will upon the majority.

Recognizing this condition, it will be a serious mistake if we counsel our women to refrain from using their suffrage actively and vigilantly. We are adding to the forces that we know are plotting our destruction; we are increasing their power, for a vote withheld doubles the one that is cast. Into the conflicts that are to come we must not go unarmed or without adequate weapons, even if merely of defence. The world is slowly resolving itself into three great camps, the forces of greed and reaction, the forces of Christian conservation, and those of the revolutionists, the anarchists. The first are powerful; they are mighty in their resources of both money and brains. During, and since the unsatisfactory settlement of the recent War, they have used every opportunity to reach out

for more power. If, in any great measure, they succeed, their progress spells the death of all Christian conservatism of thought and action, for then must come the terrible uprising of men, agitated to action by false leaders and goaded by social and industrial injustice, in a conflict against those who, forgetful of Christ and humanity, have intrenched themselves at the flesh-pots. The workingman will have pointed out to him the failure of any attempt to cure our social evils by calm, reasoned evolution, and will be taught that his only remedy lies in violence and revolution.

Will we, who have withheld a potent means for curing the evils in our present, social, political and economic systems, be able to blame him if this happens? Will we be able to stop him, when we might have prevented him from losing faith in our social institutions?

These are questions that are not far-fetched. By the proper use of the means now at our disposal we can help take away the causes of discontent and unrest. We know the futility of the Bolsheviki programme. We can render its menace futile and its meaning inane by removing the injustices that now irritate and that some day might infuriate. They are not so serious or deep-seated or intensive but that an intelligent understanding and a gentle but efficient treatment may remove them. They can be removed. And we who have the treasures of Jesus Christ as our heritage, we whose philosophy and ethics are based upon His Word, we who subscribe to the glorious Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. upon Labor, we who take pride in the Bishops' Programme, can be that power to check the encroachments of social greed and remove from among us the fear of Bolshevism by using our suffrage to promote social justice, and to insure for both laborer and capitalist their just deserts.

That to my mind is the meaning of universal woman suffrage. It is an opportunity to bring to the banners of Christian conversation a mighty force and a powerful ally. We know what women can do and have done. We know their idealism, their enthusiasm, their goodness, their sharp differentiation of right and wrong, their keen sense of justice. Let us use those gifts. Let us encourage them to join with us with their vote in fighting for the attainment of our ideals, which, after all, are theirs, too. Let them participate actively also in our social

and political partnership. With them, we can succeed; without them, we must fail. Women may ask with Juvenal:

Quid Romæ faciam?
Mentiri nescio.

"What can I do at Rome? I cannot lie." Many feel, perhaps with some cause, that the political world is totally wicked, and if not wicked, debased with selfishness and corruption. If this be so, then it is time that women enter that world, for if she will, she can do much to elevate politics, eliminate many of the abuses that now exist, and demand a higher standard of morals. Will she attain this? Not at once, perhaps, but she can accomplish this if she wills. A political leader owes his existence to his continuance in power. He continues to be a leader only as long as he is successful. Do you think that the political leaders view the advent of twenty-seven million new votes with unconcern? They want those votes. They will not be able to carry their elections without them. Therefore, they must please them. They are looking to see what the new voters want. And if the new electorate makes it clear that they will assist the better forces in the political struggles, if they show that they will not countenance chicanery and fraud, if they demand a newer and higher standard of action, they will get what they want. If they use their tremendous power for the accomplishment of the best ideals of womanhood, they will have the pleasure of seeing those ideals put into practice. But if, on the other hand, their coming into politics means merely a seeking for material advancement or personal gain they will pay the price of their venality and get what they give—and nothing more—though it be to their eternal shame.

The present-day political leaders are keen-witted men. They are watching for the women who exert a strong influence upon their fellows. They will quickly honor these women, for in doing so they hope to swing to their side the others who are their followers. They will bring forward and place in positions of importance the active, the competent, the popular women. They will place them in our Government where woman's work is most needed, as commissioners of charity, as commissioners of correction, as heads of school boards, as members of food and health boards—in short, in places where a definite policy must be formulated and put into action.

Should our women stay in retirement and allow others who are active in public life, whose ideals are different, whose principles are different, whose lives are different, to step into these positions which carry with them such tremendous possibilities and opportunities for good or evil? Should our women who, by their training, their philosophy, their lives, are best fitted for true leadership in this kind of work stand aside for others whose leadership might be of another sort, whose principles might be indefensible and whose standards of life questionable?

The answer is a compelling one. We did not seek universal woman suffrage, perhaps. That is immaterial. Universal woman suffrage is here, and with it has come new obligations and new opportunities—obligations to vote and to participate actively in public matters so that our men may be sufficient in numbers to form an adequate bulwark against those enemies who would tear down and destroy, against those who would subtly substitute their principles of life in place of the ideals of home and country for which we stand—opportunities to do good in an affirmative way in applying our philosophy to the solution of our social and economic problems. This is a day for glorious leadership. The multitudes are listening for the call of some commander. They will follow at his word. Whither? That will depend upon the leader. Who will be that leader? He cannot come from our ranks if we retire from the struggle and lose by default. In the momentous hour of conflict, we will not be able to assist or resist when we willingly dissipate our forces now and vitiate our strength. If that time comes, it may be too late, with the strategic positions in the hands of the enemy, to call upon our auxiliaries for reënforcement. Powerful, we shall be powerless.

When Napoleon desired to honor his soldiers who fought with him in his great battles, he struck off a medal. On it was the name of the battle and the soldier's name and below the simple inscription: "I was there."

That reward should be the ambition of every citizen of this Republic, man and woman alike. The War has brought to our very doors problems fraught with great danger. They cannot be solved by expediency alone. The social readjustment that must come can be satisfactorily obtained only by

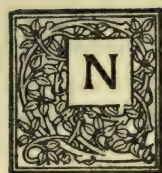
the active participation of all those, regardless of sex, who stand for the better things in life, whose philosophy is sound, whose morality is above that of the pagan and the materialist. In that readjustment we must all take a hand, using all our influence to see that the principles of Christ form the warp and woof of the new social fabric. If we do not, the proper readjustment will not be made. From the failure there may spring a phoenix of force and revolution. The issue must be met. Our Government, our religion, our homes depend upon its outcome. In that struggle our men *and women* must participate or they shall be forever faithless to their trust. This is their duty, their sacred obligation, not only to themselves, but to posterity. They can be true to this only if they, too, can say, "I was there."

I have little patience with those who hold that women will lose their charm if they perform this necessary work; who believe that if they vote they will not find time to attend to their duties in the home; that in becoming participants in public affairs their influence in other and more sacred matters will wane. Surely those who hold to this view cannot be concerned with the actual casting of the ballot. This can be done at the cost of only an hour's time. One hour a year is not much. If they are grieved over women's more active participation in politics so called, let them be reassured. Most of our women are endowed with common sense. No appeal can be stronger than that of a happy home. When that call comes, the other interests that conflict are put aside. But in these days there are many of our women who are not married, who go daily to business. Let these take up the most active work. The other women in the homes find time to know the needs of the hour, to become conversant with current conditions and to be prepared to throw the weight of their numbers upon the side of justice and right. Surely, even if a small sacrifice be necessary, the outcome is so momentous as to warrant the making of it.

For bear this in mind, if the women who love their homes fail to use their powerful influence and allow others not so worthy to dictate the destiny of our nation, it may be that they shall live to see their homes destroyed and their hearths violated. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

LEON DAUDET, DEFENDER OF CHURCH AND STATE.

BY W. H. SCHEIFLEY, PH.D.



O Frenchman of today is more worthy of being introduced to American readers than Léon Daudet. For a quarter of a century he has battled against the enemies of his country, both foreign and domestic. He has proved to be, also, a prophet of the late War. While the French Government remained complacent, he foresaw the sinister designs of Germany and later proved instrumental in unmasking as traitors Caillaux, Malvy, and Bolo. Having checkmated the German attempt to corrupt France from the rear, he opened the way for the triumph of Clémenceau and Foch. Thus was fulfilled his prophecy in *L'Astre Noir* (1893), forecasting the outcome of the great conflict.

Léon Daudet, the eldest of three children, was born in 1868. His father was Alphonse Daudet, the well-known novelist. His mother was Julia Allard, a woman of culture, gifted as a writer. The Daudets were royalists, devoted to the traditional Faith, and though Alphonse later succumbed to the influence of Renan and Taine, he never ceased to love the ceremonial of the Church, and insisted that his children be reared in the Faith. Léon received his early education at home—in Paris, at Champrosay near the capital, and in Provence. Of the South, he writes that it was there, lying on the bank of a stream, that his father explained to him the *Georgics* and that he first felt the spell of poetry. He admired his teachers at the *lycées*, Charlemagne and Louis-le-Grand, though destined to be disillusioned regarding the philosophical doctrines of one of them. German education was then the rage, and at seven Léon had begun to speak the language. Ten years later he plunged with ardor into German philosophy, and Professor Burdeau made him into a "determined Kantian." One evening, after Burdeau's analysis of Schopenhauer, Léon came home chilled with pessimism. But his father extolled to him the dignity of man, refuting one by one the philosopher's arguments. Thereafter the son reacted against German meta-

physics. "It is not by its pessimism that this philosophy is dangerous," he said, "but because it removes us from life and submerges our humanity." Such views he presents at length in *Hors du Joug Allemand* (1915), an appeal for liberation from the yoke of German education, art, and philosophy.

Daudet had early become acquainted with English writers, Shakespeare, Swift, de Quincey, Dickens, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Among Americans, he admired the usual French favorites: Poe, Emerson, and Whitman. He was also a connoisseur in painting. In *Salons et Journaux* (1917), he says: "While still very young, I was led through the Louvre, the National Gallery, the Museum at Amsterdam, and told, 'This is magnificent and these are the reasons.'" He listened to lectures, too, by Forain, Whistler, and Degas.

In view of his literary and artistic advantages, young Daudet seemed cut out for a man of letters or an artist, and his father suggested that he prepare for a professorship in literature. Instead, he chose medicine, but abandoned his course near its close, accusing the medical faculty of cynical materialism, incompetence, and improper political activity.

After performing his military service, Daudet, at twenty-five, began to write novels and to contribute to journals, several of his novels appearing as serials. For eight years he was on the staff of the *Gaulois*, and for some time on that of *La Nouvelle Revue*. In 1908 he founded *L'Action Française*, a royalist sheet which he still edits, and to which he contributes almost daily a leading article. As polemist and reformer, he speaks his mind without reserve, finding the principal beauty of literature in redressing wrongs and voicing indignation at injustice. He lacks the indulgent pity of his father and the cultivated neutrality of his uncle, Ernest. Dissatisfaction with the socialism of egalitarian democracy has made him politically a royalist. Ever since the Combes Ministry inaugurated its mad campaign against religion, he has been an ardent supporter of the Church. In philosophy he is an idealist, opposed to materialism and the pretensions of pseudo-science.

Léon Daudet's work consists of forty stout volumes, issued since 1890, and of many essays and newspaper articles that remain uncollected. For convenience, the creator of this large body of writing may be considered here as imaginative satirist, as moralist, as patriot, and as critic.

It is in his early novels that Daudet displays most imagination—a quality too often lacking in contemporary French literature. In this vein he reveals the inventive fantasy of Dumas the Elder, the realism of Jules Verne, the satire of Lesage and Swift, and occasionally the raillery of Voltaire, especially when he deals with questions social, political, or religious. He ascribes the development of his imaginative faculties to the reading of Balzac and Shakespeare. Like those masters, he sees the exterior world through the world within him—the lorgnette of his imagination. He believes that it is only in going beyond reality that typical passions and persons can be shown. In his imaginative novels he indulges in a humor which, if less mirthful than that of Tristan Bernard or Courteline, bears deeper import. Sarcasm and ridicule are the weapons most feared in France. The satirist is a person in unstable equilibrium between the extremes of anger and mirth. Some satirists incline chiefly to the one mood, some to the other, and some waver between the two. Daudet's combative temperament usually favors severity.

Three novels in particular display Daudet's imaginative manner. These are *L'Astre Noir* (1893), *Les Morticoles* (1894), and *Le Voyage de Shakespeare* (1896). The first is a satire on the egotism of genius, with Victor Hugo as protagonist. Daudet conceived the novel in 1885, while visiting Hauteville-House, Hugo's residence from 1852 to 1870 on the island of Guernsey. On this island, eight years later, Daudet wrote his work, but transferred its scene to "Séneste," really Luxemburg.

The central character is Malauve, a man of sixty, known as the "Astre Noir," because he illuminates the world with the sombre sun of pessimism. His tragedies and philosophy evoke universal admiration. He enjoys the esteem of such distinguished countrymen as General Tronquin and the editor of the *Séneste Gazette*. Better still, the reigning Duchess has had built for his dramas a special theatre. Each new publication from his pen calls forth an avalanche of critical comment, usually flattering. His existence is a personal parade. Born a child of genius, he has mastered languages, history, literature, science, and philosophy. Yet from childhood the mere thought of death has made him tremble. Though developed into an unbeliever, he supplicates Heaven each night to accord him a

long life in order that he may complete his work for the good of humanity, thinking thus to deceive God concerning his egotism. But he has long been haunted by a mocking imp, who chuckles: "Monsieur, you have found neither truth nor happiness, and the path to them you do not know."

Malauve's family consists of his neglected wife, an invalid daughter, all intellect, and a son, Gaston, secretary to the Duchess. He intrigues with his daughter-in-law, Gaston's wife, and philanders with Suzanne, a pupil. The Duchess, in jealousy, bids him break off this affair, and Suzanne prefers death to living without communion with the master. Gaston's precocious son, moreover, is jealous of his grandfather, loving Suzanne so passionately that her refusal to regard his suit drives him to despair. When both he and she commit suicide, Gaston discovers the alliance of his wife and his father, and the public blames Malauve; the press turns against him; a rival, through the publication of optimistic poetry, captures popular favor; and even the Duchess forsakes her idol. At this juncture France and Germany go to war, and S  neste, though favoring France, declares neutrality. But the young French conqueror, after defeating the German armies, lays siege to S  neste. The Socialists appeal to Malauve to compel a capitulation. Although he has posed as a pacifist and apostle of justice, he deserts his fellows in their hour of need. Oddly enough, however, the victorious French general appoints Malauve to high office. He will direct the University and conform to what is respectable and conservative in religion and philosophy. The future promises well for the egotist but for the mocking challenge of the imp: "Monsieur, you have found neither truth nor happiness, and the path to them you do not know."

Gratified as we may be that France wins Daudet's war, we think she might have chosen a worthier director of higher education. The novelist apparently alludes here to Victor Hugo's political influence after 1871, supposing a youthful Napoleon to have won that war or its sequel. The moral character of Malauve is intended to reflect to some degree that of Hugo as displayed in his *liaison* with Madame Drouet. Indeed, personages and events are here sufficiently real to insure identification. As for Malauve, he is a type worthy of Balzac in his most imaginative mood.

In *Les Morticoles*, the satire is still sharper, and physicians are the butts. Not that Daudet decries all doctors. To Potain and Charcot, two representatives of the generation before 1885, he accords high tribute. But the conditions that produced them, he avers, no longer exist; the lofty ideals of their time he sees swept away by cynical egotism. He has become a militant Catholic by reaction against the enemies of religious idealism. Writing in 1914, he speaks of the exaggerated importance of physicians in the materialistic society of three decades earlier, men controlling the secrets of families and the state, given to evil practices of all sorts, rising by means of influence rather than ability. He had himself spent seven years in the study of medicine, and in protesting against the unjust award of a medal by the Faculty had incurred the hostility of his superiors. Resolved on revenge, he composed his immortal satire upon the profession.

A ship captain, so the story runs, having lost his bearings, strikes the gloomy island of the Morticoles, maniacs and hypochondriacs, who have accorded to physicians absolute pre-eminence. Their Faculty of Medicine is a parliament, a diet and a court of justice. Hospitals are their only monuments. Public buildings bear the inscription *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*, which Canelon interprets as signifying *Vanity, Heredity, Fatality*. Since the Morticole Revolution, "superstition" has been replaced by the cult of Matter. All the citizens are materialists, atheists, and anti-clericals. They have even expelled their Sisters of Mercy. As Canelon points out, they have lost the power of feeling. They have "opened too many bellies, dissected too many brains, not to know that God, the soul, and immortality are fictions, invented to enslave mankind."

The music of the Morticoles consists of funeral dirges. Their dramatists are attracted by medical themes. Their poetry treats of evolution, the beauties of hypnotism, and the mysteries of heredity. Their masterpieces of painting, when not consecrated to the national Festival of Matter, represent hospital and clinical scenes. The judiciary, though regarding criminals as irresponsible victims of heredity, sentence them to death unless they belong to the caste of doctors or the rich. Society is based on hypocrisy, intrigue, and servility. Students of medicine cannot advance without passing tests in licking their professors' feet. Celebrities in the hierarchy insist upon

these *léchements de pieds* as the price of their favor. Hence their mania for decorations, which the Government exploits as a lucrative traffic.

A unique feature of Morticolie is its school of suicide, wherein the unhappy learn the art of ending their lives scientifically. Indeed, suicide became so fashionable at one time that the trees bore as many hanged corpses as fruits, and the fish in the streams suffered from indigestion as a result of dining on the drowned. Even animals imitated their masters. Thus Science, in enabling people to depart from life quietly has conferred upon mankind another inestimable blessing.

Canelon, during his forced sojourn in Morticolie, owes his salvation to prayer, and to his acquaintance with two charitable doctors, both believers like himself, but ultimately forced to migrate. When after years of searching, Canelon finds his friend, the ship captain, among the supposedly insane, he procures his release by bribery, and they sail home, convinced that the woes of the Morticoles are due to materialism.

Daudet's work is grotesque but delightful, and through its four hundred pages interest never flags. His art reminds us of that of Rabelais, Swift, and Lesage; and his blows dealt the medical profession are the sharpest since those of Molière.

No such thrusts are to be found, however, in *Le Voyage de Shakespeare*, a tale of romantic adventure. In the winter of 1895, Léon Daudet, accompanied by his brother, Lucien, and Georges Hugo, toured snow-covered Holland, and visited also Helsingör in Denmark, the scene of *Hamlet*. This place and the journey as a whole suggested the novel. Daudet at the time was an admirer of Taine, whose conception of Shakespeare he shares. Taine, in his *History of English Literature*, endeavors to find in the stir and ferment of the Renaissance the secret of Shakespeare's genius. The period was characterized by imaginative frenzy, a fever of the senses, violence of emotion, and paganism. Daudet supposes a continental journey by the English poet at the age of twenty, and records his impressions as he passes through Holland, northwest Germany, and Denmark, finding in these the source of such dramas as *Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. After witnessing a "tempest," the poet lands at Rotterdam. His imagination plays freely. Now he fancies himself a king, giving orders to echo

throughout an empire; and now a bourgeois like his father. One day the flame of poetry fires his imagination; the next he desires to be an actor. He dreams, now of brutal tragedies, now of dramas exquisite in idea and refined in sentiment. Beauty inflames him. His curiosity is insatiable. His passion dramatizes everything. Within him turns a windmill, two of its wings luminous, and two sombre; and they constantly modify his vision.

In Holland, the assassination of William the Silent suggests to him the stabbing of Cæsar. At an execution of prisoners, and a burning of witches, he feels both anguish and delight. Then he yields to debauchery and eulogizes inebriety. Between him and the frail daughter of an innkeeper there develops a romance that leads to tragedy for the fair one, who will ever live as Ophelia. The poet meets, also, a Shylock, visits a camp of Anabaptists, and sleeps in a deserted hut amid a Lear-like storm. He engages in discussions upon literature, art, philosophy, and religion with Johann Fischart and Sir Philip Readway, and after two further conquests of feminine hearts, and a visit to Helsingör, he sails for home to rejoin his wife and babes. Conscious of having received manifold impressions, he invites these to take tangible form from his dreams. Here, upon a background of reality, the novelist has portrayed events fictitious though psychologically plausible. Shakespeare stands out a confirmed individualist, intoxicated with art, and rebellious to moral restraints. Yet it should be noted that Daudet has unveiled the Shakespeare of *Venus and Adonis* rather than the Shakespeare of the nature comedies and tragedies, who, if never didactic, exhibits again and again, with sanity and insight, the primacy of the life of the spirit over that of the senses. The Frenchman's portrait of the English poet is, therefore, a misrepresentation for which we may hold Taine chiefly responsible.

But Daudet, who was here a virtuoso of the imagination, became ere long something more serious. Indeed, the outstanding feature of *Sébastien Gouvès* (1899), *Les Deux Étreintes* (1900), *La Lutte* (1907), *Le Partage de l'Enfant* (1905), *La Fausse Étoile* (1913), is the necessity, for society as for the individual, of moral convictions. The author affirms that without Christian ideals the national life becomes corrupt, institutions decay, and society disintegrates. Of an an-

archist in one of his novels he speaks as "a half-corpsé insensible to most human sentiments. He, like many others, had lacked baptism, the nightly prayer, self-examination, the catechism, and the First Communion. He was cut off from the divine spark, and that for several generations, heredity thus increasing the evil."

Daudet implies that children will go wrong if deprived of moral training. Thus in *Sébastien Gouvès*, he presents the story of a savant who strives to perfect a discovery that will yield a dowry worthy of his daughter. Gouvès is threatened with defeat by his employer, a Jewish charlatan seeking to exploit him for his own glory. Marianne, who adores her father, purchases his triumph at the price of her virtue. Too late, she realizes that fame cannot atone for her father's grief. Marianne's deficiency arises from the prevailing skepticism.

Similar in theme is *Les Deux Étreintes*, the story of a philosopher's daughter, who with less excuse strays from the path of virtue. Henriette proves unfaithful to her fiancé merely because another suitor seems more attractive. In her remorse, she blames her father and godfather, who have developed her intelligence at the expense of her sensibility. Brought up without religion, she has fallen a victim to her father's theories regarding an heroic and irresistible passion. How she envies the serene lives of nuns! Can faith be had for the asking? Her mind, warped by philosophy, is no longer receptive.

In his novel, *La Lutte*, Daudet emphasizes the healing virtue of faith. Starting from the principle enunciated by a physician (not a Morticole), that in disease believers exhibit greater power of resistance than others, he depicts with impressive realism the struggle of a patient seemingly doomed yet cured by faith and love. Pierre Guisanne, stricken with tuberculosis, in seeking relief from his hemorrhages, has become addicted to opium. When his case appears hopeless, the love of a devout girl inspires him with courage to take drastic treatment. The drug habit once broken, Pierre enters Father Ruitor's sanatorium in the French Alps, where he is healed in soul as well as body. The devoted attention of Blanche, and the saintly life of Father Ruitor, reveal to him a new world. He learns that faith trebles the power of the will.

Léon Daudet, like Balzac, Le Play, Bourget, and a score of

contemporary French writers, regards the family, not the individual, as the social unit. Hence his solicitude for the integrity of the family in the interest of the child. In *Le Partage de l'Enfant*, he condemns parents who seek divorce for reasons of incompatibility, self-gratification, revenge, or what not, at the expense of their children. As Eugène Brieux has expressed it, "A child's future is well worth a mother's happiness." Daudet's little hero, after the divorce of his parents, which has been opposed by his father, is torn between two factions—that father's family, descended from traditional Catholic stock, and his mother's relatives, radical skeptics. To embitter his lot, Olivier's foolish mother marries again, imposing upon him and upon herself a stern master, who exiles him to England. Eventually the imperious stepfather fails in his attempts to discover a cure for cancer, Olivier's father acquires fame as an explorer, and Olivier weds Dominique, a companion of his childhood. Though his trials are ended, he thinks it his duty to warn others.

In *La Fausse Étoile* (1913), Daudet considers the stifling influence of French democracy upon true leaders. His hero, returning after distinguished service as governor of Madagascar, sets France ablaze with patriotic zeal. He regards as anti-French those who, under whatever disguise, oppose the national Catholic temperament. He sees the country as a giant, held to earth by the intrigues of her Lilliputian politicians. Thus the Masonic cabinet ministers, fearing a "dictator," take measures to sap Aulois's popularity. Not being sure of succeeding in a *coup d'état*, he hesitates, letting the psychological moment pass, yet still hoping to bribe Parliament into acceptance of his leadership. His scheme fails, however, when a Jew who has promised him financial assistance deserts. Says the author: "The stifling of personalities of first magnitude is one of the inherent traits of egalitarian democracy."

Léon Daudet views social conditions with broad vision. As a partisan of ancient France, he assails modern materialism, with its discontented *déclassés* and *déracinés*, its strikers and anarchists, each pulling against all, in "beautiful disorder." Individualism he perceives to be as destructive to the social cell as to the organism. His ideas regarding "free" love and communism are set forth in *Les Primaires* (1906) and *Le Lit de Procuste* (1912). The adepts of these delusions discover

that they are victims of over-weening presumption. Man cannot dispense with the guidance of social institutions; and these, to keep vigorous, should be based on ideals that transcend the visible world. Declares Daudet: "Man cannot live by his mind and rise without an ideal. This ideal should be high enough to strive for, clear enough for all to see, simple enough for each to feel and love. Believers are those who have established their idealism, the position of the star which shall guide them. There is nothing in this precaution to prevent their becoming savants." For shortsighted, "primary" politicians, whose science is limited to the formulas of school manuals, Daudet evinces scorn tempered with pity. Yet he realizes the dangerous influence of this sort of demagogue in our restless democracies. Indeed, it was just this type of legislator—the veterinarian, the doctor without patients, the lawyer without clients—that voted the confiscation of Church property, fondly expecting to see the public coffers filled at the expense of "conspiring enemies."

Daudet, as a patriot, could not view without concern the disintegration of his country during the two decades prior to 1914. He grew irate at the enervating reign of Socialism, dillettantism, and cosmopolitanism. In his political novel *Le Pays des Parlementeurs* (1901), he denounced the Jews and the Freemasons for their hostility to Army and Church, and years before the outbreak of the War, pointed to their machinations as occupants of high office under the pacifist régime, which seemed deliberately to place France at the mercy of Germany. As the enemy's tactics of "peaceful penetration" made rapid strides, Daudet collected evidence, much of which he published in *L'Action Française*. But the Government and the press, except for the *Rappel*, either paid no attention to his disclosures, or else satirized them as part of a "dolls' war," in allusion to his denunciation of Germany's monopoly of the toy market. In 1913, Daudet issued *L'Avant-Guerre*, a documented work adducing proof of the German peril. The timeliness of this warning gave the book a sale of 50,000 copies during the first two years of the War. Continuing his campaign after the opening of hostilities, Daudet wrote *Hors du Joug Allemand, La Vermine du Monde* (1916), an imaginative novel, depicting the dreams of world-conquest that occupied the Prussian war lord and his minions from 1912 to the Battle

of the Marne, and *La Guerre Totale* (1917), baring the treason of the *Bonnet Rouge*, which, subsidized by certain French Ministers, was sapping the Anglo-French alliance. Despite these revelations, the Government took no serious measures to check espionage. Accordingly, on September 30, 1917, Daudet addressed to President Poincaré a letter, offering proof of Malvy's treason. The consequences of this act he relates in *Le Poignard dans le Dos* (1918), which recounts dispassionately the story of the Malvy affair, and repeats his testimony before the Senatorial Commission, the depositions before the High Court, and the verdict. The result was the sentence of Malvy to banishment for five years, on evidence that could not be refuted.

It remains for us to consider Daudet as thinker and as critic. His first two books—*Germe et Poussière* (1891) and *Hoeres* (1892)—treat of philosophy. *L'Astre Noir* and *Le Voyage de Shakespeare* suggest, as we have seen, a variety of problems. His *Alphonse Daudet* contains in its last hundred pages a stimulating dialogue upon imagination between the author and his father. *Sébastien Gouvès* displays his interest in metaphysics. *Les Idées en Marche* develops many ideas in its criticism of Kant, Voltaire, Rousseau, Tolstoy, and Ibsen. *La France en Alarme* considers philosophy in relation to religion, and affords penetrating comment upon Joseph de Maistre, Balzac, Renan, Brunetière, and Huysmans.

More distinctly philosophic than these works are *L'Hérédité* (1916) and its sequel, *Le Monde des Images* (1919), treatises on the will in relation to heredity. Daudet purposes to show that, contrary to the current conception, human personality tends to attain full realization, and to escape servitude to heredity. Thus, he seeks to establish the psychological and physiological basis of moral responsibility, and to assert freedom of the will against fatalism and determinism.

To be sure, our ancestral chains weigh heavily upon us; but we can shake them off by developing the *soi*, or self, rather than the *moi*, or ego. According to Daudet's distinction, "the ego is the sum total, physical and moral, of the human individual which includes hereditary tendencies. The self is the essence of the human personality, disengaged from these tendencies by their elimination, equilibrium or fusion, and constituting a new and original being perceived as such by the

conscience. The self is stuff of a single piece, indeed of a single weaving." Daudet defines with illustrations the typical *hérédé*, or person exhibiting a preponderance of ego over self, and the opposite of this type, the master of self. He concludes that man is not a product of nature, but of a force superior to nature and himself—the Divine. In writing recently of *L'Hérédé* and *Le Monde des Images*, Marcel Proust declares that Daudet, by this explanation of the "interior drama," has established a point of departure for a new kind of literary criticism.

Unquestionably, Daudet is one of the most interesting French critics of the day. His five volumes of *Souvenirs*, covering the period from 1880 to 1908, throw much light upon contemporary France, sparing neither established reputations nor the feelings of the writers, artists, and politicians he discusses. He has naturally during twenty-five years found occasion to revise opinions held earlier. Thus, in *Les Idées en Marche* (1896), he had justified the fame of Voltaire, spoken a good word for Rousseau, thought Diderot, Kant, and Schopenhauer "admirable," and Tolstoy a "sublime prophet;" he had praised such contemporaries as Frédéric Masson, Hanotaux, and Vogüé, and recognized Ibsen as a master. Twenty years later, he warns his countrymen against Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and against German metaphysics, "the scourge of his generation." Tolstoy, too, except in his earlier realism, he condemns. Nor, owing to his contempt for "cringing servility," does he now admire academicians like Vogüé and Hanotaux. Masson, the Napoleonic enthusiast, he stigmatizes as "a dull brute." Ibsen's mystic symbolism he satirizes amusingly in *Les Kamtchatka*. Though for a time respecting Zola as an acquaintance, he early breaks away from him and from Renan, branding the latter as a public malefactor.

Daudet keeps two classification drawers—one for his likes, and one for his dislikes. In the first he includes Mistral, Father Janvier, the eminent pulpit orator, Dr. Potain, Brunetière, Drumont, Clémenceau (since 1917), Charles Maurras, Coppée, Lemaître, Madame Adam, Déroulède, Paul Margueritte, Paul Claudel, Paul Bourget, Maurice Barrès, François de Curel, Gustave Geffroy, Rosny, Capus, Donnay, Colonel Marchand, and Marshal Foch. Soldiers worthy of their calling he puts in a class by themselves, believing that those whose pro-

fession it is to defend the country and to preserve its language and intellectual life as well as its soil are superior even to philosophers, savants, and artists. He thinks Mistral a poet equal to Victor Hugo, and ranks Edouard Drumont as polemist with Veuillot. He reveres the memory of Madame Juliette Adam, and holds dear Coppée and Jules Lemaitre since the Dreyfus affair. Paul Claudel, his classmate, he considers the greatest French poet of today, Curel the leading dramatist, and Charles Maurras the chief statesman. Though unable to agree with Jeanne Hugo, Daudet remains an ardent admirer of her brother, Georges.

Daudet's drawer of dislikes includes, besides Zola and the writers mentioned with Voltaire, such contemporaries as Catulle Mendès, Sardou, Rostand, Paul Adam, Romain Rolland, d'Avenel, Porto-Riche, Bernstein, Doumic, Aristide Briand, Paul Painlevé, Dreyfus, Caillaux, Malvy, the "Morticoles," and generally the Freemasons and Jews. In *Le Lit de Procuste*, which satirizes Flaubert and the devotees of art for art, Daudet declares that "art is not its own end." He asks of a national literature that it elevate, exalt, and augment. Flaubert's favorite disciple, Maupassant, reveals, says Daudet, three distinct personages, an excellent writer, an imbecile, and an invalid. They have evolved separately, the third absorbing the other two.

It will be evident from this consideration of Daudet's art that he is decidedly versatile. He succeeds equally well in each of his different manners—critical, patriotic, moral, and imaginative. In sensibility, his biography of his father naturally excels, but *Le Cœur et L'Absence*, his romance composed during the War, exhibits the same tendency, especially in its portrayal of youth, his favorite theme.

As to the man himself, he is quiet and domestic in his tastes. Abhorring society, he enjoys the fireside and the company of his three children and his wife, who writes under the name "Pampille." He has traveled widely, but prefers to spend his summers in Touraine. He is a prominent member of the Goncourt Academy and a deputy in Parliament. During the festivities in honor of Joan of Arc last May, no citizen was more generally acclaimed. This is because Léon Daudet represents loyalty to God and country. Like Montalembert, Veuillot, and Brunetière, he is a sentinel of the Church, who

protests against the anti-clerical assumption that Catholicism is opposed to progress and science. He agrees with Pasteur that between science and religion there need be no conflict. As a partisan of stable government, he seeks the restoration of the family, of society, and of the State, opposing the disintegration which, for two decades before the War, had threatened ruin to his country. Every well-wisher of fair France will follow with interest Daudet's participation in her literary, social, and political life. He is distinctly a patriot of the hour.

MARTYRDOM.

BY HARRY LEE.

How can the bells of Shandon ring
High in their windy tower swaying—
Surely their golden throats are mute,
Hushed as the soul of Erin, praying.

How can the river Lee be glad,
Between her blooming banks on-sweeping,
Or have but sorrow in her song
With all the world for Erin weeping.

Again the bells above the Lee
Shall peal, all else save honor scorning,
Shall tell the glory of the one
Whose Lent-long night gave Erin morning.

THE LIFE'S WORK OF J. H. NEWMAN.

BY HERBERT LUCAS, S.J.

I.

PRE-TRACTARIAN DAYS.



SO much has been written concerning the most illustrious of the Oxford converts of the middle of the nineteenth century, John Henry (afterwards Cardinal) Newman, that it might well seem superfluous to add yet another stone or pebble to his cairn of honor and remembrance. Yet by reason of the shortness of men's memory in a restless and pushful age, and because the late Mr. Wilfrid Ward's monumental biography is not within the reach of every purse, and also on occasion of the recent publication of the same writer's *Last Lectures* on Newman, and of the *Correspondence of J. H. Newman with J. Keble and Others*,¹ it may be not altogether superfluous to tell over again, for the benefit of American readers, some portion at least of a story which, though old, is ever new in its significance for a later generation. And it may be lawful to quote at the outset, in a slightly revised form, some words written a good many years ago on occasion of the appearance of a monograph on Newman by Dr. (now Monsignor) William Barry.

"If one might sum up the whole influence of Newman in a single phrase, it may be said that it was his special mission to wake up his countrymen, Anglicans in the first instance, but in a measure Catholics also, either from a deep and heavy slumber, or—in the case of those who were already in part awakened—to the recognition of possibilities and the practical acceptance of ideals heretofore unthought of or forgotten. To rouse men to wakefulness and compel their attention—attention not to himself, but to the truths which it was his to utter; to set men thinking and to bring home to them the supreme importance of thinking aright on religious questions in view of the immeasurable momentousness of the issues involved, this,

¹ Both published by Longmans, Green & Co. (London).

rather than in any direct way to stir men to action, may be said to have been Newman's specific work."²

In the present article I shall be concerned with Newman's life as an Anglican, from the day, in 1816, of which he writes that, "when I was a boy of fifteen and living a life of sin, with a very dark conscience and a very profane spirit, God mercifully touched my heart,"³ and he "fell under the influences of a definite Creed which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured,"⁴ influences that were to be the main-springs of his life, down to the beginning of the Tractarian Movement in 1833.⁵

During the years of his later boyhood and early youth, from 1816 to 1822, a period which covers the first years of his life at Oxford, Newman's religious beliefs took, under the influence of the writings of Thomas Scott of Aston Sandford, a strongly evangelical cast. The Evangelicals were a school or party whose members laid great stress on what they called "vital religion," meaning thereby something which partly corresponded to what Catholics understand by the "interior life," though in other respects their views were very un-Catholic. For they practically, if not always in so many words, held to the notion of an invisible Church, the Church of the elect, whose members might differ almost indefinitely as to matters of belief, provided that they held, and held "vitaly," certain fundamental truths, the number and nature of which it is not easy to determine. In Newman's own case the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, which Scott's writings "had planted deep in his mind," was undoubtedly one of these truths. "It seems likely enough," writes the editor of the *Correspondence* above referred to, that these same writings "helped to preserve Newman from the subjectivism in religion, the tendency to dwell upon one's own feelings and emotions, . . . instead of on the objective truths of Revelation, which was one of the weak sides of much that was really admirable in Evangelical piety."⁶ But the very danger which he had run made him all

² Lucas, *In the Morning of Life*, p. 191. "Your published Parochial Sermons," writes a correspondent in 1845, "have been, under God, the means of rousing me from spiritual sleep." (*Correspondence*, p. 300.)

³ Newman to Keble (June 8, 1844) in *Correspondence*, p. 314.

⁴ *Apologia*, p. 5. References are to Longmans' standard edition of Newman's works, except where some other is specified.

⁵ Needless to say that Newman's self-depreciatory words must not be too closely pressed. They are those of a man in a state of great mental anxiety, writing, in confidence, to a very intimate friend.

⁶ *Correspondence*, p. 112.

the more earnestly solicitous, in his later Anglican days, to preserve others from it. Hence, for instance, the remarkable lecture entitled "Preaching the Gospel," which is the last of the series on "Justification."⁷

A graphic picture of an earnest Evangelical is given in Newman's *Loss and Gain*, in the person of Freeborn. "Freeborn," he says, told the company of undergraduates gathered round his breakfast table that he "thought theology itself a mistake, as substituting worthless intellectual notions for the vital truths of religion; so that it really was to him inconceivable that real religion should depend (either) on metaphysical distinctions or (on) outward observances. It was the great and evil tendency of the human mind to interpose between itself and its Creator some self-invented mediator, and it did not matter at all whether that human device was a rite, or a creed, or a form of prayer, or good works, or communion with particular churches—all were but 'flattering unctions to the soul,' if they were considered necessary; the only safe way of using them was to use them with the feeling that you might dispense with them; that none of them went to the root of the matter, for that faith, that is a firm belief that God had forgiven you, was the one thing needful; that when that one thing was present everything else was superfluous; that when it was wanting, nothing else availed. A person might be anything in profession, an Arminian, a Calvinist, an Episcopalian, a Swedenborgian, a Unitarian, nay even a Papist, yet be in a state of salvation."⁸

Now it is not, of course, to be supposed that all the Evangelicals thought exactly alike. Among them, as in every other Protestant sect, school, or party, the inevitable outcome of the exercise of private judgment on matters which are beyond the reach of man's limited reason was such a diversity

⁷ "The true preaching of the Gospel is to preach Christ. But the fashion of the day has been, instead of this, to attempt to convert by insisting on conversion; . . . to tell them to take care they look at Christ, instead of simply holding up Christ; to tell them to have faith rather than to supply the Object; to tell them to work up their minds, instead of impressing on them the thought of Him Who can lovingly work in them; to bid them be sure that their faith is justifying, that it is not dead, formal, self-righteous, or merely moral, instead of glorifying Him, Whose image, fully delineated, destroys deadness, formality, and self-righteousness; to rely on words, vehemence, eloquence, and the like, rather than to aim at conveying the one great idea, whether in words or not." (*Justification*, ed. 1840, p. 370.)

⁸ *Loss and Gain*, pp. 38, 39 (highly abridged). In his comprehensive tolerance Freeborn went, I think, beyond what the average Evangelical, or he himself, "in his sober moments, would have approved."

of views that opinions might almost be counted by heads—*quot capita, tot sententiæ*; a feature of this particular party which is amusingly illustrated in another passage occurring in *Loss and Gain*, which is too long to be given here. But the paragraph quoted may be taken as sufficiently indicating the general trend and the logical and practical outcome of the Evangelical movement.

But even if we consider Evangelicalism in the extreme form in which it is presented by Freeborn, it must be acknowledged that the opinions expressed by him contain an element of truth, thickly encrusted, however, in an outward husk of fallacy. Thus, it is perfectly true that a man who in good faith holds erroneous doctrines may yet be pleasing to God, provided that he earnestly strives to do God's will as he understands it, and is genuinely penitent for his sins; and it is also true that outward profession and practice are not of themselves sufficient for salvation. But every Catholic knows very well that it is altogether misleading to say that it does not matter what a man believes, if (as is the case) God has made known His will that men should seek the truth in religious matters, and hold fast to the truth—the definite or dogmatic truth of revealed religion—when they have found it. And it is no less misleading to say that ecclesiastical organization, sacraments, rites and ceremonies are useless, even though they are not in themselves all-sufficient. This Newman came to see very clearly even in his Anglican days, as the following words plainly attest: "Superstition is the substitution of human for divine means of approaching God. Before He has spoken, it is religious to approach Him in what seems the most acceptable way; but the same principle which leads a pious mind to devise ordinances, where none are given, will lead it, under a revelation, to adhere to what are given. He Who made the creature, gives it its uses; . . . things are what He makes them, and we must not 'make to ourselves,' lest we make idols."⁹ And it may be safely said that Newman's Evangelicalism never carried him to the length of despising dogma, though his beliefs were as yet far from being what they afterwards became in his Tractarian days. What was good in Evangelicalism, namely its deep piety, he assimilated, but from its illusory subjectivism, which so easily degenerates

⁹ *Justification*, p. 301. See also what he says of creeds on pp. 299, 300.

into a more cynical and worldly form of latitudinarianism, he happily kept himself free.

And something of the same kind may be said of the Calvinism with which, as he himself has told us, his mind was at this time more than tinged.¹⁰ "It is a pity," writes the editor of the *Correspondence*, "that he did not state which among the doctrines of Calvinism were most eagerly taken up by him; but the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination was almost certainly not one of them."¹¹ . . . The doctrines, apart from those common to all or to nearly all Christians, which really seem to have molded the hearts and minds of those of the Evangelicals who were most stanch in their Calvinism, were: (1) Total depravity—that is, the belief that human nature was entirely corrupted by the Fall; (2) that justification is the *imputing* of righteousness, not the *bestowal* of it. Of these doctrines the former kept its hold upon Newman much longer than the latter."¹² But let us hear Newman himself. "Calvinists," he says, "make a sharp separation between the elect and the world," a distinction which partly corresponds with that which Catholics make between those who are and those who are not in the state of grace; but "Calvinists go on to say—as I understand them—that the justified are conscious of their justification, and that the regenerate cannot fall away. Catholics, on the other hand, hold that there are different degrees of justification, that there is a great difference in point of gravity between sin and sin, that there is the possibility and the danger of falling away, and that there is no certain knowledge given to any one that he is simply in a state of grace, and much less that he is to persevere to the end."¹³

It should be added that it was in his "Evangelical" period that Newman imbibed, chiefly from John Newton's *Dissertation on the Prophecies*, his strong and deeply rooted sentiments of hostility to "the Romish Church," the Church which during long years he regarded as Antichrist, and its supreme pastor, the Pope, as "the Man of Sin." He has himself told us that even so late as 1843 these anti-Roman prejudices, intel-

¹⁰ *Apologia*, p. 4 ff.

¹¹ "While I considered myself predestined to salvation I thought others simply passed over, not predestined to eternal death. I thought only of the mercy to myself." This belief he "retained to the age of twenty-one, when it gradually faded away."

¹² *Correspondence*, pp. 116, 117. (I have ventured to transpose a few words for the sake of brevity.)

¹³ *Apologia*, p. 6 (slightly abridged).

lectually rejected, still haunted him as a kind of bugbear, "a sort of false conscience," not yet fully exorcised.¹⁴

From the somewhat rudimentary dogmatic position of his Evangelical days Newman gradually advanced towards a fuller apprehension of revealed truth; and the general nature and trend of the change, rather than its actual process, are aptly described in *Loss and Gain*, a book which is, however, in no sense autobiographical in its details. "Some persons," he writes, "fidget at intellectual difficulties, and, successfully or not, are ever trying to solve them. Charles (Reding) was of a different cast of temper; a new idea was not lost on him, but it did not distress him, if it was obscure, or (if it) conflicted with his habitual view of things. He let it work its way and find its place, and shape itself within him, by the slow spontaneous action of the mind. Yet perplexity is not in itself a pleasant state; and he would have hastened its removal, had he been able. . . .

"Reding had now come, . . . to one or two conclusions, not very novel, but very important: first, that there are a great many opinions in the world on the most momentous subjects; secondly, that not all are equally true; thirdly, that it is a duty to hold true opinions; and fourthly, that it is uncommonly difficult to get hold of them." He was no longer satisfied with his earlier determination "to like what was good in every one," without reference to his opinions, but felt it a duty to seek the truth among the various and conflicting opinions which he heard expressed on all sides.¹⁵

So much for Charles Reding in Newman's story. As regards himself he tells us how "in 1822, I came under very different influences from those to which I had hitherto been subjected."¹⁶ His new masters, roughly speaking, from 1822 till 1827, were Dr. Hawkins, Provost of Oriel, and Dr. Whately (afterwards Protestant Archbishop of Dublin), Principal of St. Alban's Hall. Hawkins, he says, taught him habits of scholarly accuracy, and insisted much on tradition as a source and test of doctrine. Whately, on the other hand, though he helped him to overcome his natural shyness and timidity, and, as he says, "to see with my own eyes and walk with my own feet," also guided him in a direction from which he was afterwards to recoil with aversion. "To him," says Monsignor

¹⁴ *Apologia*, p. 7.

¹⁵ *Loss and Gain*, pp. 65, 66.

¹⁶ *Apologia*, p. 8.

Barry, "we must partly ascribe it that in 1825-27 Newman 'was drifting in the direction of the Liberalism of the day,' was 'beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral,' was using 'flippant language against the Fathers,' and imbibing the skeptical spirit of Middleton in regard to the early church miracles."¹⁷

The death of a dearly loved sister, an attack of illness, and the newly-acquired friendship of Keble and Hurrell Froude, combined, in 1827, to check this very undesirable tendency, and, as he says, to awaken him out of his dream. Froude, in particular, "had a deep devotion to the Real Presence, in which he had a firm faith;" he "fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin;" and although in this respect he did not carry Newman with him, "he professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome," and "could not believe that I really held the Roman Church to be anti-Christian."¹⁸

But more lasting and far-reaching than any of these influences was the deep impression that was made on Newman's mind by that close study of the early Fathers of the Church, Clement of Rome, Ignatius of Antioch, Justin, Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Athanasius, Basil, the Gregories, Augustine, and Chrysostom, of which the first fruits are to be found in his earliest published work, *The Arians of the Fourth Century* (1832).¹⁹

Speaking very generally, but with substantial truth, it may be said that the study of the Fathers convinced Newman and many of his contemporaries that the current Anglican theology fell far short of the fullness of the Catholic faith as they then began to understand it; though they still held fast to the belief that "Romanists" went far beyond the Catholicism of the primitive Church. They were therefore to be regarded as at least in this sense anti-Christian, that they held, as matters of faith, a number of doctrines which were, in Newman's eyes, mischievous corruptions of the genuine Apostolic tradition.²⁰

It was immediately after the completion of his work on the Arians that, wearied with the strenuous and exhausting

¹⁷ Barry, *J. H. Cardinal Newman* (C. T. S.), p. 5.

¹⁸ *Apologia*, pp. 17, 23 ff.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 25 ff.

²⁰ Writing to Mr. T. W. Allies in 1842, Newman avers that his early study of the Fathers had been in great measure a waste of time ("a great deal of pains . . . all which I count now almost wasted"), because he "did not understand what was in them" or "what I was to look for" (*Correspondence*, p. 196).

labor which it had involved, he undertook with Hurrell Froude that voyage round the Mediterranean, which marks the termination of what he himself regarded as the first stage of his Anglican life. "The first four chapters" of the *Apologia*, says the editor of the *Correspondence*, "correspond with four markedly distinct stages in the history of the author's Anglican career," the crucial dates being, respectively, 1833, 1839, 1841, 1845. "During the first, at least from the time when he came to Oxford, the ideas which inspired the Movement of 1833 were being planted and were ripening in his mind. During the second they are in full vigor. During the third they are decaying. In the fourth they are practically dead. Not as a piece of cheap rhetoric, but as a serviceable peg for the memory, one might liken these four stages to the four seasons of the year."²¹

The voyage which has been mentioned is memorable not only for the fact that during it he wrote nearly all the poems included in the volume called *Verses on Various Occasions* (with the exception, of course, of *The Dream of Gerontius*), but also because in the course of it he became conscious, to a degree not previously experienced, of the conviction that God had charged him with a mission, the nature of which he did not, as yet, clearly apprehend. Of this time he writes: "I began to think I had a mission. When we took leave of Monsignor Wiseman, he had courteously expressed a wish that we might make a second visit to Rome. I said with great gravity, 'We have a work to do in England.' I went down to Sicily and the presentiment grew stronger."²² "It seemed as if some one were battling against me, and the idea had long been in my mind, though I cannot say when it came on, that my enemy was attempting to destroy me . . . I was willful," in parting from Froude and going to Sicily alone, "and neglected warnings—from that time everything went wrong. As I lay ill at Leonforte . . . I felt this strongly. My servant thought I was dying—but I expected to recover, and kept saying, as giving the reason, 'I have not sinned against light.' I had the fullest persuasion that I should recover, and think I then gave as the reason that some work was in store for me."²³ "I was aching to go home, yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for

²¹ *Correspondence*, p. 165.

²² *Apologia*, p. 34.

²³ Newman to Keble, June 8, 1844, in *Correspondence*, p. 313. Cf. "My illness in Sicily," a detailed account of his experiences, printed in *Letters*, etc., edited by A. Mozley, ed. 1891, p. 416.

three weeks . . . At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Then it was that I wrote the lines 'Lead, Kindly Light,' which have since become well known."²⁴ He arrived in England on Tuesday, July 9th. "The following Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University pulpit. It was preached under the title of 'National Apostasy.' I have ever considered and kept this day, as the start of the religious movement of 1833."²⁵

As to the nature of the "mission" which Newman conceived himself to have, and of the work which he felt called upon to do, some indication of it may perhaps be found in a note written in the last year of his life, in which he says: "Very early in life I was troubled with the prospect of an intellectual movement against religion so special as to have a claim upon the attention of all educated Christians." And (at what previous date I know not) he told his friends that he considered it his special mission to endeavor to counteract this movement.²⁶

That this was to be done by means of a revival, within the Church of England, of the true Catholic faith as he then inadequately understood it, was of course his conviction at the time of his illness in Sicily. Yet how far from clear to him was the prospect even of the immediate future, and at the same time how unshaken was his trust in Him of Whom he writes that, from the date of his conversion in boyhood, "I have not forsaken Him, . . . nor He me,"²⁷ is plain from the words of the most pathetic of all his poems:

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me . . .
 Lead Thou me on. . .
So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen and crag and torrent till
 The night is gone.

²⁴ *Apologia*, p. 35.

²⁵ *Ibid.*

²⁶ W. Ward, *Last Lectures*, p. 23.

²⁷ Newman to Keble, in *Correspondence*, l. c. Needless to say that Newman did not "experience conversion" in the conventional Evangelical form. But he did (at the age of fifteen) turn to God from a not un sinful life, which is true "conversion."

EMPARADISED.

BY PATRICK COLEMAN.

WHEN from a life divinely spent
In saintly service of her kind,
Grown tired of earth at length, she went
Sweet rest with God to find,
I think the shining Cherubim,
About the throne of Christ who be,
Dashed from their harps a pealing hymn
For joy her face to see.

I think the seven-fold great choirs
Before God's throne who minister
Smote in accord their dulcet lyres
Meet praise to render her.
But, most of all, the Virgins bright,
By earthly passion undefiled,
Were troubled with a deep delight
And at her coming smiled.

Nay, more, I think from her high seat,
Set next her Son's in state and bliss,
Our Lady Mary rose to greet
Her with a mother's kiss.
For never brighter lilies grew
In God's green heavenly parterres,
Nor bore their petals brighter dew
Than that bright soul of hers.

But while in Heaven she maketh glad
Our Lord's angelic retinue,
The place on earth is very sad
That once her presence knew.

The chambers and the rooms she filled
With joy's celestial atmosphere
Are lonely, now her voice is stilled
And she no more is there.

Kindness and charity and mirth
Were unto her the common things
Whereof she freely gave on earth
From love's exhaustless springs.
As a calm river, deep and strong,
With verdure brightens field and plain,
So flowed her bounteous life along
With blessings in its train.

Dear saint! if earth denied her praise
She never knew the need thereof,
Content to fill her fragrant days
With flowers of truth and love.
And though men noted not, be sure
God marked her every gracious deed,
And from His hand her spirit pure
Hath won immortal meed.

So, kneeling at her grave, I feel
That, as she nobly gave of love,
So God will nobly with her deal
In His bright home above;
In that far home to which she went,
When from sad earth she found release,
Will clothe her round with sweet content
And crown her with His peace.

HILAIRE BELLOC, INITIATOR.

BY BROTHER LEO.



HE roads of destiny, however meandering, lead to definite goals. The father of the eminent *littérateur*, M. Paul Bourget, maintained a rigidly scientific atmosphere in the family library, and poets, play writers and such gentry had no place on his shelves. But two enormous volumes—a French translation of Shakespeare's dramas—chanced to lie about the Bourget dining-room and filled the practical, if unæsthetic, office of propping up the little Paul as he sat at table. The boy came in time to peep between the massive covers and to revel in the world of truth and beauty there opened to his mind; and many years later, when he had achieved in French literature a distinguished place and name, the novelist spoke reverently of his debt to Shakespeare, and styled him "the great initiator."

"The great initiator." M. Bourget is a master of the apt and well turned phrase, and in this instance he has contributed to an illuminating classification of men who write books. Leaving aside the drivelers, the sensationalists, the light-weights and the money-grubbers, we might divide all men who make books into four classes. They are the creators, the dry-as-dust scholars, the dilettanti, and the initiators. In specific cases some of the four classes may overlap, and often putting an author in his place may prove a task puzzling and unsatisfying; but at least the classification will help some of us to a more discriminating outlook, which is the purpose of sane classification.

The creator in literature needs no gloss. A maker is he, a poet in the true and sacred sense of the word, a shaper of things of beauty and of visions of truth. He dwells on the heights, and, in the suggestive words of Matthew Arnold, sees life steadily and sees it whole. In this company stand the writers supremely great—Homer and Dante, Virgil and Goethe, Calderón and Corneille; and, of course, though he may have performed a divergent function in the development of M. Bourget—here stands, and preëminently, Shakespeare.

The dry-as-dust scholar is a necessary, or at least an inevitable, parasite. He batters on great men and great books, great events and great ideas. In literature he is the erudite commentator. In philosophy he is the finical splitter of hairs; the woods, or, more accurately, the universities, were full of him during the decline of Scholasticism, and he thrived mightily in Germany between Kant and the Great War. In history he is the bulging-browed and be-spectacled pursuer of original—and uninspiring—research. He is given to what he calls specialization, and in ponderous reviews and in university halls he seeks to mold the young and the trusting in his own image and likeness. I need give here no list of representative dry-as-dust scholars because, in the first place, it is bad form to exploit one's familiars, and in the second place, because the dry-as-dust scholar is easily and unfailingly recognized by three marks: He loves books rather than life, he unearths facts mostly unimportant if true, and by means of unerring logic he arrives at preposterous conclusions. The embryo dry-as-dust scholar may be studied at leisure in the vast majority of doctoral dissertations.

The dilettante, the third type of book maker, may be characterized in two words: He is not dry-as-dust, and he is not a scholar. He is not infrequently the possessor of a winsome disposition, he commonly leads a model family life; and—if he happens to know how to speak in public—he delivers soothing popular lectures. He has much enthusiasm and little ballast. His spirit, for good or for ill, is the amateur spirit. He knows no one thing thoroughly and knows the inter-relations of many things but imperfectly. For generalities and “glitteralities” he has an abiding flair. He finds it needful to trim his sails to the wind of every vogue and is, according to circumstances, romanticist or realist, higher critic or impressionist, rhymster or *vers librist à la mode*. (Just now, for instance, he cannot write a page without dragging in the word *psychology*.) And he is deeply wounded if accused of being out of date.

Much might be said concerning the initiator, our fourth type of writer, for he has something in common with each of the other three—the vision of the creator, the mechanical skill of the dry-as-dust scholar, the sweetness and light of the dilettante. But his distinguishing trait is his momentum. His enthusiasm is contagious and wholesome because it is born of

genuine knowledge; he gives delight—else why write books?—but it is a delight that urges the reader to personal effort; and we think of him—and this, really, is the supreme test—not primarily as a sower of words or a thinker of thoughts, a herder of facts or a dreamer of dreams. We think of him, first and foremost, as a man.

Robert Louis Stevenson, a little before his death, voiced a mood of regret that he had not done more with his life than weave romances, and he could not but think “of the Renaissance fellows and their all-around human sufficiency, and compare it with the ineffable smallness of the field in which we labor and in which we do so little.”¹ The multiform literary achievement of Mr. Hilaire Belloc would have warmed the cockles of the novelist’s heart. Mr. Belloc’s activity began about the time of Stevenson’s death in Samoa in 1894; and, though still happily incomplete, it already evidences a copious measure of the mobility of “the Renaissance fellows” so envied of “Tusitala.” During twenty-five years Mr. Belloc has written children’s books, fiction, biography, apologetics, politics, philosophy, sociology, nonsense; and the end is not yet. He has been soldier, traveler, student, journalist, statesman, historian, essayist, artist, verse-maker, satirist, authority on Bayeux tapestry and defender of the Faith. To compile an exhaustive Belloc bibliography were a crucial test of scholarship and assiduity; I deferentially suggest it as an occupation for his own distant declining years.

It is easy to dwell on the versatility of Mr. Belloc—a sin that cries to heaven in the view of the dry-as-dust scholar—but one fact of prime importance in this investigation of him as an initiator stands out amid the welter of opinion that has crystallized about his writings. It is simply this: That Mr. Belloc knows how to write. “He is a satirist or nothing,” says one reader. “Nay,” protests another, “he is a novelist, born and made.” “Poet, you mean,” interrupts a third, for he is a poet whether he retells the story of Tristan and Iseult or writes about the Battle of the Marne.” “Not a poet, but a strategist,” chimes in a fourth. “He stands head and shoulders over the writers on the Great War.” “And over the writers on the French Revolution, too,” blurts out a fifth voice. “Consider his study of Danton and—” “Nonsense! It is inspired nonsense,”

¹ *Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*. Biographical Edition. Sidney Colvin, editor. Vol. II., p. 387.

insists another, "that he manages supremely well." "You quite forget his travel sketches, I see," observes yet another enthusiast, "and his little book on the River Thames." And still another remonstrates: "And *you* forget that Belloc is the only man writing English today who can do a preface you really care to read." "Preface, indeed!" a last voice sneers. "Don't forget that he had a hand in *The Flying Inn*." Mr. Belloc's readers may not agree as to what he writes best; but all agree that he can write.

To call Mr. Belloc a stylist might seem something of an affront, for—owing to the specialization theory and its concomitants—to say that a man writes very well seems often to imply that he has nothing important to write about, or else that, so long as he succeeds in putting his words together prettily, he is not concerned particularly with their message. Unfortunately, in modern parlance style signifies the subordination of matter to manner, the preference of how you say a thing to what you say. A writer is often acclaimed for being "deep," when he should be thrashed for being cloudy. As the late Theodore Roosevelt well said: "Many learned people seem to feel that the quality of readableness in a book is one which warrants suspicion. Indeed, not a few learned people seem to feel that the fact that a book is interesting is proof that it is shallow. This is particularly apt to be the attitude of scientific men. Very few great scientists have written interestingly, and these few have usually felt apologetically about it. Yet sooner or later the time will come when the mighty sweep of modern scientific discovery will be placed by scientific men with the gift of expression at the service of intelligent and cultivated laymen. Such service will be inestimable."²

In such service Mr. Hilaire Belloc is an initiator. With the gift of expression he was abundantly dowered both by nature and grace. There is French and there is English in his ancestry, with a bit of Irish to give relish to the blend and to impart to his writing a tang of irony, whimsical and evanescent. A taste of French army life, a tour of the United States with generous stays in Colorado, and in California, where he won his bride, walking trips everywhere, reënforced by an Oxford training—all this helped to sharpen the point of his pen and to widen his range of allusion and to fill him with a vivid

² Address before the American Historical Association, Boston. *The Dial*, January 16, 1913.

sense of the reality of things from the rural charm of Sussex inns to the proportions of wine vats in the Napa Valley, from the splendor of a sunrise over Castel-Nuovo to the Catholic conception of European history.

Mr. Belloc's style, though far from eccentric, is highly individual. In retrospect we may admire its sprightliness, its force, its nervous quality, its richness of suggestion and its sheer beauty of phrase, but only in retrospect; for our first impression is not of style at all, but of the man. Whether we take up one of those delicate idyls in *Hills and the Sea*, or a metallic satire in *Caliban's Guide to Letters*, or that revealing fifth chapter in his latest volume, *Europe and the Faith*,³ we are immediately and exclusively impressed, not with the manner, but the matter of the work. Mr. Belloc seems superbly impatient of the inadequacy of words to convey his thought; he chooses them widely and arranges them admirably, but they seem, to him and to us, but slight things and inconsequential, so much has he to say and so straitened is the vehicle of human speech. The momentum of the initiator is omnipresent in Mr. Belloc's style, robbing it at times even of the crowning excellence of ease.

Graceful or rugged, it is a style that adapts itself most potently to its theme. His drinking songs—and Mr. Belloc is very partial to drinking songs—are smacking, throaty, stein-clattering choruses with generations of conviviality echoing through them. Another diction is his when he undertakes to discuss the strategy of the Great War, a diction precise and concise, alert and pictorial. In his studies of the French Revolution he paints scenes with words, titantic canvases upon which the leading human figures move and live. He can speak reverently of the value of hearing daily Mass and disparagingly of the cookery of Omaha, Nebraska. His style—and this is the ultimate ordeal of a really great style—is as elastic as his choice of themes and his range of moods.

So much for his practice; what of his theory? It is so exceptional an achievement to discover some sort of book that Mr. Belloc has not written, that I own to a glow of complacency in observing that, to the best of my knowledge, he has not sponsored an out-and-out treatise on the Art of Writing; but it should be easy for him to repair the omission, for many

³ Just published by The Paulist Press, New York City.

passages in his works bear, often with illuminating directness, on the aims and technique and spirit of the writing craft. Pass keys are they to the initiator's workshop.

Mr. Belloc, though not an advocate or a practitioner of style for style's sake, is none the less a strong believer in the power of words. Indeed, a hasty reading of certain sentences in *The French Revolution* might lead us to infer that, but for the literary style of a certain little tractate, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette would not—in either sense of the phrase—have lost their heads. Mr. Belloc refers to Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, and maintains that here is one of the places in the history of letters where the writer is greater than the man: "It was his choice of French words and the order in which he arranged them, that gave him his enormous ascendancy over a generation which was young when he was old."⁴

The case of Rousseau is a particular instance falling under a general rule which Mr. Belloc presents in the following thought-charged paragraphs. I commend them to the consideration of anybody who would investigate Mr. Belloc's stature as a stylist, both as to practice and to preachment, and who is curious to know why I have urged upon the author the title of initiator:

Men are influenced by the word. Spoken or written, the word is the organ of persuasion and, therefore, of moral government.

Now, degraded as that term has become in our time, there is no proper term to express the exact use of words save the term "style."

What words we use, and in what order we put them, is the whole matter of style; and a man desiring to influence his fellowmen has therefore not one, but two co-related instruments at his disposal. He cannot use one without the other. These two instruments are his idea and his style.

"However powerful, native, sympathetic to his hearers' mood or cogently provable by reference to new things, may be a man's idea, he cannot persuade his fellowmen to it if he have not words to express it. And he will persuade them more and more in proportion as his words are well chosen and in the right order, such order being determined by the genius of the language whence they are drawn."⁵

⁴ *The French Revolution* (Home University Library), p. 32.

⁵ *The French Revolution*, p. 31.

That judicious tribute to the power of the written word is an admission that manner in writing, that style, is something of deep moment, not in literature only, but in life. Yet style to Mr. Belloc is never a thing of mere words, their choice and grouping; since it is something that so dominantly influences life, it must have within itself an element fundamentally and aboundingly vital. And the root of it is a searching, a passionate, almost a fanatical sincerity. To dally with words is not to attain to style, for style is the outburst and overflow of a grand passion for words and for the truth, real or fancied, of which they are the symbols. He says elsewhere: "There is no better engine for enduring fame than the expression of real convictions."⁶

Mr. Belloc is not less an initiator into the art of study. He realizes as keenly as any dry-as-dust scholar the importance of garnering facts, though he might differ as to the importance of individual facts and groups of facts; but he goes farther and insists that the action of the intellect and the constructive imagination upon the facts secured is essential to right reading. And, while philosophical enough when philosophizing is needed, he vents a refreshing irritation against those cloudy thought-tinkers—incapable, as Locke would say, of seeing beyond the smoke of their own chimneys—who confuse terminology with the reality of things. Mr. Belloc's Sailor voices a wholesome vexation "with philosophers, who will snarl and yowl and worry the clean world to no purpose, not even intending a solution of any sort or a discovery, but only the exercise of their own vain clapper and clang;"⁷ and with becoming solemnity and decision the wise man of the sea baptizes the wranglers with a mug of pragmatical English beer. The fallacy inherent in the methods pursued by the "higher" criticism—methods which inhibit the normal action of the mind and paralyze the true art of study—Mr. Belloc exposes and parodies in the thirty-fourth chapter of *This and That and the Other*.

In frequent passages in his more ambitious works, Mr. Belloc fits into pregnant phrases truths of life and thought, a realization of which must precede and illuminate any well ordered study of books and men. Thus, he finds the essence of paganism old and new to be that "it believed man to be

⁶ *The French Revolution*, p. 137.

⁷ *The Four Men: A Farrago*, p. 265.

sufficient to himself and all belief to be mere opinions . . . Today, outside the Catholic Church, there is no distinction between opinion and faith nor any idea that man is other than sufficient to himself.”⁸

Unlike the dry-as-dust scholar, who considers himself incapacitated by any form of general knowledge, and unlike the dilettante, who flies minute research as a devout Christian flies temptation, Mr. Belloc recognizes that true study is both extensive and intensive, that its ideal is to know everything about something and something about everything. He states the case sufficiently by means of one of his arresting similes. It is, he says, “like the contrast between the geological composition and the topographical contours of a countryside. To understand the first we must bore and dig, we must take numerous samples of soil and subject them to analysis, we must make ourselves acquainted with detail in its utmost recesses. But for the second, the more general our standpoint, the wider our gaze, and the more comprehensive our judgment, the more accurately do we grasp the knowledge we have set out to seek.”⁹

The complete art of study is outlined in those three sentences. The dry-as-dust scholar is a geologist, the dilettante is a topographer; but the initiator unites the procedure of both.

His principles of the art of study, Mr. Belloc carries into practice in his favorite field of history. Especially in his investigation of the high lights of the French Revolution, he shows how, in his own words, the reconstruction of an epoch of history “is like the growing of slow timber upon a sheltered hill; you seem to have established an enduring thing. There stand out at last a vigor and a plenitude that are to the unsubstantial origins of such a search what touch, sight and hearing are to memory. Then, when reality is reached, it is easy to be sure; and when so much doubt and contradiction are resolved into a united history, the continual admission, for the sake of exactitude, of what is petty, sordid or fatiguing does but make more human, and therefore more certainly true, what had before been lyrics or idols.”¹⁰

History to Mr. Belloc is not a bare record of the past, however painstaking and meticulous; and it is not mere romancing about soldiers and statesmen, potentates and slaves.

⁸ *Europe and the Faith*, p. 33.

⁹ *The French Revolution*, p. 221.

¹⁰ *Robespierre, a Study*, Preface, p. 9.

But is a fusion, a blending of chronicle and drama. I suppose the ideal history might be written by a man with the conscience for detail possessed by a German-schooled professor and the human intuition and lordly perspective evinced by the Shakespeare of the English historical plays. In an age gone mad over the geological method of history making, Mr. Belloc rightly stresses the need of dramatic vision. Of Mirabeau, he says: "A comprehension of this character is not a matter for research nor for accumulated historical detail, but rather a task for sympathy."¹¹

Sympathy is the keynote of his own historical studies. He so steep himself in his material that he comes to live and breathe in the time he essays to depict, to know it, as it were, not only in his brain but in his bones; and thanks to his mastery of style, to his facile dependence on adequate yet familiar words, he is able to transmit to his readers much of his own surpassing insight. This he does in his sketch of the Dark Ages in *Europe and the Faith*, an epoch "of perpetual marching, and of blows parrying here, thrusting there, upon all the boundaries of isolated and besieged Christendom;" an epoch when "the ideal of learning is repetitive and conservative: its passion is to hold what was, not to create or expand."¹² This he does in his miniatures of the leading characters in *The French Revolution*, not least significantly in his symbolic etching of Louis XVI.'s "protuberant and lethargic eyes." This he does in his life of Robespierre, whom he shows to have been really an ordinary man in everything save his hectic devotion to a few basic ideas and his unwearied reiteration in promulgating them. And this he does, most triumphantly of all, in his book on Marie Antoinette, a volume with the delicate phrasing and minute character analysis of a novel and the convincing documentation of an historical monograph.

It is in *Marie Antoinette* that he utters a truth, the consciousness of which must be borne to every reader of his pages, a truth that casts a white, though sometimes chilling, light upon the story of the past: "A man, callous or wearied by study, might still discover in the pursuit of history one last delight: The presence in all its records of a superhuman irony."¹³ That superhuman irony is never wasted upon Mr.

¹¹ *The French Revolution*, p. 57.

¹² *Europe and the Faith*, p. 181.

¹³ *Marie Antoinette*, p. 391.

Hilaire Belloc because, whether he writes an historical brochure or an essay *On Nothing*, he is ever mindful of the unobtrusive but undeviating presence of God in the world of His creation. This conviction and this perception Mr. Belloc has recorded in a paragraph that might give thought to the framers of the League of Nations, and that might fittingly be graven upon the desolated walls of the peace palace at The Hague:

There stands, side by side with the activity of mortal life, a silent thing commonly unseen and, even if seen, despised. It has no name, unless its name be religion: its form is the ritual of the altar; its philosophy is despised under the title of Theology. This thing and its influence should least of all appear in the controversies of a high civilization. With an irony that every historian of whatever period must have noted a hundred times, this thing and its influence perpetually intervene, when society is most rational and when most it is bent upon positive things; and now at the moment when the transformation of society towards such better things seemed so easy and the way so plain, now in late '89, before any threat had come from the King or any danger of dissolution from within, this thing, this influence, entered unnoticed by a side-door; it was weak and almost dumb. It, and it alone, halted and still halts all the revolutionary work, for it should have been recognized and it was not. It demanded its place and no place was given it. There is a divine pride about it, and, as it were, a divine necessity of vengeance. Religion, if it be slighted, if it be misunderstood, will implacably destroy.¹⁴

The man who thus writes is more than an initiator into history; he is an initiator into life, not incapable and not unworthy of teaching his fellowmen not only how to think and study, but also how to live. For he sees beyond the shows of things and understands the rôle of reverence. He puts not his faith in princes; and because he believes in God he refuses to believe in the infallibility of any earthly power. "This governs me; therefore I will worship it and do all it tells me," is not the attitude of the man whose eyes have feasted on the visions of divine truth. But, Mr. Belloc reminds us, "such is the formula for the strange passion which has now and then

¹⁴ *Marie Antoinette*, pp. 313, 314.

seized upon great bodies of human beings intoxicated by splendor and by the vivifying effects of command. Like all manias (for it is a mania) this exaggerated passion is hardly comprehended once it is past. Like all manias, while it is present it overrides every other emotion.”¹⁵

Like all initiators, Mr. Belloc has a philosophy of life. And it is characteristic of him that that philosophy—too real and too human a thing to be consciously formulated in good set terms in an elaborate thesis—finds its readiest and most rounded expression in those of his books which some of his Balliol friends probably shake their heads over as unconsidered trifles, but which, precisely because they are so much in the nature of a *jeu d'esprit*, reveal the man behind them in even more convincing guise than his more pretentious biographical and technical and historical tomes. To know Mr. Belloc, therefore, as an initiator into life, one must read, first, last and always, *The Path to Rome*—a book which one librarian wasn't sure should be classified under Travel or under Religion!—and after that a goodly sheaf of his verses, and then, in any order convenient, *On Everything, On Nothing, This and That and the Other*, and all the other books which the dry-as-dust type of mind would dismiss as unscholarly.

There is nothing ethereal, nothing conventional, nothing unconvincingly other-worldly about any of them, for they were written for the delectation of mundane mortals by a man still in the flesh, a man who believes in God, but who also believes “that the body must be recognized and the soul kept in its place.”¹⁶ Folks who want to be scandalized—and sometimes very good folks have some such weakness—will probably not understand Mr. Belloc's philosophy of life, and so for them as initiator he may not serve. Yet they will miss much, if they really care to save their souls, for there is a plethora of soul stuff in these books. To keep the soul in its place, according to Mr. Belloc's theory, is never to be indifferent to its aspirations or regardless of its divine unreasonableness.

Perhaps that is why Mr. Belloc has been accused of being a bit pessimistic. To be sure, he isn't a Pollyanna man adancing down the valleys wild and singing songs of pleasant glee, though he does, incidentally, champion the practice of folk dancing; but he has enough, and more than enough, of the

¹⁵ *Europe and the Faith*, p. 218.

¹⁶ *The Path to Rome*, p. 28.

joy of life and the roses of life to satisfy any sane being who knows that life is not mainly a thing of joy and roses, and who is not constitutionally incapable of appreciating the flash of Mr. Belloc's nimble rapier and the fleeting jingle of his jester's bells. No pen even remotely affected with pessimism ever traced the profound though seemingly flippant story of Grizzlebeard's first love in *The Four Men*; and in many a place in the same book he sounds a no uncertain note of optimism. For instance:

"You are wonderful company, Sailor!" said I.

"For others, perhaps," said he, as he locked the door and put the key in his pocket. "But not for myself; and yet that is the only thing that matters!"¹⁷

This, then, is my warrant for conferring upon Mr. Hilaire Belloc the title of initiator: He leads us to comprehend something of the nature and method and mystery and potentiality of good writing; he gives us an insight into the technique of serious study, notably in the vast and difficult field of history; and, possessed of a rich and catholic—as well as Catholic—humanism, he enables us to continue with intelligence and zest in the unending and eminently important duty of understanding and evaluating the life of man.

Countless formidable essays have been written about the thing called literary style, many of them by men who do not know how to write; and English literature and other national literatures are not lacking in specimens of sustained thought and authentic emotion expressed in words, consummately chosen and in phrases that are things of beauty and virility. But it is a rare experience to find the theory and the practice of the art of writing united in one man. Such a man is Mr. Belloc. He is not a decorative writer, intent solely on effecting in letters something analogous to a gilded frieze or a Japanese screen. Words are real things to him, because they stand for those most real of all entities, ideas. Never does he succumb to the temptation to tell a lie to round out a period. His style does not result from a desire to group words prettily and effectively, but from an insistent effort to reveal the soul of his subject. This is why there is in his work so wide a variety in key and color and form, why his pages impress us as being in the true sense alive, as the articulate utterance of

¹⁷ *The Four Men*, p. 75.

a truth and beauty underlying and animating whatever phases of human experience he undertakes to interpret and transcribe.

Aloofly regarded, the study of history would seem to be one of the most natural, secure and fascinating of human occupations; but close at hand it involves difficulty, perplexity and a mental attitude, artificial and unreal. "What actually did happen in the past? What, of what did happen, is really significant and illuminating? How, from the materials at my disposal, can I reconstruct the past, make it live again and correlate it with life as I know it and see it and live it?" Such are the questions every historical student must ask himself would he define the scope of his field and arrive at conclusions of permanent worth. They are questions hard to answer, sometimes apparently impossible to answer, so it is not surprising that many an historian ignores all of them but the first and contents himself with being but a chronicler or an editor of documents. Mr. Belloc does not neglect the indispensable work of getting at what really happened in the past, but he does not stop there. The interpretation of the facts is as important in his conception of history as the discovery of the facts, nor does he rest until he has grouped his findings and his inferences in a form appropriate and pleasing.

Books are splendid toys to play with and dependable tools to work with, and grateful shelters sometimes into which to step out of a storm; but wretched is the man, however scholarly and adept of pen, who makes books a substitute for life itself. The realization of this truth inheres in everything Mr. Belloc has written, and it is, oddly enough, the simplest explanation of his versatility and prolificness. He understands the rapture of planning books and the drudgery of writing them; he has experienced "that pleasant mood in which all books are conceived (but not written)."¹⁸ It is not altogether fanciful to say that *The Old Road*, though not autobiographical in intent, might well be accepted as a summary and an exponent of Mr. Belloc's contribution to literature; for when we call him an initiator we are only saying in another way that he is a road builder of the spirit.

¹⁸ *The Path to Rome*, p. 23.

DIVORCED.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.



It was a strange experience, calling formally on one's divorced wife after six years of separation. Senator Bruxton paused for a moment before the long mirror in the foyer of the big apartment house and surveyed his image critically. His appearance was most prosperous. Perhaps that was the most essential thing to be considered in a man past forty. No one, even in his youth, could have confessed truthfully that he was handsome; his features were too large, his eyes too small, and now that his smooth shaven face was indented with faint wrinkles of sorrow and strenuous purpose, he could not view himself with any exaggerated sense of vanity. In reality he was wondering, with an introspection that was new to him, why he should look in the glass at all; he noticed that his cravat had pulled crooked beneath the corners of his collar and that his thick curling hair had been rumpled by his hat; he tried to right these two defects and then, feeling as self-conscious as a schoolboy making his first stage entrance, he passed quickly on to the elevator.

He had been in Washington only a few days before writing to his wife, asking her permission to call. He had written that note upon impulse, he told himself; the difficulties in the way seeming to make it desirable. His secretary had been his first tangible impediment—such an eager, maddeningly efficient underling, whose vigilance almost amounted to a vice. To see the Senator pick up a pen to write anything except his signature, seemed to betoken dissatisfaction or suspicion of his secretarial methods. Three times had the young man interrupted him, offering capable clerical assistance; the third time the Senator had sworn at him and, then regretting his forceful language, he hastily apologized and begged him to leave the room. At noon the secretary saw that he carried the mysterious letter in his hand when he went out to lunch. The young man was depressed and drooped above his typewriter. How could he explain to his new employer the resentment that

filled his soul? How had he failed that the Senator should not share his most sacred affairs with him? How could he tactfully allude to the recommendation that had secured him the position—the laudatory remarks of a prominent firm praising his prudence and diplomatic caution?

After the letter had been sent, the Senator spent two wakeful nights trying to analyze why he had dispatched it with such haste. Haste, after six years of separation. Perhaps it was the psychological force of her near presence; for six years the width of a continent had been a barrier between them. Could the lessening of material distance have produced a change in him or had the thought of seeing her again been always in his subconscious mind through the excitement of his whole campaign for his seat in the Senate? Had this thought not stimulated him to greater effort?

He had heard, quite accidentally, that she was in Washington, working in one of the many Government offices. Years ago she had refused the alimony he offered, but it had never occurred to him that she actually needed his financial support. He could not picture her living alone in a strange city, struggling in the deadening routine of a clerkship, when she had always been accustomed to the liberty and luxury of a wealthy home. Now that their positions were reversed, would his success alter her attitude? What was her attitude? He had divorced her. Had he the right to question her? It was a confusing situation; and now that he was older, more tolerant, there was much that he did not understand. To begin, he did not understand himself. He was nervous—absurdly nervous—as he stepped from the elevator, and as he walked down the long corridor he found himself hoping to find his own name upon her door. Someone had told him that she had assumed her maiden name—but the gossip was mistaken. “Mrs. Theodore Bruxton” was on the card above the electric bell. The card gave him an odd little stab of pain, for he remembered that he and Joan had gone together to the stationer’s two weeks before they were married to have that card plate made. The selecting of the style of script had been of such vital importance, the whole journey a delightful adventure. It had seemed to bring the possession of her closer, and he had called her “Mrs. Ted” all the way home. Why had their joy turned to sorrow? Why had their marriage failed?

A negro maid, of school girl age, opened the door for him; her ruffled apron was awry, and she was trying to adjust a small cap upon her "wrapped" pig tails for this expected visitor. The Senator's powers of observation were strangely quickened—he saw that the cap and apron were new, purchased no doubt for the occasion. Again he wondered why.

"Mrs. Bruxton ain't home from office yit," said the child. "Will you cum in and rest yo' coat?"

The Senator smiled as he entered. The soft negro drawl and expression seemed to bring back his boyhood. Negro servants were rare in his own Western town. Obediently he "rested" his coat in the arms of the waiting child, who cradled it for a moment.

"Most as warm as a bear, ain't it?" she said with her friendly grin.

"Well, I've never been in such close contact with a bear," he reluctantly acknowledged, "but I'll experiment next time I see one. When will your mistress be home?"

"Mistress!" He had not used the word to a servant for fifteen years or more, but this child, meeting him so solicitously upon the threshold, had roused memories of his own Southern home, where the old slaves and their children and grandchildren lingered, clinging to the worn-out traditions of plenteous plantation days. It was like Joan to employ a picturesque, unspoiled servitor like this, or perhaps economy alone had led to the selection. Evidently the child only came in after school hours, but she had received some training, for she followed the guest into the living room and, switching on the electric light, she lighted the carefully laid fire on the hearth.

The Senator looked around him with eager interest, pleased with the simple coziness of the room. Joan had always possessed a talent for home making. The heavy mahogany desk in the corner, surmounted by a golden eagle, had belonged to Joan's father. How well he remembered, when he was a boy, hanging his hat on the tarnished eagle's wings to impress Joan with the length of his reach. The portraits of her mother and grandmother hung above the low bookcases, and their high-bred faces seemed to be questioning the propriety of his presence. Near the fire was a tufted stool, the favorite seat of Joan's childhood, when, together, they roasted chestnuts and popped corn over the never-failing embers.

And the blinking andirons were the same that had distorted their youthful faces.

Why had he ventured into such a stifling atmosphere of memories? He had not counted on finding himself surrounded by such familiar things. An apartment was so different from Joan's spacious home set among the cottonwoods. But if the old house had been sold, it was but natural that she should transport her possessions here.

The fire sputtered cheerily in the neatly tiled fireplace, lighting up a faded kodak picture on the mantel, framed in pine cones. The Senator arose with a half-smothered exclamation to examine it more closely. Why, he had made that frame himself. It held only a snapshot of a tiny baby—*their baby*, who had lived only two months, and then— They had left his unmarked grave, sheltered by tall rocks, on the mountain side. He had almost forgotten the baby in the other troubles that had followed so close upon the little fellow's death.

He put the picture quickly down on the table beside him when he heard the door close and Joan came into the room, with the sure light step which he had always recognized with joy.

For a moment they looked at each other in silence—an eloquent silence—the dramatic effect not cheapened by words. Joan was in deep mourning. Her hat, lined with white crepe, shadowed her red gold hair; her beauty had matured, not lessened, and there was a patient look of endurance in her eyes in place of the laughing light of her girlhood. He studied her face attentively while she nervously pulled off her gloves, as if this slight movement relieved the tensiety of the situation, then she held out her hand, smiling faintly.

"You look so much older," she said. "When—when did you come to Washington?" It was a commonplace way to greet a husband after six years of separation, and she realized it as soon as she had spoken. "Your coming is—a bit unusual," she added.

"Unusual," he echoed, his eyes fixed upon her face. "You haven't changed much, Joan."

"Oh, don't you think so?" and he thought he detected a certain happy eagerness in her voice. "I—I feel very—old."

"You are working too hard?"

"No—perhaps—I don't know. I have a Government position—typewriting—that sort of thing—I'm not very efficient."

"Was—was it necessary?" he asked hesitatingly. "Didn't the old home bring anything?" The question seemed preposterous as soon as he had asked it, coming from one who should have been her mainstay in every emergency. But she did not view it in the same way, for she answered simply.

"Mortgaged—everything was mortgaged. You knew father as well as I did. You can guess at his business methods: lending money to all his friends, endorsing notes for anyone who asked him, supporting a retinue of negroes, all too old to work. Oh! I loved him for it even—even if it left me stranded."

"And your mother, Joan?"

"She only lived a week after father's funeral. You see—" she paused in some confusion. "You see, she did not seem to have the strength to live without him and then—well, then—the house was sold, and I—I came here. It's a little curious that we should both come. Are—are you pleased to be a Senator?"

He realized that she was trying to escape from his direct questioning.

"I am glad to be in Washington to see you again," he answered. "I was afraid you would not let me come. As you say, it is a little unusual for divorced people to call upon each other."

She sat down on the stool and stretched her slender feet towards the fire. He noticed that her shoes were wet and a little worn. "Will you let me take off your boots for you or would that be unusual, too? It was beginning to snow when I came in—a sloppy sort of snow. I see your feet are damp. May I ask that little nigger of yours to bring your slippers?"

"They will dry in a moment," she replied indifferently. "I walked from the office. I suppose I was too excited to remember to take a street car. To get your letter after all these years. I think I was trying to plan out what I should say and, of course, I haven't said it. Why—why did you write the letter?"

He was silent for a moment, doubtful how to reply, then he said with a certain reckless determination:

"Well, of course, there were many contributory causes,"

he smiled, "but the two deciding factors were two children, a boy of eighteen and a girl a year younger. They were on the train, coming east, running away to get married, and an old priest, who had the seat next to mine, talked to them and sent them home to their mothers."

She stared at him, plainly bewildered.

"And—and what has that to do with *us*?"

"It was the old priest's point of view that appealed to me," he answered, watching intently the effect of his words. "The children had only gone a few miles before he discovered them. They evidently belonged to his church. He was sitting so close to me that I could not fail to hear him. He argued ably—no wheedling or coaxing. He presented facts—facts that made marriage a tremendous responsibility, sacramental in its force, a life-long contract, God-given, that the laws of men couldn't alter. Somehow, as I listened, I believed all that he said, and I found myself wondering why all the States in the country are loosening up on the marriage laws for people like—*you*—and—*me*. And then—then I think I realized for the first time that in spite of this loosening, there is something in us that protests against this power of the State. If marriage is holy, God-appointed, sacramental, it belongs to the province of the soul. A fundamental spiritual law beyond all control of State. Perhaps if we were Papists, we would understand more clearly."

She had turned her head away. "But we're not—and it seems—well—rather late to talk this way," she added with a trace of bitterness, "after you got the divorce."

His face showed gray in the firelight as he leaned towards her.

"Why, Joan, *didn't—you—want—it?*"

"I don't remember that I ever said so," she answered in a whisper as if her pride protested against the admission. "You manage those things so easily out West. You got it on the grounds of desertion. Of course, you had *grounds*. I went home—and left—you."

"Your—your note said—'forever.'"

"I know—I know," she agreed feverishly. "I know I deserted you and so—so—"

"Go on," he entreated hoarsely, "go on from the beginning. I don't believe I ever knew exactly what you thought."

"It would have been so easy to find out then, Ted," she said reproachfully. "But I don't believe you wanted to take the trouble. You were too busy—always too busy, and I—I thought you did not care."

"You couldn't believe that, Joan," he interrupted. "Weren't we wildly in love with each other?"

"I was," she admitted frankly, "and we ought to have known each other, for we had played together ever since we were babies, but when the play time ended we didn't seem able to please each other, and then life got so work-a-day."

"But it had to, Joan," he remonstrated. "I had our living to make."

"Oh, I know—I know, but—but was it necessary to be so busy that you couldn't remember me—sometimes? You see, I didn't realize how ambitious you were. Your career was everything. I seemed to be a sort of cancellation. I had no companionship. You never guessed how lonely I was."

"But, Joan, it was work—always work that took me away from you. We were so poor. I hated to think of your privations. Talking about them seemed to make them more real. Have you forgotten how little money we had?"

"Oh, I know. I kept on telling myself that at first—making all sorts of excuses for your indifference; and then—then I began to believe I was a burden to you. I hated to give you the bills. The shabby little house had made me so happy at first. I worked so hard over it—oiling the floors, painting the wood work, making curtains and covering the ugly furniture with cretonne and you—you never seemed to see. And I learned to cook, Ted—all your favorite dishes—and, well, you were so often late for meals, and the things I had struggled so hard to make were dried to crisps before you came. And—then one day I cried, Ted, and you called me 'silly,' and you said you didn't care what you ate—canned beans were good enough. It may have been foolish, Ted, but I can't tell you how that little episode added to my sense of failure. You didn't seem to need me even as a *cook*. I—I wasn't very well that summer and, I think, I worked too hard in the cindery little garden trying to grow some green vegetables so our living expenses wouldn't be so large. And then—then when the baby came and died, I felt that I could not bear it.

I wanted sympathy and love and understanding, and you were so busy—always too busy to give me your time. You didn't seem to need me, and when I went home and found father ill and mother so dependent, I stayed because they leaned on me. You see, Ted, it may not have been religious or ethical, but I wanted to be—*needed*."

He looked down upon her with a strange, tense expression. "Was that all?" he said, slowly. "Are you sure that—that was all?"

"Oh, there may have been many other things," she answered wearily. "I hated the dirty little mining town. Do you remember the dreadful boarding-house we went to first, where they kept a pet pig in the dining-room? And the other boarders, Ted, coming to the table in their dirty shirt sleeves and eating with their knives and throwing the left-overs to the dogs under the window? You didn't seem to mind—I believe that was the first time that I came down to earth and realized that we were different."

"Different," he repeated dully. "Well, of course, Joan, those things never seem as trying to a man. You see I had been living there for three years while I saved enough to go East and marry you and I suppose I was used to it. But we didn't stay there, Joan."

"But we stayed in the town, Ted, and the people—well, you know, Ted, most of the men were miners, foreigners, who couldn't speak a word of English; and the women—I'm afraid they weren't quite respectable. You remember, they had convict labor working on the railroad that year—and—and—well, after you were made editor of the little county newspaper, and you were away from me so much in the evenings then—then I was afraid. Two or three times rough men stopped at the house to ask for food and I did not dare to open the door to give them anything. Then fear accentuated my loneliness."

"Oh, Joan—Joan," he groaned. "Why didn't you tell me this?"

"I couldn't—I—I suppose I was too proud to make a personal plea. You seemed to have forgotten how to look at things from my viewpoint. I—I didn't want to stand in your way. I reasoned that I was no longer necessary for your happiness and—and after the baby died—there seemed to be

nothing left for me, and so I came away, because in your life I did not seem to count."

"*Not count?*" he repeated passionately. "Oh, Joan! I expected you to understand, and it seems that we both failed. I was so convinced that you believed in my love, but I suppose I was selfish, inconsiderate, and assumed too much. You had become a fixture in my life, and I didn't consider your attitude even though I was working to bring you back to the luxuries that you were used to. I suppose I worked too hard. My nerves were on edge, and when the day came—the day you left me—I was mad with shame and rage and jealousy. I came home to a darkened house, and I believe that every small detail of that home-coming is branded on my brain. I remember how the moonlight flooded the small hall as I opened the door, how my shadow fell across the narrow stair. I called out to you. You see, I always expected to find you waiting, and when you did not answer I was afraid that you had fallen in a faint and I rushed frantically to find you, and then—then when I had searched everywhere—

"The moon seemed to fill the house with a ghostly glamour. I lighted one of the lamps, feeling that perhaps you had gone to the printing office to meet me and that the light would guide you home. And then—then I found your note pinned to the rough mantel shelf. All night, I sat in your rocking chair before the open fireplace shivering in the cold. Somehow it never occurred to me to kindle a fire. That forlorn little cat that you had brought in a day or two before shared the vigil with me. I believe I gave it some milk at midnight to stop its wailing, and I brought a quilt from the bed to wrap around me, for I was shaking like one with the ague. I may have dozed towards morning, but my dreams were more despairing than my waking thought for, somehow, I couldn't be angry in my dreams.

"I saw you happy and forgetful in the old life from which I had brought you. I saw you in a hundred different ways—on the white pillared portico among the roses, dancing before the long mirrors in the drawing-room, riding your horse to hounds. I saw you coasting on that long hill behind the orchard, skating on the creek above the mill dam. I saw you surrounded by the other men who had mourned at our marriage. I dreamed wild dreams that night, Joan. I even

dreamed of suicide, and then—then after a week or more—I—well, I thought I saw the situation more sanely.

“I had asked too much of you—I had demanded a sacrifice too great to give, and I was too proud to plead with you and too angry to pardon. I would leave you free to remarry, for I had already visualized your second husband—Bob Fairfax. He could have given you everything you wanted, for he owned half the country. I remember the sense of humility and unworthiness I suffered when I heard that you had turned him down for me.”

She looked up at him, and he exulted, for he saw that her eyes were wet.

“But, Ted, where was your moral sense?” she said. “We weren’t exactly pagans—and Bob—he believed as the old priest. After his accident—you know he was trampled on the hunting field—he sent for me when he was dying and begged me to write to you and ask you to come back.”

He had left his chair on the other side of the hearth. It seemed too remote from her.

“To come back, Joan?” he repeated towering above her. “And you—said?”

She buried her face in her hands.

“I—I—could not promise because—”

“Because?” he insisted, whispering in her ear.

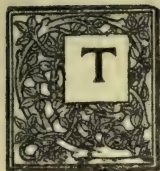
“Because—oh, because,” she was breathing quickly, a feverish color burned on both her cheeks but, with a woman’s power of command, she was calmer than he. “Oh! you knew Bob. He was a true friend always—an idealist who insisted that between us there was no such thing as divorce.”

The Senator’s arms were around her.

“Perhaps he was right, Joan. Perhaps he was right. We’ve squandered our happiness, but the sacramental force of marriage has held us both. We couldn’t forget. We’ve belonged to each other. I was a fool, Joan, so lacking in consideration and tenderness, but there never has been a moment when I haven’t felt that you were my wife. Will you come back to me, Joan? Will you come back?”

THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

BY J. M. PRENDERGAST, S.J.



HIS article is in the nature of an appeal to scientists. Is it not time to stop and consider how responsible to truth they are for allowing the prevalent popular conception of evolution to become lodged in men's minds, as an explanation of "anything in the heavens above, the earth beneath or the waters under the earth?" To disabuse them of the plea that theological bias is the urge in writing it, let me quite simply affirm that any theory of evolution which admits God as the efficient cause of things and does not attempt to explain the human soul as a result of evolutionary processes, escapes, as far as I am aware, any grave censure on theological grounds. Genesis has nothing incompatible with such a theory, and the Catholic Church does not go further than Genesis. The objections I have to propose are those of pure reason.

Let us begin by considering the theory of evolution in general in connection with the Aristotelian divisions of causality. According to that "master of those who know," causality should be considered by the mind under a fourfold aspect, efficient, material, formal, and final causality.

The efficient cause answers roughly the question, "who?" It causes with the end or final cause in view, either through its own intention or through the intention of some higher cause impressed upon it.

The material and formal causes answer roughly the question, "what?" The former gives the matter of which the thing is made; the latter gives the principle which constitutes this specific thing and nothing else.

The final cause is the end or reason for which the efficient cause works and answers the question, "why" is this specific thing constructed as it is? And (if we wish to include the external reason also), "why" did the maker make it?

To attempt the solution of any problem from the detection of crime to evolution, we must also attempt to assign its fourfold causality. Now my first and purely reasonable quarrel

with evolution as popularly taught and tacitly approved of by "sciences" is that it deliberately slurs over the distinction in causality, and substitutes the question "how" to be answered instead of the questions above. "How" is the confused and indeterminate question, which may be partially answered by any of the above-named causalities, or merely by the "*modus operandi*." (In fact, "nature," as it is commonly used by "science," is philosophically the "*modus operandi*" and nothing more.) "How" can, however, be fully answered only by assigning all four causes. But this latter truth is quietly ignored and the impression is given that all possible information has been imparted when one or two causalities have been given. This constitutes a scientific sin, for science is a knowledge of things through their causes. Science, to be truthful, should envisage the problem squarely and, if it cannot give the answer, let it be clearly understood that the problem has not been solved. If the efficient cause and the final are not assigned in the last analysis, let it be said, and let not the problem be tacitly ignored or, worse still, chance be quoted as the solution. There is no such efficient cause, philosophically speaking, as chance. Let it be summed up as the first scientific objection to evolution popularly taught, that as a philosophic theory it disables the mind's vision.

In considering evolution as a scientific hypothesis, explaining genetically the origin of species and even genera, we must first call to mind that species and genera as used in the natural sciences are convenient man-made divisions for classifying the objective world about us. The deeper philosophy does not consider as at all impossible a genetic leap across these divisions. It simply waits for the proof that there was such a genetic leap. Du Bois Raymond gave "Seven World Riddles" as beyond scientific solution. They are: "The origin of matter, the origin of motion, the origin of life, the ordered arrangement of the world, the origin of sensation and consciousness, the origin of thought and speech, the origin of free will." Being a materialist, he of course excluded God as a solution.

Again, the deeper philosophy, while admitting God, does not think it necessary to invoke Him as the solution of quite so many problems. It regards as impossible, only, a genetic connection between dissimilar essences. According to its reasoning, there is no explanation without an outside cause of the

passage from non-living to living, from vegetation to sensation, and from sensation to reason. These gaps it considers as unbridgable by any genetic evolution. The bridging of any other gap is a mere matter of proof.

It is the cogency of this proof, quietly and most unscientifically assumed as incontestable, which we shall now consider.

That there is actually great variation within specific limits is without doubt. Men and dogs furnish the best examples of it. Taking "Occam's Razor," *entia non sunt multiplicanda sine necessitate*, as a fairly good philosophic principle of deduction, the conclusion is that these varieties had a common ancestry, a conclusion unvitiated by any historic fact; nay, rather confirmed by them. Therefore, we may conclude that great variation within species is possible from genetic causes, aided by what other factors our investigations may warrant us in assigning. Have we any historic data which warrant us to broaden this conclusion and to extend it to distinct species? Wassman's beetle guests of the various species of ants, the *Dinardæ*, are quoted as evidence of diverse species from a common origin, but the specific distinctions alleged are too small to make the example of much weight. In other words, the specific lines are probably too tightly drawn.

All the historic evidence we possess points to the permanency of man-made specific distinctions. Dogs remain dogs, men remain men, wolves remain wolves, cats remain cats, from the cat of Bubastes to the present day. A rather strange instance of how far a man will allow a theory to blind his mind to the trend of his own argument, is given in a modern history book for beginners. After assuring the children that all our domesticated species are the descendants of wild animals, he tells them in almost the next sentence that as far as our historic knowledge extends, the domestic animals, cat, dog, horse, and cow, are found in the same position as at the present day. This means evolution is pre-historically true because it is historically false.

The great appeal in popular evolutionary teaching is made with the argument from similarity of structure derived from paleontology. The Museum of Natural History in New York has complete exhibits of the "Evolution of the horse," of the camel (unless my memory fails me), and of many other animals of the present day. It would make these exhibits alone

the evidence of a foreign evolutionary origin of these and, by inference, of all existent animal life. This is, of course, possible, but is it, I do not say certain, but even probable? It goes without saying that we have no evidence of genetic relationship outside the progressive similarity of skeleton structure. The looks and habits of the animal, which, as in the case of the dog, afford great help in deciding, are mere matters of conjecture.

Now the similarity of bony structure may be explained as well on another hypothesis. Goethe pointed out that all vertebrate skeletons were variations of a spinal column, a symphony, so to speak, on a single theme. If God, the great Architect, started to build by variating on a spinal column, this Museum of History would furnish the best illustration of how He worked out His plan. If some scientist urges against this, that it is hardly fair to bring in God in order to furnish another explanation of the Museum's facts, I can only answer, that it seems hardly fair to keep Him out of the world which the great thinkers from Aristotle down agree that He made.

It was Clerk-Maxwell who said that he never found a working theory of the world which did not have God hidden in it somewhere. This explanation from the "plans of the Planner" has another advantage. It explains the totally different structure of the invertebrates, arachnoids, crustaceans, and the many others, built on entirely different plans. So that the genetic connection of the Museum's vertebrates can be termed, at best, a guess built on structural similarity which admits of an entirely different explanation.

The argument from blood analysis has, I believe, led to such strange conclusions that the evolutionists themselves have given it up.

The argument from rudimentary organs rests partly on exploded theories and partly on a lack of knowledge of all that remains to be known of physiology. Many of the organs of the body, formerly regarded as rudimentary, have been proved to have distinct uses by the simple surgical process of elimination. The thyroid gland is a conspicuous example. It is logical to assume that organs still regarded as rudimentary remnants of more prominent parents still possess decreased functions of more developed organs of the past, and that this is the reason of their presence now. It is more logical, cer-

tainly to assume this, than to postulate that nature having done with them, has been making a vain effort through the ages to be rid of them and has never quite been able to succeed. This would explain both the vermiform appendix in man and the splint bones in the horse. Their function, though not an essential one is still an integral one to the constitution of the animal to which they appertain, though we may not be able to diagnose that function fully. The worst that can be said of this explanation is that it rests on unascertained facts. As the evolutionary explanation is open to the same objection, it has naught to better the choice between them on this score.

And now for the positive objections to evolution! There is absolutely no evidence for it within the limits of historic knowledge—quite the contrary! And after all is said, historic knowledge in this subject is the only *knowledge* we possess. The rest is only more or less well founded conjecture, as regards fact. Facts are facts to us, only in so far as we *know* them. Evolution, if it exists at all, is a fact not a theory, and as a fact it has no historic *locum standi*. Take, for one instance merely, the failure of all historic attempts to produce the living from the non-living.

Moreover, considered even as a theoretical explanation of the present state of things, it fails utterly to explain many facts. Regard the great diversity of the apparatus for vision, the eye, in the animal creation. It is inexplicable on any evolutionary theory. The evolution of an apparatus designed for the same function, according to evolution, should have been along the same lines, whereas it emphatically is not. What evolutionary theory can explain the change from a caterpillar into a butterfly? These are not “difficulties” as evolutionists would lightly call them, they are “impasses.” And one such “impasse” gives evolution as a theory the *coup de grâce*. Now there is not one; there are many.

I repeat again that my quarrel with popular evolutionary explanations of the present world is entirely apart from theology, if they do not deny a First Cause. Even as regards the production of the spirit-soul of man, my quarrel is primarily philosophic. The argument, briefly put, is that no material act, such as is human generation, can produce a spiritual substance. Much less can a lower generative act produce it. For the gap between spirit and matter is genetically unbridgable.

It is unnecessary to add that this argument meets with no refutation from the "missing link" discoveries. The discoveries of prehistoric ancestors of man come very near to being historic jokes. The last, I believe, was in Australia, where the prehistoric skulls turned out to be skulls of criminals executed within living memory.

In conclusion, I warn scientists that popular evolution, as a hypothesis accounting for facts as they are, is riding for a severe fall, because its reasons as given will not be considered convincing by thinking men. And then, to change the metaphor abruptly, not all the king's horses and all the king's men will set Humpty Dumpty up again. Which is not a desirable future to contemplate for a true scientist.

THE INN.

BY JOHN BUNKER.

"Life is but a night which we have to pass in a bad inn.
Let us make no effort to live at our ease."

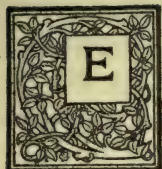
—*St. Teresa.*

YES, night and evil housing—outside, the dread
Darkness and cold and driving rain, and here
Gray, mouldy walls, this room's most wretched gear,
A chair, a table, and a rickety bed,
These rotten floors that sag beneath my tread,
The windows rattling with the winds of fear,
And one dim candle casting feeble cheer—
Oh, these now weigh upon me, sleep is fled.

What ease is here, or comfort? Oh, little ease
Save to stand staring through the angry gloom,
Watching, my Soul, for this black night's decrease
And light on that strange road we yet must roam
Even to the journey's end—to love and peace
And the sure solace of our waiting home.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC'S APOSTOLATE.

BY MAY BATEMAN.



EARLY in 1912, I was finishing some literary work at Bexhill, Sussex. An American friend from Pennsylvania, whose house adjoined the one I was then living in, asked to see me. He had a scheme to unfold. The Catholic laity in England, in his view, were not doing all they might to spread the Faith, hard as many of them were working. There were, for instance, many inquirers in that very town who, dissatisfied with their own church, wanted to know more about the Catholic faith. But they had few or no Catholic friends, and at that initial stage of doubt, were not prepared to visit a priest.

His plan for "getting at" such folk was this: The Catholic church stood in a dominant position, facing the railway station, near a tram-halt. Nearly everybody in the town passed it at some time or other in the day. Put a few books, such as *The Religion of a Plain Man*, *The Price of Unity*, *Catholic Belief*, *The Papers of a Pariah*, and so forth, on a convenient wooden shelf in the porch, which could be taken and returned without anyone seeing the transaction at all, and who knew what might happen?

"Without payment? By the end of the week there won't be a book left!" I prophesied. "Boys in the street would steal them. There are so many visitors here, too. Unintentionally, they'd take the books away and forget to return them. You'd have to institute fines, and how in the world could they be collected when you didn't know who the borrowers were?"

"There will be no fees—no fines—and no formalities," was the reply.

That very night "The Bexhill Library" was started with twenty-five books, collected from Catholic friends. Today, that same Library has extended into a fine building, has ten thousand volumes in postal circulation, and possesses more than seventeen thousand in all. And its character is fast becoming international.

The librarian's personal motto must be, I think, one we

lay people too frequently forget: "I can do all things in Thy strength." Human capacity alone could certainly never have achieved what he has. The building stands, a living witness to the power of prayer and work.

In 1916, if, on leaving the Bexhill L. and S. C. railway station, you had immediately turned off to the right by the station wall, you would have seen, on your left, a track of waste space next a small cultivated space belonging to a job-gardener. The church porch and the librarian's own private house being too limited alike to meet the growing claims those who wanted to use the Library books were making upon them. This site was secured in 1917, and with amazing speed the building operations carried out, in spite of war conditions, and the two plots transformed into the Bexhill Reading Room and Catholic Library.

Today, entering the room from the side street, you come at once upon what you need in an emergency. A poster with the train service in full view; a telephone directory giving the London area and all country districts; *Who's Who*, and other books of reference, directories, and so on. Spread out upon the tables and stands, not only the usual current magazines and papers, but others from different parts of the world, such as America, giving the Catholic view. Well-stocked shelves with a good supply of clean, classical literature, and the *Catholic Encyclopædia* and Gillow's *Biography of English Catholics* amongst them. The reading room is open to the town, and local authorities provide a small sum towards its up-keep on the condition that it should be non-sectarian. (A public library which excluded Catholic literature would, of course, become sectarian at once.) This is open from eight in the morning to eight at night daily and is seldom empty.

Looking up, the Catholic sees his specialized area; the most vital part of the whole vital scheme. A large gallery with innumerable shelves and separate compartments runs round, and partially over, the reading room.

Only organization carried to its highest point of efficiency could cope with work such as this. "Speed up" is the watch-word of the workers. They are trained to strict accuracy in detail. From the librarian's "den," a network of invisible wires extends, linking the work with the Colonies and many far countries. Here the almost daily increasing developments of the

Bexhill Library materialize almost as soon as they have shaped in the founder's brain. But the correspondence room is the place where the human element, which plays so large a part in the psychology of this unique work, is felt most strongly.

For almost every one of the envelopes, which fill the boxes on the side table, would be, if one could but break it open, a human document of enthralling interest. Souls need delicate handling, and it is an amazing fact that many of us are more ready to confide in a total stranger than in a friend. From all parts of the world, letters come to the librarian asking for help. Not one is refused. A late convert, knowing how important it is that she and her future husband should share the Faith, needs books for him about some particular point to which he is antagonistic, but does not know for what to apply. Another, returning home for the first time since conversion, requires books on the Apostolic Succession for her father, an Anglican clergyman. Another is not yet a Catholic, but is dissatisfied. What is she to read? Intellectually, she is almost convinced, but something, what she does not know, still keeps her back from the great surrender.

A little band of three converts, who have lost all their old friends and not as yet made any new ones, place themselves in the librarian's hands. They want to deserve the grace of faith. They cannot get Catholic books locally and have no idea what to read. A Catholic writer pleads for a rare book only procurable, so far as she knows, at the British Museum; she wants it at hand for an important article. The librarian advertises for a copy, gets it, and sends it off within five days. Another Catholic writer wants books to send to her Anglican nephew, now in Canada. From another source comes an appeal for novels to lend to a lapsed Catholic. By means of good Catholic fiction he may gradually be led to read theology. Another correspondent wants books for a woman, "lately converted, and having a very rough time with her people." Another writes that she lives entirely amongst Protestants and is often attacked on various points as to the Church's claims. Only through the Library can she "sense" Catholic atmosphere. Another wants to know precisely why the Holy Father is a prisoner in the Vatican. A lady—non-Catholic—writes the most poignant appeal of all. Amongst the effects of her son,

a young officer in a famous regiment, who was killed in the War, there was found a marked copy of the *Bexhill Catalogue*. He was always a "splendid" type of man, ready from school-days to stand up for the right. He became a Catholic shortly before the end, because he felt God called him to it, and he had hoped on leaving the army to become a priest. His parents would like now to read the books which he had planned to read himself.

With this story in my mind, I pass down the little steps, through the packing room, to the gallery, and stand for a moment before the mysterious picture of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, whose story will be told in print some day, but not yet. A lamp always burns before it, and flanking it today, on either side, are more than sixty postcards from priests who, in gratitude for what they personally owe to the Library, said Mass on her Feast Day this year for its beneficiaries and workers.

Almost every subscriber who borrows from the initial stock of books becomes, almost automatically, a reading circle in himself. Each is encouraged to lend them to others. In addition, more than forty established libraries and reading circles, run in connection with the Bexhill Library, exist in different parts of the world, so far even as China, Southern India, Canada, and New Zealand. Books with the distinctive paint-mark travel to Madagascar, Constantinople, remote districts in France, Italy, Portugal and Spain, as well as all over the British Isles to the far corners of the Hebrides. The Bexhill Library feeds the Catholic Library at Bombay, which is part of the magnificent up-hill work established by Archbishop Goodier, S.J. A library at Athens has lately been formed, and Bexhill has stocked it with books. Lately, a Spaniard, a complete stranger, telephoned to the Library from London and asked if he might come and pay a two hours' visit, while the present writer herself was there. It appeared that he was connected with *Voluntad*, a very fine Catholic monthly magazine, lately published in Madrid. He wanted advice about books, as it was proposed to form a library in connection with the magazine, to be supplied with works by the best English Catholic writers, as well as those of other nations. "Here's my proposition," said the librarian. "I can lend you five hundred books to start with, if you like, and you can judge from them

what books you can safely buy. There will be no cost to you except the payment for transshipment of the cases, to and fro." The offer, naturally, was accepted. In October that library became an institution at Madrid.

Who can wonder that work undertaken in this spirit, carried through with zest and fire and prayer throughout, has no end? The librarian, an organizer of the Napoleonic type, makes dreams true. His visions materialize. What he plans one day is an established reality almost within the time that it would take most of us to draft the scheme on paper.

We all know that it is to the Catholic that men turn when they want a clear answer to a clear question on matters of faith.

Every Catholic is expected to be a theologian, a specialist in faith, as it were. To meet the unexpected questions asked him, not on the public platform alone, but at a friend's dinner-table, he must be more or less up in the questions of the day. He must know the ingredients of the last remedy of salvation offered by those outside the True Church, in all good faith. Faith affects every problem of the day. Everyone in England, at least, who is not a Catholic wants to know what the Catholic view of divorce is, and respects its finality, however much he disagrees with it. *"One can understand the argument that maintains marriage to be indissoluble and remarriage against the Divine Law, or the view which applies to legislation the sole test of whether it will work to the general good. But one cannot understand an amalgam between the positions . . . The Archbishop of Canterbury's speech (in the House of Lords, June 22d last) somehow left me with the opinion that though the Bill, in his opinion, was against Divine Law, he might reconsider his views if only enough people wanted it,"* commented the *Times* correspondent on the following morning.

Man cannot be allowed to block the opportunities God gives him.

"Amid the present monstrous flood of errors whereby minds perforce are poisoned," writes the Holy Father on April 15th last, in a letter addressed to the librarian, Bexhill, "it concerns deeply the salvation of mankind that sound doctrines should be circulated as widely as possible. With warm pleasure, ac-

cordingly, We have learned from His Eminence Cardinal Aidan Gasquet, that at Bexhill-on-Sea, there has been founded a library for the free loan of good literature, and that this same library from modest beginnings, has in a short time increased and prospered exceedingly. Most earnestly, therefore, do We congratulate the founder of this so beneficial work, and desire that it be commended to all right thinking people, that as many as possible may be daily the more incited to the esteem of virtue, or be led by the radiant light of truth to hearken, with God's help, to the voice of Mother Church, who alone on earth has the words of eternal life. As a sign of Our approbation We most lovingly impart not only to the founder and readers, but also to all who assist the library in any way, Our Apostolic blessing. Benedict P.P.XV."

The librarian of the Bexhill Library would, I know, be the first to throw his influence and immense powers of organization into any larger scheme which, by unity of action, would help to extend this Catholic lay apostolate he has so near at heart. He is known to the world as "The Librarian," and not by his own name. If our names are written in the Book of Life we need not trouble over-much if men fail to recognize them, after all!

CATHOLIC INFLUENCE ON EARLY HUNGARIAN LITERATURE.

BY F. A. PALMIERI, O.S.A., PH.D., D.D.



OR centuries," writes C. M. Knatchbull-Hugessen, "the Magyar people has had to maintain itself by force of arms against the unceasing attacks of alien neighbors, and the fact a few thousand wanderers from Asia were able to preserve their individuality and institutions in the midst of an ocean of Slavs, Germans and Turks, and obtained comparatively quickly a position of equality with members of the European family, argues the possession of exceptional military and political qualities, of exceptional cohesiveness, of a stoical capacity for endurance, and of a rooted confidence in themselves and in their future which no vicissitudes of fortune have been able to destroy. The alien jargon, first heard by European ears twelve hundreds years ago, has maintained its existence in spite of the competition of German and Slav dialects, of deliberate discouragement and temporary neglect, and has developed into a language which, for fullness and expressiveness, for the purpose of science as well as of poetry, is the equal, if not the superior, of the majority of European tongues."

Many of our readers will wonder at this statement of the greatest English authority on Hungary. The Hungarian tongue repels because of its *sesquipedalia verba*, to quote a classical reminiscence of Horace, and its crabby grouping of consonants—it mirrors truly the uncouth nature of the steppes of Asia whence it originated. For most of us, Hungarian literature and the scientific development of one of the most difficult languages spoken in Europe, remain an unexplored field.

The World War has given mournful prominence to the Hungarian nation. This people who, in 1848, shed heroic blood for emancipation from tyranny, fought for the triumph of German militarism, and in the interest of the House of Hapsburg. Its rulers dreamed of a greater Hungary, the political centre of the States included within the frontiers of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. But these dreams failed to

become reality. Hungary shared in the world-wide hatred of German militarism. The shortcomings of her politicians were recalled and branded, and the great services she had rendered to Christian civilization were cast into the shade. Now the political unity and territorial integrity of the formerly glorious kingdom of Hungary are threatened with utter ruin, and its richest possessions are divided among its former subjects.

As Catholics, we are interested in the future of Hungary. We ought not to forget that some of her earliest monarchs rank among the saints of the Church, and that, for a long time, the honor was hers of defending Christian Europe against the onslaught of Moslem. The history of Hungary is closely connected with the growth and advance of Catholicism in Europe. It is not an overstatement to say that the Catholic Church, through her missionaries, and especially her monks, was for five centuries the teacher of the Hungarian people, the maker of their destinies, the framer of their civilization.

"Stubby, dark-eyed, these immigrants distinguished themselves from the Slavic and Germanic type. Their language was akin to none of the languages spoken in Europe. Their traits, martial and hard, marked their Turkish blood. Their tongue, however, showed clearly the character of the special features of the Altaic family of languages. They spoke one of the Ugrian tongues, the Magyar, related to the tongue of the Ostiaks, while possessing a great affinity with Finnish, Mordvian and Cheremissian. It is towards the end of the ninth century that the Magyars, a people of 200,000 souls, established themselves between the Danube and the Theiss. We cannot follow them in their successive emigrations. It is generally believed that they came from Siberia, where they lived on the banks of the Obi, the Irtysh, and the Yenisei. These three rivers were the natural boundaries of the Magyar race. Before taking root in Dacia and Pannonia, they halted on the borders of the Don, and later on, on those of the Atel-Kuzu. Their tongue was not poor and uncouth: it was, however, not unalloyed. The Hungarians had lived a long time side by side with Turks and Tartars. They had mingled freely with them, and they had borrowed from them many things and also names of things."

The Magyar was a powerful weapon of national defence

for the Hungarians against the attempts of Germanization and Slavicization. It had no affinity with the European tongues.¹ So, in the very centre of Europe, the Hungarian people lived in isolation. They assimilated the literary genius of neighboring peoples: they were for ages the cosmopolitans of European intellectualism. But they never ceased to be Hungarian.

Hungarian civilization and Hungarian literature are the offspring of the civilizing and enlightening power of the Catholic Church. From the accession of St. Stephen to the Hungarian throne (997-1038) to the beginning of the reign of Matthias Corvinus (1458-1490), Hungary endeavored to conquer a place of honor in Western Christianity by placing herself under the sway of the Catholic Church. The history of this early period of her literature is the history of the enlightenment of the Hungarian people by Western monasticism. To monks Hungary owes the laborious Latin monuments of the just period of her culture development, no less than the earliest fragments of written Hungarian.²

A Benedictine left to posterity the most ancient document of the Magyar tongue. He lived in the monastery of Deaki. The manuscript in which that fragment is preserved, and which is the most valuable treasure of the Hungarian National Museum in Budapest, is dated 1228. It is entitled *Halotti beszéd* (Funeral Oration).³ The style is admirable for its simplicity. The use of some foreign words shows clearly the influence of the missionaries who entered Hungary by way of Venice, aiming to win her pagan tribes over to the Catholic Church. This document shows that Christian faith was deeply rooted in

¹ The Finno-Ugrian languages, spoken mostly in the Northwest of Asia, are divided into four branches and philologically belong to the family of Ural-Altaic languages. (1) Finnish proper. Within this branch are included the languages of Finland and Esthonia, two nations rather highly civilized, and like the Hungarians, endowed with a rich national literature. (2) The Permian languages. (3) The Finnish languages spoken on the banks of Volga (Mordvinian and Cheremissian). (4) The Ugrian languages (Ostiak, Vogul, Magyar and Samoyed). Magyar is closely akin to the first two languages. It has also numerous elements of affinity with the Tartar and Turkish dialects. Ch. E. de Ujfalvy, *La langue Magyare, son origine, ses affinités*. Versailles, 1871; *Id., Étude comparée des langues Ougro-Finnoises*, Paris, 1875. The best work on the origin and development of the Hungarian language is that of Sigismund Simonyi (in Hungarian): *A Magyar Nyelv*, Budapest, 1905.

² For the historical sources concerning the lives of St. Stephen and St. Ladislas, see Balics Lajos, *A Romai katolikus egyház története magyarországon* (History of the Roman Catholic Church in Hungary), Budapest, 1885, vol. i., pp. 31-350.

³ Zolt Boothy, *A Magyar irodalom története* (History of Hungarian Literature), Budapest, 1899, vol. i., p. 71.

Hungary in the first half of the thirteenth century. It polished the language and freed it of its pagan dross. The "Funeral Oration," however, is not a production of the thirteenth century. It goes back to an earlier period, possibly the dawn of Hungary's evangelization. The monk who copied it had before him a more ancient manuscript.

An eloquent historian of Hungarian literature writes: "The Church was the first educator of the Magyars. The national tongue was enriched with numerous Slavic elements, but Italy and Germany won the ascendancy in the monasteries and monastic schools. The Benedictines were a host in the cloisters of Pecs-Varad, Pannonhalma, Bakonybel, Alba Reale, Csanad. They pored over the classics of Greece and Rome. They were acquainted with Cato, Ovid, Horace, Æsop, Plato, Cicero, Priscian, and Boetius. Legions of monks passed their lives in copying manuscripts."

Later on, the Benedictines were followed by more active workers in the apostolic field. France sent the Cistercians and Premonstratensians to Hungary. Italy and Spain, stirred by the monastic reform of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Dominic, covered the Hungarian soil with monasteries of Franciscans and Dominicans. These two religious orders for several centuries led the van of the cultural movement of Magyar Catholicism. The monastic literature of the newly converted Hungary is composed mostly of hagiographic legends. The country is impregnated with the spirit of the monastic reform of St. Dominic and St. Francis. There is a parallelism between the history of Hungarian and that of Italian literature. They start with almost the same sources, the same honey of piety, the same sweetness of Franciscan mysticism nourish the writers of Christian Hungary. The *Fioretti* had its following in the Hungarian monasteries.

Germans, Bohemians, Poles, and Frenchmen shared in the conversion of Magyars: the Italians, however, infused into the Hungarians the sparkling mysticism of the Latin world. At the very frontiers of Hungary, Serbia, educated by schismatic Byzantium, saturated with hatred of Catholicism, was sanctioning the capital punishment of such as dared to embrace the Latin heresy! Rumania, on the other hand, another disciple of the Byzantine hierarchy, dried up the wellsprings of mysticism, and alone among Christian nations stands unre-

corded in the annals of Christian hagiography. The Magyars, on the contrary, opened their national history with the name of a hero and saint, Stephen. The first Hungarian dynasty, the Arpads, is a dynasty of saints. Emeric, Ladislas, Margaret were enduring figures in the long line of European monarchs. Their lives were imbued with the monastic spirit. They are in a certain way the knights of Catholic apostleship.

The earliest hagiographic literature of Hungary bears a truly Italian stamp. Italian missionaries accomplished more lasting work in Hungary than had their predecessors who had come in from Germany. The protomartyr of the Hungarian Church, Gerard of Venice, was an Italian. In 1221, St. Dominic sent among the Hungarians Blessed Paul, who founded monasteries at Raab, Alba Reale, Zagreb, and Veszprem. The development of the Dominican Order was so rapid that, in 1231, the Hungarians organized a province, and in 1231 Joannes Teutonicus, one of the most active of the Masters General of the Order, was elected Provincial. The Franciscans also tilled the same fruitful soil. They sent a score of fervent missionaries and of Italian saints. Blessed Nicola di Montefeltro, two blessed Giovanni, and Brother Gallo have illuminated and inspired the opening chapter of the ecclesiastical annals of Hungary.⁴

The earliest monument of Hungarian hagiography is the life of St. Gerard, the *protomartyr*. It was written by a monk of the Benedictine Monastery of Bakonybel, Walter, who had followed his master to Csanad. The work is an account of the conversion of the Hungarians to the Christian faith rather than a biography. The zeal, virtues and miracles of the saint had conquered the hostility of the pagans. Nobles and peasants, rich and poor, were anxious to receive baptism in the name of the Blessed Trinity. The sainted bishop treated them as if they were his own children. Many pagans were brought to him by the chiefs of the districts, and baptized in the convent of St. John the Baptist. Large crowds pressed at the doors, and the priests were so busy baptizing converts that they could scarce sleep. Under the pen of Walter, the holy martyr evidences both the qualities and defects of his Latin blood. He

⁴ F. Bernardino Sderci de Gairole, *L'apostolato di S. Francesco e dei francescani*, Quaracchi, 1909, vol. i., pp. 249-250, 492; H. Holzapfel, *Handbuch der Geschichte des Franziskanerordens*, Freiburg im Breisgau, 1909, p. 161.

is irritable. For a trifle he flies into a passion. But he is quick to calm himself. He weeps because of his bad temper, and by his humility he reconciles those who have been offended by his impulsiveness.

Hartwic,⁵ Bishop of Gyor (Raab), under the reign of Coloman (1095-1114), wrote the life of St. Stephen, the first King of Hungary. Under the guidance of Priscian, in his childhood he had learned all the niceties of the Latin language. In writing, however, the life of his hero the literary remembrances of the past became lost, and ignorance replaced the knowledge of yore. St. Stephen is represented as a heavenly gift. God reveals to his parents that the child will be the first King of Hungary. Stephen is the apostle of his people. His heart was filled with a tender love for the Blessed Virgin. Before the battle, he prostrates himself and implores the help of the Mother of God. He prays her not to allow the tender sapling of Christianity to be trampled under the feet of its foes, and to punish rather the guilty shepherd than the innocent flock. The devotion towards the Blessed Virgin is most characteristic of the saint. Thanks to him, he became truly the king of his people. Hartwic writes that the day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin was called in Hungarian the day of the mistress, *dies Dominæ*.

The biographer abounds in details as to the establishment and the organization of the Church in Hungary. Stephen was full of solicitude for the Christianization of his people. He founded dioceses and built up magnificent temples; at times, following the suggestions of his piety, he retired into the solitude of a cloister and took part in the divine offices like a monk. His generosity expanded beyond the frontiers of his kingdom. He sent rich presents to the Churches of Jerusalem, Rome, and Constantinople. He died singing the praises of the Blessed Virgin.⁶

⁵ On Hartwic, see: Pauler Cjyula, *Ki volt Hartwic piispok* (Who Was Bishop Hartwig), in *Szazadok*, Budapest, 1883, xvii., pp. 803, 804. *Id.*, *A Hartwic legenda es Pesti codexe*, *Ibid.*, 1884 (xviii.), pp. 739-749. M. Rosenauer, *Studien zur Kritik ungarischen Geschichtsquellen für die Zeit Stephans*, *Ibid.*, 1887, xxi.

⁶ On St. Stephen, see: I. Szalay, *A Magyar nemzet története* (History of the Magyar People), Budapest, 1895, pp. 137-152; Virag Benedek, *Magyar Szazadai* (Centuries of Magyar History), Budapest, 1862, vol. i., pp. 49-82; M. Florianus, *Vite S. Stephani regis et Emerici Ducis*, Fünfkirchen, 1881; Gaal Mozes, *Szent Istvan*, Budapest, 1900; J. Karacsanyi, *Szent Istvan Elele* (Life of St. Stephen), Budapest, 1904.

His virtues are reflected in his only son, Emericus or Henrij, whom he lost in the flower of his age. Hungarian hagiographers, however, are sparing of words as to his life. He lived as a monk in the prime of youth. He felt the desire of serving God in a monastery. But submitting to the wishes of his father he married. After his death, his wife revealed the fact that she and her husband had preserved their virginity.

The national feeling assumes a more distinct shape in the legend of St. Ladislás. The details of his life were handed down to posterity in Latin and in Hungarian. St. Stephen embodies the pious apostle of Hungary, while Ladislás is the ideal of a perfect Hungarian knight. The chivalry of the Middle Ages finds in him its living model. As an historian of Hungarian literature writes, he appears to us as the most sympathetic and exalted hero of romantic Hungary. He personifies the proud ideal of mediæval knighthood; he is the support of the Church, the terror of pagan and infidel, the invincible giant, the friend of the people, the defender of the oppressed, the father of the orphans; he is inexorable in his anger, but merciful to the conquered. Women appreciate his noble gallantry. His glory spreads beyond the Hungarian frontiers. The writers of his legend maintain that before his death he was invited to head a new crusade. Ladislás is the Magyar Roland.⁷

His Latin biographer, in rhythmic prose, attempts to enumerate his virtues.⁸ He was for his people a gift of God, according to the Greek etymology of his name: δόσις λαοῦ. His heroism in battle was divinely inspired. At times, God Himself opened to him the road to victory. Once, an army of barbarians from Bessarabia invaded his kingdom. The gallant King launched his soldiers against them, the barbarians were defeated and put to flight. His soldiers, however, were drawn far away in their pursuit, and reached a desert. They were about to die of starvation. Ladislás prayed God to be merciful to him, and of a sudden herds of roes and deer rushed upon the soldiers, and fell prey to them.

The most beautiful flower of mediæval Hungary is also

⁷ G. Pray, *Dissertatio historico-critica de S. Ladislao Hungariæ rege*, Poszony, 1774. I. Karacsonyi, *Szt. Lasle kiraly elete* (Life of King St. Ladislás), Budapest, 1899.

⁸ *Acta Sanctorum*, jun. 7, p. 286.

an offspring of the dynasty of Arpad, St. Margaret. Her legend is a precious monument of early Hungarian literature. It was copied in 1510 by Sister Lea Raskai, a nun of the monastery that bears the name of the Saint. The date of its composition is not later than the thirteenth century. It was a product of the literary activity of the Hungarian nuns, who devoted their time to prayer, and to copying of manuscripts. In the hour of danger their first thought was to save their literary treasures. "These noble women," writes a historian of Hungarian literature, "have assembled the earliest reading public. Men of letters, in their day, read Latin: women, on the contrary, had less culture, and were satisfied with reading hymns and prayers. It is for their sake that the chiefs of the religious orders took pen in hand and wrote books in Hungarian. Thus religious literature arose in Hungary. Its most important productions come from Franciscan and Dominican monasteries. This anonymous literature lived for three centuries: it is the echo of the cultural life of foreign countries, and until the close of the sixteenth century did not change its original features."⁹

In Hungarian hagiography, St. Margaret holds a place of honor like St. Elizabeth of Hungary. Her legend is filled with the minutest details of the monastic life. She appears to us consumed by the flames of the most rigid asceticism. Her parents, King Bela and Queen Maria, had offered her to God if the beloved soil of their country could be freed from the invasion of the Asiatic hordes. Margaret generously lived up to the vow of her royal parents. From infancy, she was intrusted to the sisters of the monastery of St. Catherine at Veszprem. Later on, King Bela built up a monastery, placed it under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, and there his daughter lived. This was in 1252. The Saint was ten years old, but already ripe for the arduous struggle of religious perfection.

The rigor of her life did not alter the tenderness and sweetness of her character. Her heart was filled with charity and compassion for her sisters. She lavished care upon the sick and poor. She spent her nights in consoling her sisters in their painful infirmities. All the presents she received from her father, the King, or from her royal relatives, became the

⁹ I. Kont, *La Hongrie littéraire et scientifique*, Paris, 1896.

inheritance of orphans and widows. In the midst of her voluntary crucifixion for the Divine Spouse and, "recommending her soul to her Creator," she breathed her last. From every corner of Hungary the faithful came to pray before the altar that covered her tomb. A sweet perfume of roses emanated from her mortal remains. The monastery that had been the theatre of her ascetic life and heroic deeds took her name. It became a centre of pilgrimages for the Hungarian nation.

The legends of the Hungarian saints¹⁰ were followed by the hagiographic treasures of the Church; apocryphal gospels, the acts of martyrs, the monastic chronicles furnished the material which was elaborated by the members of religious communities. The admirable simplicity of the *Fioretti* charmed and moved the Hungarian Catholics of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. One of the earliest Hungarian books, the Ehrenfeld manuscript, of the first half of the fifteenth century, contains the Hungarian version of the legends of St. Francis of Assisi. Of the same date is the legend of St. Catherine of Alexandria, a production of monastic literature. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the *Legenda aurea* was exploited by Hungarian writers who inveigh against the looseness of the clergy, and battle with "the pestilential Lutheran heresy." The earliest Hungarian theologians are the staunch defenders of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. They echo the lyric eloquence of the Fathers of the Church in singing the praises of the Queen of Heaven. Theologians show their dignity by elaborate syllogisms: preachers work out in her honor their best sermons: scholars entwine for her garlands of prayer.

The *Regi Magyar könyvtar* begins almost exclusively with the names of monastic writers.¹¹ For many years literary Hungary was known by the writings of her preachers or theologians, like Michael the Hungarian (Michael de Hungaria),

¹⁰ On the Hungarian Legends cf., an inspiring chapter in Boothy, *A Magyar irodalom története*, vol. i., pp. 112-121. The first edition of the Legends of the Hungarian saints was published at Strassburg: *Legende sanctorum regni Hungariæ in Lombardica historia non contente*. The second in Venice, Count A. Apponyi, *Hungarica*, Munich, 1903, pp. 25, 26. A few years later, Josse Chictove (*Iodocus Cliehtoveus*) published the liturgical hymns in honor of the royal saints of Hungary, *Elucidatorium ecclesiasticum, ad officium Ecclesiæ pertinentia planius exponens, et quatuor libros complectens*, Paris, 1516.

¹¹ Karoly Szabo, *Regi Magyar könyvtar* (Ancient Hungarian Bibliography), Budapest, 1898, vol. i.

Pelbart de Temesvar, Oswald de Lasko, Nicholas de Mirabilibus. Michael de Hungaria was the champion of the Immaculate Conception in a public contest held in 1444, at Buda, in the presence of King Ladislas. His sermons had made him famous. They are published in many editions and in the most important cities of Europe.¹²

His fame is eclipsed by a Franciscan, Pelbart de Temesvar, the most brilliant intelligence of mediæval Hungarian monasticism. He was born in 1463, made his studies in the University of Cracow, and received his degree of Bachelor of Theology in 1463. The first product of his pen was a tribute to the Blessed Virgin, who had miraculously saved his life from plague. It was entitled *The Starry Heaven of the Crown of the Blessed Virgin*.¹³ It is a poetical life of Mary. The pious monks describes the marvels of her earthly life, the perfume of her virginity, the mysterious sublimity of her Immaculate Conception, the greatness of her love for the human race, the ineffable radiance of her eternal crown. His last work also was a huge collection of the praises sung of the Blessed Virgin by her pious admirers. It was a complete treatise of Marian Theology. Death prevented him from signing his laborious work, which was completed by his colleague, Laskai Osvat, a preacher of great renown.

But the best title to the glory of Pelbart in the history of Hungarian literature is derived from his *Orchard* (Pomerium), a collection of sermons on the Saints, the festivities of the year, and on Lent.¹⁴ "In the orchard," he writes in the preface, "we have several kinds of fruit-bearing trees; likewise, in this volume are to be found different sermons, varied flowers of knowledge, and salutary fruit of the divine secrets."

The sermons of the *Orchard* revive and popularize the heroes of Hungarian hagiography. The writer appeals often

¹² On the earliest Hungarian writers see: I. Kont, *La Hongrie littéraire et scientifique*, Paris, 1896; *Id.*, *Histoire de la littérature hongroise par C. Harvath, A. Kardos, et A. Endrödi*, Paris, 1900; Melchior de Polignac, *Notes sur la littérature hongroise*, Paris, 1900; J. H. Schwicker, *Geschichte der ungarischen Litteratur*, Leipzig, 1889. The best modern histories of Hungarian literature are those of Zgolt Boothy, *A Magyar iredalom története*, Budapest, 1899-1900, and of Sigismond Bodnar, *A Magyar iredalom története*, Budapest, 1891.

¹³ *Stellarium coronæ Benedictæ Mariæ Virginis in laude eius pro singulis prædicationibus elegantissime coaptatum*, Hagenau, 1498. See *Regi Magyar könyvtar*, Budapest, 1896, vol. i., p. 13.

¹⁴ *Aureum Rosarium Theologiæ ad Sententiarum quatuor libros pariformiter quadripartitum*, Hagenau, 1503; ii., 1504; iii., 1507; iv., 1508.

to them to drive out the evils of his own time, and the laxity of morals. Pelbart is a *laudator temporis acti*. The tinsel of the Renaissance looked tawdry to him. He regrets that the wise laws of St. Stephen and Ladislas have fallen into disuse. They had built churches, monasteries, orphanages; they had recommended loyalty to the Christian faith; they had condemned violence. "If they could arise again from their graves, they would be witnessing the spoliation of the churches, the starvation of the poor, the despotism of the powerful, and the contempt of Christian virtues."

He foresaw the coming storm of the Reformation, the loss of Catholic unity, the growing dissolution of national compactness. The meteoric period of the Renaissance under Matthias Corvinus was to be followed by the fearful years of theological warfare. Protestantism prepared the way for the growth of Hungarian learning and prosperity, but it concurrently tarnished and ruined the native beauty of Hungary's Catholic soul, and effectively checked the mystic tendency which had distinguished it.¹⁵

¹⁵ David Czvitinger, *Specimen Hungariæ literatæ virorum eruditione clarorum natione Hungarorum vitas, scripta, elogia et censuras ordine alphabetico exhibens*, Frankfort, 1711, pp. 301-303.

THE LOYALIST.

BY JAMES FRANCIS BARRETT.

PART III.

CHAPTER III.



IN the meantime, Marjorie was tossing restlessly, nervously in her bed, enduring hours of remorse and desolation. She could not sleep. Her girlish heart, lay heavy within her. Now that Stephen had gone, she had time to think over the meaning of it all, and to experience the renewed agony of those fateful moments by the water's edge. She simply had to give way to the tears. Scrambling out of her bed and wrapping a mantle about her, she sat beside the window and peered into the night. There was no breeze to break the solemn silence, no sound to distract her from her reverie. Two black and uncanny pine trees stood like armed guards near the corner of the house to challenge the interloper from disturbing her meditation. Overhead the stars blinked and glistened through the treetops in their lace of foliage and delicate branches, and resembled for all the world an hundred diamonds set in a band of filigree work. The moon had not yet risen, and all the world seemed to be in abject despair, bristling in horrid shapes and sights—a fit dwelling place for Marjorie and her grief stricken heart.

Stephen had gone away that afternoon, perhaps never to return. For this she could not reproach him, for had she not hurt him, and hurt him to the quick. The thought overwhelmed her. In return for his many acts of kindness, she had repulsed him.

She felt acutely the bitterness of it all. She had afforded him encouragement, she had coöperated to make the setting of a perfect love scene, her action in regard to the miniature, apparently innocent enough, was fraught with significance for Stephen; these thoughts and the knowledge of the hopes she had alternately raised and blasted stung her to pain and regret.

What would he think of her now? What could he think? Plainly, he must consider her a cold, coquette, devoid of feeling and appreciation. He had given her the best that was in him and had made bold to appraise her of it. Sincerity was manifest in his every gesture and word, and yet she had made him feel as

if his protestations had been repugnant to her. She knew his nature, his extreme diffidence in matters of this kind, his power of resolution, and she feared, that once having tried and failed, he was lost to her forever.

What could he deduce from her behavior except that she was a cold, ungrateful, irresolute creature who did not know her own mind or the promptings of her own heart! She had flung him from her, smarting and wounded, after he had summoned his entire strength to whisper to her what she would have given worlds to hear, but which had confounded and startled her by its suddenness. And yet she loved him. She knew it and kept repeating it over and over again to her own self. No one before or since had struck so responsive a chord from her heart strings. He was the ideal to which she had shaped the pictures of her mind. Stephen was her paragon of excellence, and to him the faculties of her soul had turned all unconsciously as the heliotrope turns towards the rays of the rising sun.

Laying her head on her arm she sobbed bitterly.

The thought that he was gone from her life brought incon-solate remorse. He would be true to his word: he would not breathe the subject again. Nay, more, he would even permit her to disappear from his life as gradually as she had entered it. This was unendurable, and it was by her own act.

She lifted her head and stared into the black depths of the night. All was still except the shrill pipings of the frogs as they sounded their dissonant notes to one another in the far-off Schuylkill meadows. They, too, were filled with thoughts of love, Marjorie thought, which they had made bold enough to publish in their own discordant way, and they seemed to take eminent delight in having the whole world aware of the fact, that it, too, might rejoice with them.

If it were true that she loved him, it were equally true that he ought to know it. She would tell him before it was too late. Her silence at the very moment when she should have acted was unfortunate. Perhaps his affection had been killed by the blow and protestations now would be falling upon barren soil. No matter. She would write and unfold her heart to him, and tell him that she really and truly cared for him more than any one else in the world, and she would beg him to return that she might whisper in his ear those very words she had been softly repeating to herself. She would write him at once.

But she did not mail the letter. Hidden carefully in her room, it lay all the next day. A thousand and one misgivings haunted her concerning the safety of its arrival—Stephen might

have been transferred to some distant point, the letter itself might possibly fall into awkward hands, it might lie for months in the post bag, or fall into a dark corner of some obscure tavern, the roads were infested with robbers—horrible thoughts, too horrible to record.

She did not know just how long it had taken her to compose it. The end of the candle had burned quite out during the process, and she lay deliberating over its contents and wondering just what else might be added. Twice she was on the point of arising to assure herself on the style of her confession, but each time she changed her mind, deciding to yield to her earlier thought. The darkness seemed to envelop her in her fancy, and when she again opened her eyes the darkness had disappeared before the light. It was morning, and she arose for the day.

Hour by hour she waited to tell her mother. It was only right that she should know, and she proposed to tell her all, even the episode on the river bank. She needed counsel, especially during these lonely moments, and she felt that she could obtain it only by unfolding her heart unreservedly. Her mother would know; in fact, she must have suspected the gravity of the affair. But how would she begin? She longed for an opening, but no opening presented itself.

Stephen loved her; although he made no mention of marriage, nevertheless it was this consummation which caused her heart to stand still suddenly; perhaps it was the vision of the new life which was opening before her. She would have to go away with him as his wife, away from her home, away from her beloved father and mother. The summers would come and go and she would be far distant from her own, in far-off New York, perhaps, or some other city better adapted for the career of a young man of ability. They might live in Philadelphia, near to her home, yet not in it. That would be preferable, yet the future could lend her no assurance. She would be his for life, and with him would be obliged to begin over again a new manner of living.

Such thoughts occupied her for the greater part of the day, and before she was really aware of it, her father had come home for the evening. She could not tell both at once; better to tell them in turn. It would be more confidential and better to her liking. Once the secret was common between them, it was easy to discuss it together, and so she decided that she would put it off until the morrow. Then she would tell her mother, and let her mother talk it over with her father. Both then would advise her.

"Next week is going to see the greatest event in the history

of the Church in America," Marjorie heard her father remark as he placed his hat upon the rack behind the door.

"What is it now?" inquired her mother, who chanced to be in the sitting-room when he entered.

"The Congress is going to Mass."

"The Congress?" she exclaimed. "Praised be God!"

"What news, father?" asked Marjorie, hurrying into the room.

"The Congress, the President and the prominent men of the nation have been invited to take part in the solemn *Te Deum* next Sunday. It is the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration."

"Isn't that remarkable?"

"It is remarkable," he repeated. "The French Ambassador has issued the invitations, and all have signified their intention of being present. Here is one of them."

Taking from his pocket a folded paper, he handed it to Marjorie. She opened it at once and read aloud:

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

You are invited by the Minister Plenipotentiary of France to attend the *Te Deum*, which will be chanted on Sunday, the fourth of this month, at noon, in the new Catholic Chapel, to celebrate the anniversary of the Independence of the United States of America.

M. GERARD.

Philadelphia, the Second of July.

"The Congress going to Mass!" said his wife, apparently unable to comprehend fully the meaning of it all.

"The more one thinks of it the more strange it becomes. They branded Charles I. a Papist because he permitted his queen, who was born and bred a Catholic, to attend Holy Mass. Now we have our newly-formed Government not alone countenancing Popery, but actually participating in a supposedly pagan and idolatrous form of worship."

"This marks the end of religious prejudice in this country," observed Marjorie. "At length all men are in all things equal, equal in the sight of God and man. Don't you think our leaders must realize this and are taking steps to prepare the minds of the people accordingly?"

"Yes," he replied, "and I don't know but what it is only right. We all go to the market together, trade our goods together, rub elbows together, clear the land together, fight together. Why shouldn't we live together in peace? Intolerance and bigotry are dead and buried. We have laid the foundations of the greatest country in the world."

"Thank God for that!" breathed M^{rs}. Allison.

"We are respected above all calculation," Mr. Allison continued. "Our loyalty now is unquestionable."

"We may thank God for that, too."

"And Captain Meagher!" added Marjorie.

"Yes, you are right, girl," said her father. "We can thank Captain Meagher. The frustration and the exposure of that plot has increased our reputation an hundredfold. Heretofore, the Catholic population had been regarded as an insignificant element, but when the ambitions of the enemy to secure their co-operation were discovered, the value of the Catholics to the country suddenly rose."

"Our unity must have created a lasting impression," Marjorie remarked.

"Not alone our unity, but our loyalty as well. The Government has learned that we have been ever true to the land of our birth, ever loyal to the country of our adoption. It has thoughtfully considered the value of our sacrifices, and has carefully estimated our contribution to the cause of freedom. When the charter of liberty assumes a more definite form our rights will specifically be determined. Of that I am reasonably certain. The enemy failed to lure us from our country in its time of need; our country will not abandon us in our time of need."

"Stephen did it," announced Marjorie.

"Stephen helped to do it," replied her father.

That same evening, during a stolen moment while her mother was busied with the turning of the buckwheat cakes, Marjorie crept to her father's knee and folded her arms over it.

"Daddy!" she looked up at him from her seated posture on the floor. "What would you say to a very eligible young man who had told you that he was very fond of you?"

"What would I say?" asked the father in surprise.

"Yes. What would you?"

"I would not say anything. I would have him examined."

"No, daddy. This is serious," and she pushed his knee from her as she spoke.

"I am serious. If a man told me that he was very fond of me, I would question his sanity."

She laughed.

"You know what I mean. I mean if you were a girl and—"

"But I am not a girl."

"Well, if you were?"

"If I was what?"

"You know what I mean quite well, would you hate him at first?"

"I hope not. I should want to strangle him, but I wouldn't hate him."

"And you would strangle him? For what?"

"For daring."

"Daring what?"

"You know." He smiled.

"Oh, dear! Won't you listen to me? Tell me what to do."

"I could not tell you. You have not told me what has happened.."

"I asked you what you would say to an attractive soldier who had told you that he loved you."

"Yes. And I told you that if he had told that to me, I would ask what ailed him."

"Oh, daddy, you are too funny tonight. I can't reason with you." She sat back on her heels and pouted.

He smiled and roused himself upright and put his arm around her and drew her to him.

"There! There! I know what you mean, daughter. It means that I shall have no say in the matter."

"Why?"

"You will do it all."

"No. I shall never leave you."

"Yes, you will. You will be happier. But why didn't Stephen ask me about it?"

"How did you know it was Stephen?" she looked at him in astonishment.

"Well enough."

"But how?" she repeated.

"I knew it all the time, and your mother and I have been prepared for this occasion."

"But who told you?" Her eyes opened full and round in genuine wonder. Here was one surprise after the other.

"There was no need of anyone telling me. I have been watching the pair of you and sensed what the outcome would be some little while ago."

"But, daddy. How should you know?"

He laughed outright.

"There! There! We are satisfied quite, I can assure you. I know what you are about to say; and your mother knows it, too."

"But I have not yet told her. I meant to tell her today, but did not. Then I thought of telling you and of whispering the whole story to her after we were upstairs."

She was serious, very serious, absorbed for the most part in her story, although her mind was clouded with amazement at

the want of surprise which was manifested. Her innocent mind apparently was unable for the time being to fathom the intricacies of this plot which seemed to be laid bare to everyone concerned save her own self.

"Of course, you will tell her, but you will find that she will consent to the proposal."

"What proposal?"

"Why, I suppose the proposal of your coming marriage."

"But! . . . But! . . . Daddy! . . . I never said anything about marriage."

"You did start to tell me that Stephen told you he was very fond of you?"

"Yes."

"And you told him the same."

"No, I didn't."

"But you will tell him."

A hush followed. She looked askance at him from the corner of her eye.

"And so after you have told one another as much as that you may as well decide upon the date."

"But . . . I . . . I am not sure that I want to marry him."

"Well, that is your privilege, you know."

"And . . . And . . . perhaps he will never ask me again."

"Just wait a bit."

"And would you marry him?"

"I told you that I would not. I already have one wife . . ."

"Oh! You make me lose all patience," she cried rising from the floor and leaving him. "I shall confide in mother."

"Remember," he cautioned her in a somewhat serious strain. "Do not ask her to marry him."

She was gone.

The following day a letter was dispatched to the Headquarters at Morristown, New Jersey. In the meantime a very large doubt began to take form in the mind of one little girl concerning the manner of its reception. A thousand and one impossible situations were conceived, but there seemed nothing to do; he must now do it all. The possibility loomed ghostlike before her: he might never return. The wound which she had caused still smarted and ached. He might never return. Her eyes wandered and strayed among the multitude of objects before them; her lips had forgotten their usual smile. He might fail to receive her note, and if he did, he might disdain to acknowledge it. But no! He would not do that. There was naught else to do but wait. Oh! If the moments would only hurry!

CHAPTER IV.

It was a great day for Philadelphia when the Continental Congress went to Mass. It was Independence Day, too, but this was of lesser importance in the estimation of the people, especially of the Catholic contingent. Fully a quarter before the hour, the bell began to sound and the streets became like so many avenues of commerce with people standing in doorways, or leaning from their windows, or hurrying nervously in the direction of the New Chapel of St. Mary's, the parish church of the city. There a number were congregated in groups of twos or threes to await the procession of notables, who would soon approach with great solemnity and dignity from the opposite corner of the street.

The celebration came about in this manner.

It was the desire of M. Gerard, the Minister Plenipotentiary of France, to commemorate the anniversary day of the Independence of the United States in a religious manner. Arrangements already had been made to hold Divine worship earlier in the morning at Christ Church, at which the guests of honor were invited to be present. At twelve o'clock the congregation would march to the church of St. Mary, where a military Mass and a solemn *Te Deum* would be sung. The Rev. Seraphin Bandol, chaplain to the French Embassy, would celebrate the Mass and deliver a sermon appropriate to the occasion.

It was fondly expected that the event would assume an international tone. Events had been moving with extraordinary rapidity towards the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in the graces of the Government, and this celebration might demonstrate the patriotic motives of the Catholic body beyond the shadow of a doubt. That a Congress, which of late had condemned in the strongest terms the practices of the Roman Catholic religion, should change in sentiment and action in so short a time would be an unequivocal proof of the countenance and good will which the Catholic religion was beginning to acquire. At any rate, the example set by the governing body of the new republic attending Mass in a Roman Catholic edifice, offering up their devout orisons in the language, service and worship of Rome, would be a memorable one, an augury of the new spirit of religious freedom which later would be breathed into the Constitution of these same States by these same men.

Precisely at ten minutes before the hour they came, walking in pairs, headed by John Hancock, the President of the Continental Congress, and his Excellency, M. Gerard, the French Ambassador. Immediately after the Congress marched the Supreme

Executive Council of Philadelphia with Joseph Reed at its head. Then came the French Embassy, resplendent in its dress of blue and gold. Prominent civilians, military officers, men of repute in city and nation, followed slowly along the crowded thoroughfare and as slowly made their way into the small edifice. General Washington was not present, having been prevented by duty in the field.

Within, the little church murmured with low talking. Ordinarily the congregation would have been absorbed in silent contemplation before the Presence of the Divine One, but the excitement of the occasion made the people forget their usual fervor. The little church was only partly filled when the great procession arrived, and every head instinctively turned in the direction of the entrance at the sound of many footsteps. As the notables marched down the aisle every breath was held; then, as they began to file into the pews reserved for them, the subdued murmur began again.

Marjorie and her father sat to the rear of the church in the company of the early arrivals. In fact, the entire Allison family occupied the same pew, pressed, indeed, for room on account of the multitude which crowded its way into the church and into the small aisles. Round about them on every side sat the congregation, some of whose faces were familiar to them, the majority of whom, however, were total strangers. From their appearance and demeanor it was not difficult to conclude, Marjorie thought, that more than one-half of them were non-Catholic.

The inside of the church was adorned with the emblems of France and the United States. In the sanctuary, on each side of the altar, stood two large flags of the allied nations, while across the choir gallery, in the rear of the church, stretched in festoons the colors of the infant Republic superimposed in the middle by a shield bearing the likeness of Louis XVI. On the altar bloomed a variety of cut flowers, arranged in an artistic and fanciful manner on the steps of the reredos amidst a great profusion of white unlighted candles. The three highest candlesticks on each side had been lit, and the little tongues of living flame were leaping up joyfully. Over the tabernacle stood a large crucifix raised aloft, and before it rested the chalice covered with its white veil, in readiness for the Holy Sacrifice.

For several minutes after the honorable body was seated the members of the congregation surged into the church. The pews filled quickly, and the more tardy and less fortunate individuals sought places along the aisles and in the rear. Overhead the small organ gasped and panted the strains of a martial air,

the uneven throbbing of its bellows emphasizing the fatigue and exhaustion of its faithful operator.

"Is that the French Ambassador?" whispered Marjorie to her father.

"With the brocade and lace? Yes. Next to him is Mr. Hancock, President of the Congress."

She looked and saw the noble head and dignified bearing of the statesmen. He sat very erect and majestic, presenting an appearance of taste and refinement in his suit of silken black.

"There is Mr. Adams, John Adams, with the great powdered periwig. The tall thin man seated at his right is Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration. He is, without doubt, the scholar of the Congress."

Marjorie followed his whispering with evident interest. Never had she been in the company of such notable men.

"Who is that? See! He is turning sideways."

"Livingston. Robert Livingston. Then the great Robert Morris, whose financial aid made possible the continuance of the war. His personal sacrifice for the cause of independence will never be computed. He is Washington's best friend."

She peered through the crowd to catch a glimpse of the famous financier.

"Do not overlook our stanch Catholic member of the Congress, Charles Carroll. Lest he might be mistaken for any other man of the same name he made bold to affix after his name on the Declaration of Independence, 'of Carrollton!' A representative Catholic and a true patriot!"

She recalled having seen the name "Charles Carroll of Carrollton" on the printed copy of the Declaration.

Mr. Allison again touched his daughter to attract her attention.

"Can you see that elderly man with the sharp pointed features over across?" he asked.

She looked in the direction indicated but did not seem to be able to locate him.

"The second pew, third man from the aisle."

"Yes! Yes!" she exclaimed.

"That is Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, the author of the resolution 'That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States.' That paved the way for the drawing up of the Declaration."

The makers of history were before her, and her eyes danced at their sober and grave demeanor. Here sat the Congress, not all of it, but a goodly portion of it, which had voted unanimously

in favor of complete separation from the mother country. Here were those very men who had risked their all, their fortunes, their homes, their lives for their country's cause. Here they now assembled, visibly burdened with the cares and the apprehensions of the past few years, still uncertain of the future, but steadfastly determined to endure to the bitter end, either to hang together or to rise together to glorious triumphs. And here they sat or knelt in the temple of God to re-dedicate their fortunes to Him, to accept from His hands His judgments, to implore Him to look with favor upon their efforts and to render possible of realization the desires uppermost in their hearts. Marjorie thought that they could not, they must not fail, men animated by such sincere devotion and such sentiments of genuine piety.

"Mr. Franklin isn't here?" she whispered.

"No," he softly answered. "I think he has not returned from France. He was there, you know, when the Alliance was concluded. Lafayette only joined Washington last month. Did you know that he brought with him a commission from the French King to General Washington, appointing him Lieutenant-General in the French army and Vice-Admiral of its navy?"

"No. I did not hear of it."

"I suppose Franklin is still over there. He would be here, although he is an atheist. He believes in no form of religious worship. I should not say that he is an atheist, for he does believe in One God, but that is about all."

The murmur about the little church began to die away. Still the surging at the door continued, until it seemed as if the small building would burst its sides.

The tinkle of a little bell sounding from the door leading from the sanctuary announced that the Mass was about to begin. On the instant the congregation rose and remained standing until Father Bandol, preceded by the altar boys, had reached the foot of the altar and made the genuflection.

High up in the gallery the choir broke into the strains of the *Kyrie* of the Mass, while the priest in a profound bow before the altar made his confession of sins. Marjorie took out her prayer book and began to follow the Mass.

At last the voice of Father Bandol resounded through the church with the opening tones of the Preface of the Mass, the responses to which were made by the members of the choir. Slowly and solemnly he chanted the notes of praise, ending with "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts." A sound from the bell gave warning that the awful moment was about to arrive, the moment when the ambassador of Christ would exercise the power

communicated to him from Jesus Himself through the Twelve and their successors, the power of changing the substance of bread and wine into the substance of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ.

The people bent forward in an attitude of humble adoration. Marjorie buried her face in her hands on the top of the forward pew, pouring out her heart in praise and thanksgiving to her God and Master. In profound reverence she remained while the priest pronounced the mystical words, *Hoc est enim corpus meum*, over the species and effected the mystery of mysteries, the translation of Christ's Mystical Body to the elements of the earth, in the transubstantiation of the Mass. Now her Lord was present before her; now the Divinity of His Person was but a few feet away, clothed, not in flesh and blood, but under the appearances of bread and wine; now her Creator was with her, lying on the white corporal of the altar, and she poured forth her soul to Him in accents of adoration and supplication.

"O my God!" she breathed. "I adore Thee through Jesus; I beg pardon through Jesus; I thank Thee through Jesus; I humbly ask every blessing and grace, through Jesus. May I lead a holy life and die a good death. My Jesus! mercy. My Jesus! mercy. My Jesus! mercy."

The prayers for the dead were read and the *Pater Noster* was chanted. A signal from the bell announced that the priest's Communion was about to take place, and that the distribution of the Sacred Body would be made to as many as desired to partake of it. It was Sunday and the majority of the Catholics present had been in attendance at an earlier Mass, on which account there were no communicants at this later one. The ceremonies were concluded with the reading of the Gospel of St. John, when Father Bandol turned towards the congregation to begin his address. Every member present sat upright in his seat and awaited the message about to fall from the lips of the priest.

"My dear brethren," he said, "we are assembled to celebrate the anniversary of that day which Providence had marked, in His eternal decrees, to become the epoch of liberty and independence to the thirteen United States of America."

There was a silence throughout the church which was breathless. Every eye was focused on the vested form before the altar.

"That Being Whose almighty hand holds all existence beneath its dominion undoubtedly produces in the depths of His wisdom those great events which astonish the world and of which the most presumptuous, though instrumental in accomplishing them, dare not attribute to themselves the merit. But the finger of God

is still more peculiarly evidenced in that happy, that glorious revolution which calls forth this day's festivity. He hath struck the oppressors of a free people—free and peaceful, with the spirit of delusion which renders them wicked artificers of their own proper misfortunes.

"Permit me, my dear brethren, citizens of the United States, to address you on this occasion. It is that God, that all powerful God, Who hath directed your steps; Who, when you were without arms fought for you the sword of justice; Who, when you were in adversity, poured into your hearts the spirit of courage, of wisdom, and fortitude, and who hath, at length, raised up for your support a youthful sovereign whose virtues bless and adorn a sensible, a fruitful and a generous nation."

The French Ambassador bowed his head in profound acquiescence.

"This nation hath blended her interest with your interest and her sentiments with yours. She participates in all your joys, and this day unites her voice to yours at the foot of the altars of eternal God to celebrate that glorious revolution which has placed the sons of America among the free and independent nations of the earth.

"We have nothing now to apprehend but the anger of heaven, or that the measure of our guilt should exceed His mercy. Let us then prostrate ourselves at the feet of the immortal God, Who holds the fate of empires in His hands, and raises them up at His pleasure, or breaks them down to dust. Let us conjure Him to enlighten our enemies, and to dispose their hearts to enjoy that tranquillity and happiness which the Revolution we now celebrate has established for a great part of the human race. Let us implore Him to conduct us by that way which His Providence has marked out for arriving at so desirable an end. Let us offer unto Him hearts imbued with sentiments of respect, consecrated by religion, humanity and patriotism. Never is the august ministry of His altars more acceptable to His Divine Majesty than when it lays at His feet homages, offerings and vows, so pure, so worthy the common offerings of mankind.

"God will not regret our joy, for He is the Author of it; nor will He forget our prayers, for they ask but the fulfillment of the decrees He has manifested. Filled with this spirit, let us, in concert with each other, raise our hearts to the Eternal; let us implore His infinite mercy to be pleased to inspire the rulers of both nations with the wisdom and force necessary to perfect what He hath begun. Let us, in a word, unite our voices to beseech Him to dispense His blessings upon the counsels and the arms

of the allies, and that we may soon enjoy the sweets of a peace which will soon cement the Union and establish the prosperity of the two empires."

The same religious silence prevailed; indeed there sat many in the same immovable posture. But it was evident that the words were being received with pleasure and satisfaction. Signs of approval appeared on every face.

"It is with this view," the priest concluded, "that we shall cause that canticle to be chanted, which the custom of the Catholic Church hath consecrated, to be at once a testimonial of public joy, a thanksgiving for benefits received from heaven, and a prayer for the continuance of its mercies."

As he stepped to the floor of the sanctuary and took his stand before the centre of the altar the entire congregation rose to its feet to await the intonation of the *Te Deum*.

Pleasant and sweet rose Father Bandol's voice above the rustling in the opening notes of that most majestic of all hymns of praise,

"Te Deum laudamus: te Dominus confitemur."

And immediately the vast throng took up the melody and there reverberated throughout the church, escaping through the open doors and windows, across the streets and over the rooftops, up to the topmost regions of the heavens, to the very gates of heaven itself, the strains of the Ambrosian hymn of thanksgiving and praise sung by the members of the American Congress to the God of Nations and of Battles in the little Chapel of St. Mary's on the anniversary day of the signing of the greatest exposition of a freeman's rights ever penned by the hand of man.

CHAPTER V.

The wayfarer on this July afternoon in the fifth year of American independence might have passed on the main thoroughfare leading into the city of Philadelphia from the townships of Bristol and Trenton, a young and powerfully built officer astride a spirited chestnut mare. The countryside, through which he was journeying, stretched for miles around in peaceful solitude, teeming and delightful with that leafy and rich green livery which we are accustomed to associate with the idea of abundance. Overhead the sky was clear, from which the sun blazed down great billows of heat that hovered over the landscape, giving vigor and enthusiasm to the various forms of vegetable life, but at the same time causing the animal world to drowse and languish in discomfort.

It was plain to be seen that the horseman was an officer of the Continental Army. His mount, young and well groomed, gave every indication of a long ride, its nostrils dilated, its mouth moist with foam, its sides streaked with strings of sweat. Haste was desired, it was apparent, although in the more exposed portions of the roadway the mare was allowed to walk, her rider affectionately patting her neck or coaxing her along with an encouraging remark.

"Look, Dolly! There is some soft, tender grass to cool your lips. We shall take some."

And he turned the mare to the side of the road and allowed her to nibble at the greensward.

Soon they were again on their way, she munching the while on the last mouthful, now walking, now impatiently breaking into a canter; Stephen holding her in check with his hand as he looked far ahead at the roofs of the city beyond. Through his mind there passed in review the incidents of the day, the memory of his business just concluded, the speculation of the future of the army, the contemplation of his reception by Marjorie.

He had been away for more than a month engaged in business of the gravest nature. Many hours had been spent in the company of the Commander-in-Chief, whom he had acquainted in detail with the formation of the regiment of Roman Catholic Volunteers; his suspicions concerning John Anderson and the strange friendship of the spy with the Military Governor. Events had moved with great rapidity, yet he felt assured that the real crisis was only now impending, for which reason he desired to return to the city, ready for any service which might be required.

"Go along, girl. We want to reach home by noon."

Dolly heeded him and began to canter.

Washington had not taken kindly to Captain Meagher's suggestion for the recall of General Arnold's command; in fact he had treated the proposal with a scorn worthy of his strong sense and dauntless courage. It was plain to be seen that His Excellency had placed much reliance and confidence in his favorite officer. It was impossible to create a suspicion in the mind of him, who had himself endured irksome suppression at the hands of a cabalistic and jealous military party, and consequently took a magnanimous view of the plight of one beset with similar persecution. General Arnold was in his eyes a brave and fearless leader, unfortunately annoyed and tormented by the machinations of an ungrateful and intolerant populace.

So when the one General, whom he had admired and trusted, applied for an active command in the field, General Washington

cordially granted the request. If the wounded limb would permit it, there was no doubt in the mind of His Excellency that General Arnold would prove the most heroic and able officer along the line. Lincoln was gone, having been forced to surrender with his entire army at Charleston only six weeks before. Green was engaged with the army in the Carolinas; Gates was a coward; Lee, a traitor. In the important operations, which were soon to take place with the main army in the vicinity of New York, Arnold was the leader best qualified for the task. Washington took extreme delight in appointing him to the command of the Right Wing of his own army and the Second in Command of the Continental forces.

With genuine reluctance he consented to listen to the strange story as unfolded by his aide-de-camp. That General Arnold should openly countenance rebellion was preposterous; to become a party to it was incredible. Yet the veracity of his aide was unquestionable, and the wealth of evidence he had presented left little room for doubt. Still Washington's faith was unshaken. He felt assured that his favorite General would redeem himself when the proper time came. And every encouragement for this redemption should be afforded him.

West Point was open. He would recall the order appointing him to the command of the army and make him commander of the fortification there. The exigencies of the times required a man of rare ability and genius at this post. Should there prove to be a shadow of truth in the allegations of his aide, the change of command would simplify the situation from whatever viewpoint it might be regarded. The country might be preserved, and Arnold's ambition at the same time given another opportunity.

Stephen ruminated over these events as he rode leisurely along. A genuine satisfaction was derived from the knowledge that his Chief's confidence in him was still unshaken. He felt that he had effected a change of post for the man whom, above all other men, Washington most admired and respected, nevertheless he felt he was only executing a service which would ultimately prove to be of incalculable value to the army and the nation. Arnold troubled him, but in command of a fortress he would occasion infinitely less worry and apprehension than in a responsible position in the field.

Marjorie delighted him. At Morristown he had found her letter; and his plans for the immediate present underwent a decided alteration. He had been ordered to make the journey to Hartford in attendance upon General Washington, who had already completed arrangements with Count Rochambeau and Ad-

miral Ternay of the French navy for a conference there in reference to the proposed naval operations of the combined fleets. With the letter in his hand he had sought and obtained a further leave of absence from his Commander-in-Chief in order that his own campaign for the winning of the lady of his heart might be brought to a quick and decisive termination.

He had left the city, not hurt nor wounded as she had supposed, but somewhat disappointed. Her apparent coolness and unconcern he had ascribed rather to extreme diffidence and shyness than to want of appreciation. That she truly cared for him, he knew full well; that he would eventually win her was a faltering conviction. But, now, there was no further doubt. She had written him pages into which she had poured out her heart in generous and unmistakable accents, and which he had read and re-read with growing delight.

Washington could not refuse his request. He made no attempt to conceal the nature of his mission and obtained not alone His Excellency's gracious permission, but his sincere wishes for success as well. With a heart buoyant with joy and anticipation, he spurred on his mare and pushed her to her worth in the direction of the city and the object of his quest.

He rode into the city well aware that the first news to reach him would be of the exodus of the Arnolds.

"You came straight through town, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Stephen.

"And came here direct?" continued Mr. Allison.

"I quartered my mare first. I thought immediately of the Inn as the place to gather the news. So I hastened hither."

"There's been heaps doin'," Jim remarked casually.

"Never saw such excitement since the day of the regiment," observed the keeper of the Inn, a well-mannered and well-educated gentleman, above middle age, who held the enviable position of inn-keeper and lawyer alike. Every inn-keeper of this age commanded much of respect in the community, for it was he who received the money of the people, and money commanded the necessities of life—a good bed, good things to eat, attentive servants; but Mr. Smith, the keeper of the Old London Coffee House, was the most respectable inn-keeper in the city, the proud possessor of a very pretty library and an excellent table where cleanliness and decency vied with dignity and self-respect.

"Arnold, you know, has left the city," volunteered Mr. Allison.

"Yes, I have surmised," was the reply.

"Gone, an' all belongin' to 'im."

"And closed his mansion?" Stephen inquired.

"Tight. Mrs. Arnold went with him. They left yesterday."

"But I thought—"

"To the army? I understand he had been appointed to field duty under Washington. Second in Command, they say. But that has been changed. He has gone to West Point."

Stephen did not answer.

"It seems," went on Mr. Allison, "that he has been seeking a change of post for several months. His leg still bothers him, however, and very likely prevented him from doing active duty in the field. On that account, it has been said, he was given charge of the fortress. It is an important post, nevertheless, and carries with it a certain amount of distinction."

"Hope he gits alon' better with 'em up there 'n he did here," remarked Jim. "He won't hev the s'ciety folks t' bother 'im now."

"When did he leave?"

"No one knows. There was no demonstration of any kind. It differed much from the farewell of General Howe. Arnold left in disgrace, it would seem," said the inn-keeper, as he moved away to give his attention to other business.

"And Peggy gone, too?" Stephen was genuinely surprised at this, for he rather expected that she would remain with her mother.

"I am sure that the majority of our people are greatly pleased at the change," said Mr. Allison. "I never saw one sink to such depths of contempt. He came to the city as Military Governor in a blaze of triumph, the most celebrated soldier in the army, whose rise to popular esteem was only accelerated by the knowledge of the harsh treatment received by him at the hands of Congress after the battle of Saratoga. He was the idol alike of soldiers and civilians. Their hearts were his without the asking. That was two years ago. Today he left the city in the fullness of his years, in secret, after so many plaudits, in obloquy, after so much honor."

"It is a sad commentary on human nature," Stephen observed. "Yet in all things else I blame the woman. *Cherchez la femme.*"

The room was reeking with the clouds of tobacco smoke streaming upwards from the pipes of the several guests who were lounging in small groups about the room. There were several parties in as many corners each wholly unconcerned about the other. The conversation of our trio was therefore private in so far as any privacy can be expected in an inn. Only the boisterous individual made himself heard, and then only to the displeasure of the others.

Leaving the two at the Inn, Stephen bade them adieu and directed his journey in the direction of Second Street. Hastening his steps he soon reached the Germantown road, and as he turned the bend, perceived the familiar outline of the Allison home. Little did he suspect, however, that the curtains of one of the upper windows concealed a lithe form and that his swift gait was being interpreted with a world of meaning. He laid his hand on the gate, and even then Marjorie had opened the door to meet him.

"First of all," she said, "how long may you remain? Will you dine with us, or what?"

"I shall be most pleased. I have several days. His Excellency has gone to Hartford to engage in conference. It was intended that I should accompany the staff. I begged leave, however, to return to Philadelphia."

They were seated on the sofa in the distant corner of the parlor. They were quite alone now for the first time, Mrs. Allison having asked to be excused after a few minutes with the announcement that since he would be pleased to remain, the supper must needs be prepared. No, Marjorie would not help her. She might entertain Captain Meagher.

"It's glorious to see you again," he said sitting down beside her after Mrs. Allison had departed from the room.

"I am glad you have come," she replied, softly rubbing her hand across her apron as if to arrange it neatly.

"But you knew that I would come, didn't you?"

"I thought so."

"And yet I greatly feared that it would not be possible. Preparations are being made for the final campaign, and it is expected that the French will be asked to play an important part."

"It was very generous of His Excellency to grant you leave." He began to smile.

"Could you guess how I obtained it?" he asked.

She turned to regard him.

"What have you done?" she asked soberly.

"Showed him your letter."

"Stephen!" she gasped as she drew back.

Neither spoke. He continued to smile at her apparent concern, while she stared at him.

"Do you mean it?" she asked; then quickly—"or are you teasing?"

"I did. I showed the letter to him, and asked if I might return to you."

"He read it?"

"There! There! I am joking. He did not read it, but I did have it in my hand, and I told him about you and that I was going back to take you with me."

Satisfied, she allowed herself to assume a more relaxed composure.

"You are going to destroy it, aren't you?"

He took it from his pocket and looked at it. She, too, glanced at it, and then at him.

"May I keep it? I treasure every word of it, you know."

"Did you but know how it was composed, you might ridicule me."

"I suppose you closed yourself behind some great veil to shut out the world from your view. Your mind toiled with thought until you were resolved upon the heroic. There was no scheme nor formula; your quill ran on and on in obedience to the flood of ideas which inspired it."

She lapsed into meditation; but she recovered herself immediately.

"No," she shook her head slowly though steadily. "At midnight with the aid of a little candle, which burned itself out quite before the end."

He looked up sharply.

"That night?"

She nodded.

He put his arms around her and drew her close. She made no resistance.

"Marjorie!" he whispered.

She yielded both her hands to his grasp and felt them compressed within it.

"You were not hurt at my seeming indiscretion?"

"I told you in my letter that I was not."

"Then you do love me?"

She drew back a little as if to glance at him.

"You know that I do," was the soft, reassuring answer.

"Won't you let me hear you say it?" he pleaded.

She put both arms about him and whispered what he only was destined to hear.

Presently the old clock began to strike the hour of five.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE DAY BY DAY. By Charles T. Thompson. New York: Brentano's.

This is by far the most interesting and valuable of the contributions to our post-War literature. It is interesting in the way that only a trained journalist can make it in presenting the salient facts in an ever-changing narration complicated by the intrigues of diplomatic Europe. It is valuable especially in that it gives a comprehensive outline of what actually was done, and more important, perhaps, what was said at the Peace Conference. This the author is able to do by means of presenting the occurrences at the Conference in their chronological order—an international diary, one might call it, with every mood and development graphically given as it happened.

The author's subtitle amuses. He calls the Peace Conference "a presidential pilgrimage leading to the discovery of Europe." This is more humorous than true. It should be amended to read "a presidential pilgrimage leading to the destruction of Fourteen Points." For that really is the summation of the book, and the book portrays the Conference. The President insisted that his immortal Fourteen Points be the basis of the Peace Conference. He met the European statesmen strong in his idealism; he left them with a hollow League of Nations and his Fourteen Points thrown into the discard. The six points that involved general principles died untimely deaths; "open diplomacy" was killed by the Council of Four; "freedom of the seas" perished under British care. The "reduction of national armaments" withered before the onslaught of Foch; "the impartial adjustment of all colonial claims" died by the hand of Britain, France, and Japan. "The removal of economic barriers" was still-born, and nobody paid any attention to it. The last—the League of Nations itself—lived only to be kicked around in the halls of the United States Senate.

The tragedy of it all! No one can read Mr. Thompson's work without feeling keenly for that great figure that dominated the premiers of Europe only to find his idealism blocked and nullified by the practical, grasping leaders of the Old World, and the partisan politicians of the New. The greatness of the attempt can only be measured by the greatness of the failure. The Peace Conference will go down in history as the most colossal failure of modern history. Its master mind will share in its

failure, though sympathy must take away much of the edge of criticism.

Mr. Thompson's work seems to be an honest, unbiased effort to present the reader with the facts as he saw them. In this day of propagandists that feature alone is most noteworthy. His training enabled him to get at the inside of many situations that were decidedly complex. All this wealth he gives most liberally to his readers in a vivid, chatty way that entertains and enlightens.

THE ENGLISH CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Paul Thureau-Dangin. Two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is the American edition of the English version ("revised and re-edited from a translation by the late Wilfred Wilberforce") of *La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au XIX^e Siècle* by Paul Thureau-Dangin, the eminent French historian and academician. It is a pity that the work of translation has not been done more painstakingly, and it is an even greater pity that the original has not been translated absolutely without abridgment. More than a few passages are omitted in this version, and other passages have been merely paraphrased. The bibliographies—useful, but far from thorough—of the original are not to be found in the present volumes; and further annotations might suitably have been supplied from the more recent literature of the subject. What we have here, nevertheless, reads very well, and one must be thankful for even four-fifths of the loaf.

The English Catholic Revival is, of course, the classic work in its special field. In fact, it is the only work in any language which traces, from a cultured and scholarly Catholic standpoint, the history of the great movement which transformed Anglicanism and helped to restore Catholicism in England. The late Wilfrid Ward's masterly volumes on his great father, W. G. Ward, and his splendid biographical and critical studies in Newman are of priceless worth to the student, but M. Thureau-Dangin was the first, and remains the only writer, who attempted to record, step by step and in the minutest detail, the simultaneous development of High Church Anglicanism and Catholicism in England from the beginnings of the Oxford Movement in 1833. Making scholarly use of the vast, and not infrequently, vivid literature in book and pamphlet form which this ecclesiastical revolution brought into being, the author has written an historical work of cardinal value. This book is perhaps the most significant example of the keen interest taken by French investigators in the English social and ecclesiastical history of later times: an interest which has resulted

in those indispensable Newman studies from the pens of Bremond and Dimnet. No Catholic library worthy of the name can afford to be without M. Thureau-Dangin's masterly book, and every student of history has cause to be grateful for this workmanlike chronicle.

INTIMATE PAGES OF MEXICAN HISTORY. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: George H. Doran Co.

It is easy for a diplomatic chronicle to be dry, and still easier for it to be frivolous. The author of these "Intimate Pages" has, in happy fashion, avoided both extremes. Her stage setting, as superb a one, pictorially, as any century or clime has provided, is cleverly utilized. The principals emerge, play their parts—mostly with attendant violence, which is no fault of the writer, but due, rather, to inexorable fact operating in a tropical environment—and stalk out majestically into the engulfing darkness of the night.

It is fortuitous that a person of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's clarity of vision should have appeared to tell the American public the bitter truth regarding the attitude of the Administration towards its neighbor across the Rio Grande. It has, of course, been told before, but the present work sets forth with disconcerting realism the final evidence in the case.

The rapier of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's wit flashes sharply, puncturing now and again the bubble of our Anglo-Saxon self-sufficiency. There are, too, passages that are indicative of a delicate perception of values and broad mental grasp.

From all of which it will be gathered that the book under discussion is decidedly worth while.

THE OLD HUMANITIES AND THE NEW SCIENCE. By Sir William Osler. With Introduction by Harvey Cushing. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

Dr. Osler affects the parenthesis greatly, and at times his breaks are very awkward. Of the sixty-four pages composing his address, eighteen are expended before he comes to grips with his subject. These opening pages deal mainly with the War and its aspects. He coolly admits that professors sinned against the light; that he himself denounced reprisals in 1916, but two years later he had become an ordinary barbarian. And he sees no need whatsoever to extenuate, much less to justify such surprising admissions.

In the development of his subject he speaks with flippant sneer of Rabanus Maurus and Vincent of Beauvais, of Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas. Did he really read these old

scholastics? And granting that he did dip into them, did he really understand them? Such highly technical authors are not to be mastered in armchair study while smoking a cigar. As against the doctor, we should like to quote the opinion of two modern non-Catholic scholars, Sanday and Headlam. In their commentary on the *Romans*, these writers speak of "the immense intellectual power displayed" by St. Thomas in his expositions of St. Paul. (International Critical Com. *Romans*, p. cii.)

A few pages further on Dr. Osler quotes with approval a writer, who holds up to ridicule the Middle Ages. But we know from the admirable and illuminating studies of Dr. Walsh, that even in medicine and science the Middle Ages surpassed other centuries. He states that the Archbishop of Paris was butchered at the altar by the Commune. Pardon us, doctor! In England they butcher archbishops at the altar, *v. g.*, St. Thomas à Becket. But they have not advanced so far in France—yet; Archbishop Darboy after some weeks' imprisonment was shot at Roquette, May 24, 1871.

The conclusion is that an eminent medico, even with a generous dose of *litteræ humaniores*, is not qualified to lecture on mediævalism, philosophy and history.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ATONEMENT. By L. W. Grensted. Manchester: At the University Press. \$3.75.

Three hundred and seventy-two small pages is a meagre canvas on which to sketch the development of a doctrine through twenty centuries. And more than once it hinders Mr. Grensted from doing justice to the authors expounded, and even to himself. Certain chapters make thorny reading through over-compression, and we doubt very much whether ordinary students will either appreciate or assimilate their condensed learning. The author endeavors to be impartial, and his pages are virgin of the fantastic Biblical exegesis which so often deforms and spoils non-Catholic theological work.

An interesting field of inquiry, which he touches more than once, but does not enlarge upon, is the influence of judicial and political ideas on the statement of dogma. For instance, the Fathers, particularly the early Latin Fathers, whose lives were molded by Roman Law, envisaged the problem *Cur Deus Homo* under a different angle from St. Anselm, who lived under Feudal Rule. And again, the theologians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, nurtured under another polity, embrace a still different angle from the great saint and metaphysician of the eleventh century.

Mr. Grensted is fairly full in his treatment of the mediæval theologians. He seems to have a leaning towards Scotus, and a slight bias against St. Thomas. Suarez and his contemporaries are not named. Modern Catholic theologians are barely mentioned, and neither Franzelin nor Billot is of the number. Even Rivière is quoted only incidently and at second-hand; while the remarkable positive studies of Tixeront, Turmel, Prat, are nowhere considered.

THE REPORT OF THE SEYBERT COMMISSION ON SPIRITUALISM. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50 net.

THE MENACE OF SPIRITUALISM. By Elliott O'Donnell. With Foreword by Father Bernard Vaughn, S.J. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50 net.

SPIRITISM: THE MODERN SATANISM. By Thomas F. Coakley. Chicago: The Extension Press. \$1.25 net.

In these three books one has a strong indictment of that very fascinating, but very dangerous, cult to which the recent visit of Sir Oliver Lodge to our shores gave such a lamentable impetus. The J. B. Lippincott Company has done a real service in the interest of social sanity in reissuing at this time the scholarly report of the famous Seybert Commission appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to investigate Modern Spiritualism. One cannot read the report of the séances held by this Commission with famous mediums without experiencing a feeling of disgust at the nauseating fraud which the Commission exposed again and again.

Mr. Elliott O'Donnell's work also shows how great a menace Spiritualism is. The author writes with such intense earnestness that one wonders whether he has not himself been a sufferer from the dangers of Spiritism against which he so successfully warns others.

Dr. Coakley, in *Spiritism, the Modern Satanism*, points out that the real goal of this modern revival of ancient necromancy is the destruction of Christianity. Sir A. Conan Doyle's diabolical efforts in this line are so patent that the real aim of the movement can escape only the willfully blind. Dr. Coakley's triumphant refutation of Spiritism's fantastic claim that "Christ was a Medium" is especially commendable. Not alone does the author riddle Spiritism's ridiculous distortions of the New Testament narrative, but he brings out in a most striking and impressive way the supreme worth of the Christ, the Son of God.

This trilogy of books will do excellent service against the "freaks, frauds, and fiends" of Spiritism.

THE LOGIC OF LOURDES. By John J. Clifford, S.J. New York: The America Press. \$1.00.

The miracles of Lourdes as a divine confirmation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; hence, by process of logic, a divine confirmation of all Catholic doctrines, since all are indissolubly united; and, finally, the whole interpreted as the testimony of God to the Infallibility of the Church of Rome: this is the substance of Father Clifford's valuable little book. The author dwells upon the meticulous care employed by the medical authorities at Lourdes in authenticating the cures, making rejection of them impossible to all but indomitably prejudiced minds. The inevitable conclusions to be drawn from these premises he reaches by close, direct reasoning, presented in an agreeably informal style that is easy to follow. It is a forcible, effective piece of writing; truly, as its publishers say of it, "an ideal book to put into the hands of the skeptical."

THE STORY OF HILDEBRAND, ST. GREGORY VII. By E. Wilmot Buxton. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.50.

A difficult task has been successfully accomplished in compressing into small space a comprehensive study of the life and times of the mighty Hildebrand. Brief as is the content, nothing essential in that intensely dramatic history has been lost. The turbulent, complex period is graphically depicted, as are also the nature and vastness of the problems that confronted the Pope, and the splendor of his achievements; while his personality, and that of his devoted supporter, the "knightly" Countess Matilda of Tuscany, stand forth in vivid colors.

The author shows again what was apparent in her admirable *Book of English Martyrs*, a literary faculty that enables her to be concise and interesting at the same time. Place should be given to the present work in all parish libraries.

REYNARD THE FOX. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Masefield has already written much beautiful verse. *The Dauber* is one of the two greatest sea-poems in English; *August, 1914*, is a permanent possession of the language; and in many of his later sonnets the poet speaks with magistral voice. Indeed, it may fairly be maintained that, as time goes on, Mr. Masefield grows in artistic stature, and, on the whole, *Reynard the Fox* represents the highest level its author has yet attained. To be sure there are now and then the weird rhymes which we have resignedly come to accept as the thorn inseparably connected with the Masefield rose, but they are notably less frequent than in

any other of his longer narrative poems. More than once, too, he is, as it seems to the present reviewer, needlessly and affectedly, archaic in his diction; and it must be confessed that not a few of the lines owe their presence in the poem to the dire necessity of filling out a rhyme, and to nothing else. But it is not the blemishes that remain with the reader when he has laid down this wonderful book. The final, the persistent impression is one of glorious verve and instancy—and beauty, always beauty.

Reynard the Fox narrates the finest fox-hunt in all literature, and the opening passage presents a marvelous portrait-gallery of English country types from squire to stable-boy: a group which recalls irresistibly the immortal *Prologue* of Mr. Masefield's princely master in the art of narrative poetry. But the pupil lacks the magnificent suavity, the hearty haleness, the gusty April freshness, the universal humanity of Chaucer. And there is here a brooding vagueness of pity, a contemporary "sensibility," which is the antithesis of Chaucerian. In Mr. Masefield's poetry there is an excess of what one may call the Mr. Gummage element, the element of delicious vidual melancholy. But then he suffers from the tremendous handicap of living and writing in the muddle, not the Middle Ages.

THE WAY OF WONDER. By May Doney. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.

Miss Doney's charming book of verses should, but for an unhappy oversight, have had earlier mention in these pages. For it is, as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch says in his introduction, "packed with the true stuff of poetry." It is colorful and musical, tender, and mystical in its insight into life. This mysticism, to be sure, is chiefly concerned with sacramentalizing human love. For this reason it is rather absurd to find the "jacket" of the little volume comparing Miss Doney with that proud poet of the *natural man*, Walt Whitman; for her desire to voice the feminine side of Patmore's love-philosophy would seem quite obvious. Her pages are, in fact, saturated with this philosophy; although when she turns from it momentarily, as in such devotional poems as "The Little Door," or in such really exquisite nature pieces as "Seraphim Flowers" or "To a Naked Tree" she achieves things rarely fine.

There will be found in Miss Doney's work that tranquil joy in life—above all, in love—that childlike union with the designs of the good God, which have made fragrant much of Katharine Tynan's poetry. If it errs at all, it is on the side of over-sweetness—in a possible excess of such delightful words as *dear*, and such delightful things as *kisses!*

MEMORIES OF MY SON, SERGEANT JOYCE KILMER. By Annie Kilburn Kilmer. New York: Brentano's.

None has been more widely mourned than Joyce Kilmer, among all that heavy toll the War took of young men whose literary gifts made their loss personal to very many whose acquaintance did not extend beyond the printed word. Each new memorial of him has increased this sense of intimate sorrow, which reaches the summit upon reading the present work. Mrs. Kilmer's book, dedicated "to the mothers who mourn with a proud heart for their sons who gave their lives for honor's sake," is the exceedingly touching record of an ideally beautiful relationship, a playful, tender, close comradeship, unchanged by life's changes, unarméd, even by that which is too often a source of bitterness and alienation, the son's submission to Rome. That this last is true, is a tribute to the mother no less than the son, for her gesture is fine and generous. "As for me, I bless the day when he became a Catholic," she says, though herself remaining a member of the Anglican communion, in which he had lost interest for several years preceding his conversion.

More than half the content consists of his letters to her, ranging from 1906 to June 28, 1918—the last. It is a privilege to read them. The nearer knowledge of him that they give intensifies sympathy for the bereaved mother, while we recall and echo Father Duffy's words: "God rest his dear and gallant soul."

THE ORDEAL OF MARK TWAIN. By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

It was once said of a brilliant young American, who aspired to a certain Government position, that he "would first talk himself into it, and then talk himself out of it;" a prediction, indeed, which came true. We venture to say that looking backward from the vantage point of another twenty-five years this will be, in the main, the case of Mark Twain and the reading public.

A considerable portion of Mr. Brooks's work, which, *en passant*, is not only a subtle psychological study of one of the most prominent figures in the life of the past century, but also a valuable acquisition to the essay realm of American history, is devoted to answering the question: Was Mark Twain a great artist? The answer given in these pages is that of a born artist, craving expression, yet going through life without the courage to claim his inheritance. Twice in his life, however, the artistic instinct found an outlet: first, when he was a pilot on the Mississippi, and again, when he wrote *Huckleberry Finn*, which, as Mr. Brooks happily puts it, "flies like a gay, bright, shining arrow through

the tepid atmosphere of American literature." For the rest, his inner history was that of "the eternal conflict of Huckleberry Finn and Aunt Polly playing itself out to the end in the theatre of Mark Twain's soul!"

Mark Twain never succeeded in emancipating himself from the spell worked upon him—to lifelong detriment—by the barren environment of childhood days. The gloomy loveless atmosphere of home; the conformity to narrow social type, characteristic of the pioneer life of the fifties and sixties; most of all, the Calvinistic theology of the time, with its abhorrence of anything resembling joy, whether spiritual or otherwise—all conspired to blight budding genius. At the height of his fame, Mark Twain took up his residence in the very precincts, so to speak, of Calvinism's shrine. An Evangelical parson could scarcely have brought a heavier indictment of æsthetic barrenness against the Puritan system than has the author of this *Ordeal*. But he does not entirely grasp the fact that the Calvinism of the Middle West and the Calvinism of Hartford, Connecticut, were identical; whatever differences they might seem to exhibit were, like beauty in the ancient saw, but "skin deep."

And what of Mark Twain's humor? We rejoice that at last someone has had the courage to stand up before the world and declare it for what it, or much of it, really was. "To degrade beauty, to debase distinction and thus to simplify the life of the man with an eye single to the main chance—that, one would almost say, is the general tendency of Mark Twain's humor." Speaking for ourselves, it has always seemed to us incomprehensible that men and women of cultivated taste should have given such unstinted applause to a book like *Innocents Abroad*, with its coarse jibes against things which one-fifth of the author's fellow-countrymen hold sacred; a book which has perhaps done more than any other, unless it be Dickens' *Child's History of England*, to poison the non-Catholic mind at the source.

Then, after much material success, two or three really great works and two or three more of tender beauty, such as *The Prince and the Pauper* and *Joan of Arc*, there came the end. Samuel Clemens had once said: "Outside influences, outside circumstances, wind the man and regulate him. Left to himself, he wouldn't get regulated at all, and the sort of time he would keep would not be valuable." At all events, he himself had lived true to the dictum. He had allowed circumstances, people, the needs of the moment, to regulate him, and the artist in him remained, for the most part, inarticulate. His appeal was primarily to rudimentary minds; the real Twain, the Twain who longed for self-

expression but shrank from the hardships it involved, brooded silently or vented itself in savage and sporadic outbursts. This is the thesis maintained by Mr. Brooks, and one with which we are much inclined to agree.

OLD PLYMOUTH TRAILS. By Winthrop Packard. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Mr. Packard has a deal of the poet about him; he has a mystical reverence for the geography as well as for the history of Colonial Massachusetts. Most of all, he loves Cape Cod; he can see romance even in the Cape's sand dunes.

His book is a series of sketches, some purely descriptive of the natural wonders of the Cape and the nooks and crannies of Plymouth town, many lightened with bits and scraps of native humor or poetic reverie. Not that the purely descriptive parts are heavy; they are pleasantly light, too, in their way, smooth flowing and full of nature lore. One feels that Mr. Packard's love for his "native heath" is catching.

The publication of *Old Plymouth Trails* at this time is singularly appropriate in view of the recent tercentenary celebration of the coming of the Pilgrims. Every New Englander who knows the Cape will feel that Mr. Packard's defence of Mrs. Heman's "stern and rockbound coast" is entirely justifiable.

A COMMENTARY ON THE NEW CODE OF CANON LAW. Vol. IV. By Rev. P. Charles Augustine, O.S.B. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50 net.

Father Augustine has at last brought his excellent commentary to a close. In Volume IV., he treats of the sacraments and sacramentals, and canons, 726 to 1,153, contained in Book III. of the Code on Administrative Law (*De Rebus*). In the briefest possible manner the law is set forth, clearly explained, and references given in the footnotes to special decrees of the congregations, bulls, and letters of the Popes, canonists and theologians of note, etc.

JESUS' PRINCIPLES OF LIVING. By Charles F. Kent and Jeremiah W. Jenks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

These dozen sermonettes breathe the spirit of modern Protestantism, which is busily engaged in setting aside the divinity of Jesus, while at the same time it calls upon people to follow Him. The book abounds in beautiful platitudes about the use of wealth, the evil of divorce, the need of an honest press and the obligations of citizenship—but it nowhere states the inability of

the Protestant Churches to teach and enforce their teaching with a divine sanction. In fact, we are asked: "Why is the dogmatic method even more dangerous in the field of religion than of natural science?"

BORN OF THE CRUCIBLE. By Charles Cleveland Cohan. Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.75.

This is a clean-cut, interesting tale of mining conditions in the West. The author is Associate Editor of *The Butte Miner*, and knows at first hand the labor situation in the Montana copper mines. His hero is an ordinary worker, who by his pluck and energy succeeds in winning not only a fortune, but the daughter of his employer as well. The inner workings of the I. W. W. are laid bare, and the socialistic agitators making for chaos in America are estimated at their proper value.

ABBOTSCOURT. By John Ayscough. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

This is a charming story of a beautiful Anglo-Irish girl, Eleanor Abbot, who survives a disreputable and poverty-stricken father and his even more disreputable and poverty-stricken son, is offered a home with a minister, her distant cousin, and though a Catholic, begins swiftly to disarm the distrust of her Protestant kinsfolk. Over-sensitive as Eleanor is, she gives up her guardian's house, intending to earn a living for herself. But a nervous breakdown interferes, which careful nursing (and love) combat with distinct success. The story is rather an episode than a novel and the characters are little more than sketches. They are reminiscent of the author's earlier novels, and indeed the volume shows unmistakably that his literary forebears were Jane Austin, Mrs. Gaskell, and Miss Mitford. There is something delicately feminine about John Ayscough's handling of his theme, his humor, his almost imperceptible irony. *Abbotscourt* cannot be called a great book, nor would its author claim such a distinction for it. But it is worth reading for its style, its purity, and for that fragrance as of lavender and old lace which permeates its pages.

HAPPY HOUSE. By Jane D. Abbott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott Co. \$1.60.

In this story for girls, of girls just stepping from college life to their various careers in the world, the lesson conveyed by success or ill success is an emphatic one: selfishness or self-seeking never reaches its aim. We regret that deception plays such an important part in the plot. Nevertheless, and setting this aside, the story is well told and interesting, and will amply repay

the reading. Many silly views are scored, snobbishness snubbed, worth appraised, and even the mistaken judgments of nigh half a century set right, and all without preaching. One's common-sense is somewhat taxed by such wholesale pleasant happenings, but anything so prosaic is out of place in *Happy House*. Spite of the college halo, two out of the three girls devote themselves to ordinary careers, while the one who planned the heroism of going to Russia, was sent back as too young—let us hope to learn wisdom with her years.

TWENTY-FIVE OFFERTORIES. By Joseph Vranken. Score 80 cents; voice parts 40 cents.

O SACRUM CONVIVIUM. By L. Viadana. Arranged for mixed chorus by Deems Taylor. 12 cents net. New York: J. Fischer & Brother.

In these two works, we have compositions answering to the demands of the *Motu Proprio* on church music. The first named work contains Offertories for the principal feasts of the year for voices in unison. The second is arranged for four mixed voices. Both works are written in strict liturgical style, and should commend themselves to organists and choir-masters, who are interested in pure church music. The first work is especially fitted to choirs who have not mastered the Gregorian Offertories, yet desire to correspond with the wishes of the Church, that the parts of the "Proper" of the Mass be sung. The second work is a beautiful composition with rich harmony, most appropriate for devotional services such as Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

IRELAND A NATION. By Robert Lynd. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The author of this cold, clear-headed, logical statement of facts concerning the problem of Ireland's right to national independence is an Orangeman, a North of Ireland Protestant, and at present the literary editor of the London *Daily News*. The author himself characterizes the book as "a cold-blooded appeal to reason on behalf of Irish nationality." It is devoid of all appearances of sentimentality, yet the very calmness with which the argument is followed gives a force to the book which passion itself could hardly sustain. It is a book of the utmost value for those to whom an appeal on behalf of Ireland's nationality coming from a Catholic source, or from any source unfriendly to the cause of the Allies in the World War, would be repugnant, or at least, highly suspicious. Mr. Lynd was pro-Ally during the War and, at the same time, pro-republican as concerns Ireland. To him the problem seems one of simple statesmanship. This is a fundamental

assumption upon which his book is built, and he quotes General Smuts at the outset as follows: "In Paris our statesmen have dealt with racial problems, like that of Ireland, and in every way as difficult as the Irish problem. They may not shrink from applying to Ireland the same medicine that they have applied to Bohemia and many another part of Europe." In this spirit the author marshal his facts and arguments to show that the Irish question is a world problem, and that there is no chance for a successful end to the world war against war, and for the establishment of a League of Nations, unless Ireland be given full rights and self-determination. To prove his case, he first sketches the salient points of Irish history, and claims that Ireland is a nation of individual genius comparable to Poland and other nations liberated at the Peace Treaty in Paris. He next gives a concise yet adequate account of Sinn Fein, and affords an illuminating explanation of the Rebellion of 1916. He scores a strong point by saying that the British Government in minimizing the danger of the revolt, but at the same time dealing out savage reprisals against its leaders, did more to make the revolt a success from the point of view of propaganda than possibly any other factor. He then discusses Ireland's record in the World War, showing that during the time when the Irish people put their faith in the British Government's promise to establish Home Rule, Ireland gave more volunteers to the Allied Armies in proportion to her population than Canada did. He then treats the Ulster question and makes out a strong case to prove that the so-called federal solution of the Irish question is impossible as a substitute for self-determination. There are vivid character sketches of typical figures in the Irish movement, and an interesting chapter dealing with distinctive elements in Irish literature. All in all, the book is a very competent, short view of the apparently complex yet, after all, fundamentally simple problem of Irish independence.

MASS IN F. ("Regina Pacis.") By Nicola A. Motani. Boston: The Boston Music Co. 60 cents.

The author of this composition, the latest and one of the best among the modern Masses of a strictly liturgical character, has made it possible for the congregation to take an integral part in the singing of church music. Certain parts of each of the divisions of the "Common" of the Mass are composed expressly to be sung by the congregation. This is a new and a very praiseworthy feature. The Mass is so composed that it can be sung either by men's or mixed voices, by school children, or by choir and congregation. It will not put a severe tax upon any choir

that makes any pretensions to serious work. It is composed along lines laid down by the authorities on church music. Its directness and innocence of any but a pure melodic appeal, gives it a decided church flavor. The accompaniment has the tuneful fullness and harmonic interest, the flavor and style, which a composition of the kind should demand and, in this instance, has secured.

AN IRISHMAN LOOKS AT HIS WORLD. By George A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00 net.

In the very extensive literature which is springing up around Ireland in these days, the works of the Rev. George A. Birmingham, a Dean of the Anglican Church of Ireland, are gaining a place; not, perhaps, near the head of the list, but certainly well up among the books which entertainingly and in a spirit of good humor depict the personal observations and experiences of their authors. It is true that on the great issue in Ireland, the Rev. Mr. Birmingham takes apparently a rather Laodicean attitude. He is not aflame with that determined patriotism which burns in the souls of so many other Irish writers of today. He has applied, on the contrary, his own rather detached, yet pleasantly sympathetic spirit, and the wit and knowledge of human nature that have gone to the making of his novels, to a study of his fellow-Irishmen, and with laudable results. The Laodicean attitude which characterizes Dean Birmingham is nowhere more strikingly apparent than in the chapter in which he deals with the innermost soul of Ireland, her religion. "The few among us that stand outside of the churches altogether," he writes, "who view religion with cool dispassionate eyes, say that it is well for us that we are as we are." In fairness to the author, it must be said that he does not place himself among these few altogether aloof observers of religion, who "hold that all churches are equally useful, and see in our simple faith and ready obedience a safeguard against revolution and violent change." Nevertheless, the words indicate something of the author's own attitude. To him it seems quite certain that not only Catholicism, but Protestantism is a native and perdurable element in the Irish character. Being himself alien to the Faith of which Protestantism is but a pale, and withering, and sadly anæmic straggler, of course it is difficult for Dean Birmingham to appreciate the power of the religion which is truly a native and permanent possession of by far the greater number of the Irish people. All in all, however, the book is a substantial addition to the multiplying volumes which are relating the many-sided story of the Island of the Saints.

THE RED CONSPIRACY. By Joseph J. Mereto. New York: The National Historical Society. \$2.00 net.

This work aims to show that Socialism, even as preached in this country, is incipient Bolshevism. Its pages constitute a veritable mine of concrete information, replete with historical data extending close to the threshold of the present. One plainly observes that the author has been working, not solely in the quietude of his study, but also in the noisy, living laboratory of social activity.

While feeling a profound anxiety for the removal of all violations of distributive justice, the writer aims to show that Socialism, instead of being the remedy, is nothing short of conspiracy against existing institutions. From multitudinous sources he has garnered statements bearing upon the aspirations and ructions of the Russian revolutionists. As the heart of the reader begins to overflow with a deep detestation of the far-off excesses described, a sharp sense of nearby danger arises through a diagnosis of the radical tendencies that have been smoldering right at home. High-percentage Socialism is analyzed in such a manner as to show that more than a long-distance overthrow of the government is part of the plan. Debs, Hillquit, Nearing, Spargo, Ross, Berger, and a host of others are given verbatim space, along with innumerable quotations from Socialistic books, pamphlets and papers, for the purpose of pointing out that a radical movement is aiming to capture college, press and politics as a means of demolishing our modern economic and governmental edifices. With due allowance for those who affiliate themselves with Socialism chiefly as a ballot protest against prevailing social injustice, the quotations are marshaled in such a manner as to fortify the proposition laid down by Mr. Martin Conboy, who appeared before the New York Assembly Judiciary Committee on March 4, 1920, when he is reported to have said: "The Socialist Party of America is not a loyal organization, disgraced occasionally by the traitorous act of a member, but a disloyal party composed of perpetual traitors."

The Red Conspiracy argues that the disloyalty in question vigorously and unceasingly assails religion, the race, the family and the basic interests of the worker. The last chapter points to the pressing need of a literary and vocal reprisal against the destructive errors of Socialism. The author is an untiring reader of the outpourings of the press. For conservative ends he has caught the spirit of enthusiasm manifested by the radicals. At times his mode of expression, especially when warmed by patriotism, has all the red glow of the fiery language with which the

revolutionists attempt to burn their principles into the minds of others. In timeliness he succeeds to the extent of including an appendix that deals with the National Convention of the Socialist Party, held in May, 1920. The publishers have displayed special industry by standing ready to supply chapters, and parts of chapters, of the book in pamphlet and leaflet form.

THE HIDDEN SANCTUARY. Doctrinal Studies by Rev. Jesse Brett, L.Th. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.

This is a work on the mystical life of the soul by a minister of the Anglican Church, who has studied with understanding and appreciation the writings of St. John of the Cross and other great mystics of the Catholic Church. It is quite Catholic in tone and attitude, a fact emphasized by the frontispiece—the traditional picture of St. Catherine of Siena. *The Hidden Sanctuary* is the place of union between God and the soul. The approach to this holy of holies is through the courts of sacrifice and of prayer.

To those acquainted with the works of Catholic writers on the spiritual life this volume will not furnish any new information. Nevertheless it is well written, with a charm of its own and breathes the spirit of one intensely in earnest about the mystical life. Intended, no doubt, for those of his own faith who are desirous of leading a more interior life, it should prove of no small assistance. Because of the close connection between the *lex orandi* and the *lex credendi*, all sincere attempts at participation in Catholic devotional life should help to promote doctrinal growth, hence we welcome books like the above.

ADVENTURES AND ENTHUSIASMS. By E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Co.

If, as Montaigne believes, the *essai* is an attempt to discover what we think, then there is but one conclusion: the world must produce essays in proportion to the number of its thinkers, a very vast collection one likes to imagine. And yet of all these essayists, who, we may flatter ourselves, do exist, very few are sufficiently gifted to delight by their irresponsible thoughts upon this or that every day trifle, readers delighted to hang upon their whimsies. It is, perhaps, trite to say that whenever such a one as Mr. E. V. Lucas does appear, he deserves the enthusiasm he creates. There is in him renewed that human quality of the author of *Imperfect Sympathies*. His admiration of Lamb has developed a possibly unconscious reproduction of the facetious charm of his predecessor, for which we are grateful since it

enables us to see our own foibles as vividly as our ancestors could behold theirs a hundred years ago. Idiosyncrasies, however delightfully dwelt upon since then, have lacked till now the leisurely grace of Lamb. The knowing nonchalance of Mr. Lucas is a thing apart from the seriousness of the *Upton Letters*; still less, for all his literary capers, is it to be compared with Mr. Chesterton's veiled philosophy.

Held firm in the grasp of this wizard of words, we smile whether we will or no. But could any one withhold laughing sympathy from him who sees in the mosquito the true Italian question? How very few of us as visitors have not felt that "to be a really good guest and at ease under alien roofs it is necessary, I suspect, to have no home ties of one's own; certainly to have no very tyrannical habits." We are just as irresistibly drawn toward a study of John Leech, Thackeray's school fellow. However varied the interests of Mr. Lucas, they become our own.

TOWARDS THE DAWN. By Conor Galway. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.00.

The turmoil in Ireland is reflected not only in the newspapers, but also in current literature. Novels and short stories, together with much poetry, are appearing in Ireland and in this country, which reflect or make use of Irish conditions and problems for the purpose of propaganda or of art. Among these new novels, *Toward the Dawn* is a notable example of the story teller's art applied to the delineation of a nation's woes. Although not steeped in the bitterness of spirit and the almost hopeless atmosphere which pervades another characteristic recent Irish novel, *The Wasted Island*, Conor Galway's story is surcharged with the powerful emotions and the perplexing problems which make Ireland today a storm centre of all the world. *Towards the Dawn* has an especial value for those who desire to acquaint themselves with the human elements in the Irish situation in that it takes for its field the Ulster situation—or, rather the particular problem connected with Ulster which is connoted by the bigotry of the Orange element. This problem is concentrated in the relations between Dymphna Donnelly, "a little black North girl," who is the heroine of the story, and her two suitors, Seumas Gallagher, the Irish Nationalist, and Sydney Hamilton, a Presbyterian Unionist. The almost incredible rancor and stubborn hatred which are bred in the souls of a minority of the Ulster people against Catholics and the idea of Ireland as a nation is powerfully depicted, and is shown to be the most potent factor in precipitating the shameful repudiation of the Home Rule Bill by the British

Government, which was the prime cause in goading the younger Nationalists into the Easter Rebellion, and in bringing about the present situation in Ireland, where nearly eighty per cent of the people are supporting the Irish Republic. Pleasantly written and containing some excellent character drawings, *Towards the Dawn* is likely to prove a distinct success.

ADVENTURES PERILOUS. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. London: Sands & Co. \$1.80 net.

Said a friend of ours who, having picked up the book from our study table, became so absorbed in it as to be oblivious of surroundings until the last page was turned: "Why, it 'carries on' just like a dime novel!" In one sense the readable little volume could have no higher praise. Whatever might be said of the much abused "dime novel" of a past generation the charge of dullness could never be brought against it.

Well, Wilmot-Buxton has gone the dime novel one better; and has taken a real bit of human history, "the story of that faithful and courageous priest of God, Father John Gerard, S.J., who, after a life of adventure and many hair-breadth escapes, came at last into a place of peace," and set it down on the printed page in a way to captivate the adolescent imagination and kindle its generous enthusiasm.

More power, then, to that gifted school of which the author of *Adventures Perilous* is a distinguished member, that is striving with conspicuous success to bring home to English Catholic minds the preciousness of their heritage of blood and tears and persecution. May God raise up for us here in America writers who shall, in like fashion, tell our youth of their spiritual heroes, the priest-pioneers of forest, river and plain.

THE OLD FREEDOM. By Francis Neilson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

So many new schemes of deliverance from the tyrannies of modern political and economic organization have been offered in recent years that a call for "the old freedom" is an unwonted cry. The "Old Freedom" is to the author the day of the land-free man, the day when the early English state was a community of freemen living in homesteads and meeting in folk-moots, which were the true embodiment of democracy. At present the State is occupied with endless "non-essential reforms," by which it seeks to secure minimum wages, compensation to injured workers, housing reforms, and the like, without giving any real satisfaction to the workers because their one fundamental grievance is left

untouched. A statement of Mr. Schwab is quoted and repeated many times over, that "the only foundation upon which our prosperity can permanently rest is the economic use of everything," which is interpreted and applied by the author to include the use of land and all natural resources. Political democracy, he says, can have no permanent value unless accompanied by equality of economic opportunity, which involves for every man "a right to use the earth, the only source from which he can draw his sustenance." To secure this right to each citizen the State must take the full monopoly value of land and free industry from the burden of taxation at present imposed upon it.

Forcible as is Mr. Neilson's indictment of the present economic system and of the various false remedies in the form of Socialism or of Syndicalism offered to the public, his own constructive proposals are lacking in sufficient definiteness to inspire confidence. Undoubtedly, taxation of the full monopoly value of land would be highly beneficial in Great Britain, where the peasant is still for the most part a tenant farmer or dependent laborer; but it is not so clear how Mr. Neilson's restatement of Henry George's remedy would meet the existing situation in the United States. The present industrial unrest is a much larger problem than any rare scheme of taxation could solve, though there is no doubt that the release of the natural resources of the country, forests, water-power, oil, and minerals, from monopolistic control would be a great gain.

THE WAY OF BEAUTY. By Sister Agnes Mason, C.H.F. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.

The high and noble purpose of this book is to clarify the idea of beauty, to elevate the taste, to make beauty a ruling motive of life, and to find through beauty God in everything. The writer, a member of the Anglican Community of the Holy Family, is a pupil of the school of Ruskin, emphasizing the demands of taste with the moral vehemence that accompanies our discussions of conscience. She indeed recognizes that beauty does not always lead heavenwards and quotes with approval Professor Henry Sidgwick, distinguishing between the ideas of beauty and of moral goodness, but in general throughout the book taste or the right feeling for beauty is almost given the place of conscience or the directive and impelling norm of goodness. "Crimes against beauty," she says, "are plain sins, just as lying and stealing." Bad taste is annoying and even a torture, but it is not sinful, and exaggerated statements of this kind defeat the good purpose of the author.

Plato is said to have confused the good and the beautiful, and there are still many who do not properly distinguish love or the tendency to good from taste or the right appreciation of the beautiful. It is a fallacy akin to that of the educationalists who think that to know is to will and that knowledge is virtue. Virtue and morality belong to volition, which has freedom and can sin. The taste of beauty, like the knowledge of truth, belongs to cognition, which has not the freedom of the will, and so a fault of taste is not a moral fault.

Sister Agnes Mason has some excellent passages on the diversity of tastes, on the nature of ugliness, and on the cost of beauty, and for these her book is well worth reading. Her philosophy of beauty, however, is so eclectic and inclusive that her practical deductions are not only strained in part, as has been shown, but seem at times to have little connection with her definitions. Had she included Aquinas among her philosophers she would have learned that good belongs to the final causes, which motivate action, and that beauty belongs to the formal causes, which perfect a thing in its kind; that love, actuated by good, is kinetic and tends outward until it is united with its loved object, whereas taste, actuated by beauty, is static, and is arrested and satisfied in the very act of contemplation. The way of beauty may grace the way of love, may in certain instances lead to the way of love, but it can never take the place of the way of love.

FRENCH LITERATURE OF THE GREAT WAR. By Albert Schinz. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00 net.

Mr. Schinz has compiled a very interesting and scholarly account of French War Literature. Between his text and his notes few books of any real importance can have escaped his patient gleanings. In his First Part he considers, (a) The Period of Emotion, *i. e.*, immediately after the bursting of the avalanche; (b) The Period of Documentation; (c) The Period of Philosophical and Political Considerations.

The Second Part of his book is devoted to Poetry, Drama and Fiction. Among the war novels he singles out for special praise René Benjamin's *Gaspard*. He does not hesitate to assert that *Gaspard* will remain a permanent type in French literature like Daudet's *Tartarin* or Hugo's *Gavroche*. No less generous is his praise of a book describing the epic doings of the French merchant marine. No one, he says, can afford to leave unread *L'Odyssée d' Un Transport Torpillé*, by Y——.

Charming reading, as elevating as it is interesting, is afforded

by Captain Palle's work, *Le Cran*. This officer was a knight-errant of charity, whose duty it was to relieve and comfort the needy. He had merely to write down his experiences and they do honor to human nature. They show that heroes and martyrs spring up by the score among the retired and poorer classes of society.

Neither poetry nor the drama seem to have risen to the height of the events they portray. But our critic signalizes the work of Zamacoïs, Verhaeren, Claudel and Mercier as worthy of notice.

The author in the appendices gives an abundant bibliography, not only in the strictly literary field, but in history, diaries and even journalism. Unless a reader desires to become a specialist in the subject, he will find in the present volume all he requires.

FLAPPERS AND PHILOSOPHERS, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). It is seldom that a publication of reprinted short stories justifies itself so well as in the present instance. The eight tales which form this collection mark an advance upon the author's novel, *This Side of Paradise*. To say this is not to swell the chorus of praise, whose extravagance does injustice to its object; it is only to acknowledge that here are to be found originality and variety, with imaginativeness of the exceptional order that needs not to seek remote, untrodden paths, but plays upon scenes and people within the radius of ordinary life. Moreover, Mr. Fitzgerald expresses himself in a manner that is in itself a pleasure. The book offers to busy readers entertainment that can be enjoyed with no aftermath of self-reproach for having wasted time.

FACTS OF THE FAITH, by H. S. Holland, D.D., D.Litt. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.). The late Canon Scott Holland was the greatest preacher in the Anglican Church since the death of Dean Church. He possessed (among many other lesser gifts) a profoundly spiritual nature, a subtle humor, a rich dower of imaginative sympathy, and a wide acquaintance with the best things in literature, ancient as well as modern. Above all, he had a most tender devotion to the personality of Christ and to the mystery of the Incarnation. His style is displayed to perfection in the great sermon—a modern classic—entitled "The Sower," which he published in his volume, *God's City*. In the preface to *Facts of the Faith*, a posthumously collected series of discourses, the Warden of Leddon House writes admirably of Holland's devotion and of his gift of expression.

YOUNG HEARTS, by J. E. Buckrose (New York: George H. Doran Co.). Mrs. Buckrose gives us another of her characteristic studies of English rural life, its central figures being a father and his two

daughters, young women of contrasting temperaments and principles. As usual with this author, her quiet manner covers and sustains a warm human interest; the environment is graphically pictured; the characters are drawn with an assured, vitalizing touch. That of the father, an unconscious egoist, is somewhat unduly elaborated, introducing matter that is superfluous, almost extraneous; and there is also an unwonted paucity of what Mrs. Buckrose has taught us to expect eagerly, her unique, delightful humor; but, though these considerations may debar the novel from the same measure of popularity attained by some of its predecessors, they do not render it other than readable and welcome.

IN *The Happy Shepherd* and *Lilies of His Love*, by Armel O'Connor (Ludlow, England: Mary's Meadow Press. 2s. net each) the author brings together some fifty pieces of verse, many of which have first appeared in our own pages and in those of *The Monk*, *Ave Maria*, *The New Witness*, etc. These delightfully fragrant little verses reënforce the fine impression already made by the author's previous collections, *Poems* and *The Exalted Valley*. They are full of the vitality and novelty and freshness of art, which a great critic, Mrs. Meynell, welcomed in an earlier book by Mr. O'Connor.

THE LUZUMIYAT OF ABU'L-ALA, by Ameen Rihani (New York: James T. White & Co.). Omar Khayyam, the candid publishers of this work instruct us in a preliminary puff, was beholden to Abu'l-Ala for much of his inspiration and a great deal of his poetical form. His views on the liquor question, however, remained unchanged despite his alleged discipleship to Abu'l-Ala, the Syrian poet, who was an enthusiastic prohibitionist. It appears that, to quote the publishers' elegant *ipsissima verba*, "this Syrian poet, who was the foremost literary figure of his time, was something of a 'knocker.' . . . He attacked the superstitions and false traditions of religion, proclaiming the supremacy of the mind." Abu'l-Ala means, we are told, "Father of the Sublime." The downward progression is easy—*facilis descensus*—and the Syrian person frequently makes it.

ANY suggestion touching upon the H. C. of L. is of vast importance just now. Because of under production and high prices, food conservation is imperative. Yet we are told that one half of all vegetables and fruit grown in this country rot upon the ground. Canning and shipping expenses increase the cost of the other half. Since all vegetable matter contains from sixty-five to ninety-six per cent water, great weight can be eliminated by extracting the water. *Dehydrating Foods*, by A. Louise Andrea (Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.75), tells of a method recently perfected, which will effect a revolution in the means and methods of food preservation. As distinguished from drying, it reduces the bulk of foods without destroying the flavoring, coloring or nutritive properties. The process used in America is far superior to

the European methods. All this and much more of lively interest may be gleaned from this timely volume by Mrs. Andrea, lecturer on food, cookery and canning at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, and the New York International Exposition. The book contains detailed instructions for home dehydration as well as numerous recipes.

FROM that unique household of Catholic writers at Mary's Meadow, Ludlow, England, comes a little book of children's stories, *Even Better*, the work of Mrs. Armel O'Connor's daughter, Catherine. This slight volume by a child of fourteen years gives brilliant promise. The book may be obtained from the author's mother (2s. net), but we are quaintly told a copy will be sent to anyone who cannot afford to buy it.

THE LIGHT OUT OF THE EAST, by S. R. Crockett (New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.90). Beyond the statement that this book has an effective style, there is little to be said about it. The author of that fine romance, *The Raiders*, forgot where his abilities lay and remembered that no less a literary light than Rudyard Kipling proclaimed the making of a tract to be a feat. Accordingly, he attempted a tract and *The Light Out of the East* is the result. But it is no feat. It is too obvious for that. The book concerns the Monk Christopher, who is elected Pope, and thereupon proclaims, if you please, the uselessness of the Church, wandering about Europe to preach his "doctrines," and finally from a remote place in the East uttering "wisdom" to the men who gather about him, until at last "the clouds receive him." The book is a thinly-veiled attack upon the Catholic Church, which Mr. Crockett was as incapable of understanding as his forebear in religion—John Knox.

THE GREAT MODERN AMERICAN SHORT STORIES (New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.00). This is an anthology to which the genial editor, the late William Dean Howells, contributes an interesting and reminiscent introduction. Some of the tales presented are universally accepted as American short story classics, such as Edward Everett Hale's "My Double and How He Undid Me," Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog," and Bret Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat." Charles Warren Stoddard's "A Prodigal in Tahiti" finds a place here, and for that one's heart warms to Mr. Howells. By including Ambrose Bierce's "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," he deserves praise, for the little-known Bierce has achieved a masterpiece in this tale of the Civil War. But some of the stories which are given a place cause one to wonder on what possible basis Mr. Howells made his choice. For, by no stretch of imagination or of indulgence, can half a dozen of them be called "great." Their inclusion might be comprehensible were it not for the brilliant tales which they displace. Mr. Howells' omissions are indeed decidedly more striking than his selections. Frank Stockton is represented, but not by "The Lady or the Tiger;" Thomas Bailey Aldrich,

but not by "Marjorie Daw." And one looks in vain for H. C. Bunner, Henry Harland, Grace King, Jack London, Margaret Deland, R. H. Davis, and that prince of all tellers of tales, O. Henry. The publishers' "blurb" in its encomium on Mr. Howells is excellent; in its confident assertion that this volume will "take its place as one of the standard anthologies in the English language," it illustrates the triumph of hope over critical judgment.

THE CHINESE COAT, by Jeanette Lee (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75). Eleanor More saw a gorgeous Chinese coat at a sale, and wanted to buy it, but couldn't. The years went on, and still she wanted it. She and her husband finally journeyed to far-away China, where after long search, she found it. A sweet, little story, charmingly told, and illustrating the lovable qualities of husband and wife.

THE STORY OF LIBERTY, by James Baldwin (New York: American Book Co.). A book supposedly written in honor of liberty "as exemplified in American institutions." The dishonesty and the purpose of the book may be known from these quotations with regard to our War for Independence: "England thought most of the need of unity; . . . the Colonists of their self-governing rights." And again: "The result was this unhappy war, which broke up the only family of free peoples that yet existed in the world."

FATHER TIM'S TALKS WITH PEOPLE HE MET, by Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C.S.S.R., Volume III. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.50). A pleasant volume, written in familiar vein, of talks on subjects such as "Absolution Refused," "Two Mixed Marriages," "Missing Mass," "The Lay Brother." The pegs upon which some of these talks hang are slender, but they would often be suitable for discussion in Sodality meetings, as well as classes for social study or for apologetics. They show a large and kindly knowledge of human nature.

THE CLASS-ROOM TEACHER, by G. D. Strayer and M. L. Engelhardt (New York: American Book Co.). By the title one would be led to expect that this volume would speak of methods leading to increased efficiency. The volume, however, is rather a technical method of registering and indexing data of every kind with regard to the children, their health conditions, ages, etc., that may come within the office of a principal of a school or head of a department. For such purposes it will be found to be very useful.

Recent Events.

Poland.

After several months of sporadic negotiation the Poles and the Bolsheviki finally signed a peace treaty at Riga on October 12th. This agreement, which is more in the nature of a preliminary peace treaty and armistice, is actually to become effective on October 18th at midnight, when hostilities are to cease. It is a peace of give and take, which those who have followed the course of events fear will not be very popular either with the Bolsheviki or the Poles. By the terms of the treaty Russia is to abate large territorial claims. Poland's eastern boundary is to run north and south from Latvia to Rumania, with the line passing well east of Minsk, Pinsk and Rovno. Thus Poland has confirmed to her most of the area which her armies held last March, before the beginning of the Soviet offensive. In the North, Lithuania is separated entirely from Russia, and her eastern boundary is to be fixed by further negotiations. East of Brest-Litovsk a large part of Podolia is taken over, and in the south a considerable segment of Volhynia, including the three fortresses of Lutsk, Dubno, and Rovno. Poland thus attains a size larger than that assigned her by the Allied Peace Conference.

While the principals in the negotiations insist the terms eventually will lead to the signature of a permanent treaty which will permit restoration of normal conditions in Central Europe, there is much pessimism among diplomats and observers not participating in the conference. The French are clearly dissatisfied, and apparently desired a continuance of the war. The bottling up of Lithuania is generally regarded as a doubtful experiment.

Of course, the reason for the treaty success of the Poles at the conference table was directly due to their military successes in the field, which continued throughout the month since these notes were last written. Their advance on all fronts was uniform, and in pitched battle they won many decisive engagements. Two of these victories are typical of the month's successes. Northeast of Grodno, between September 20th and 30th, the Poles captured 25,000 Russian Soviet prisoners and took one hundred cannon. In a drive on the northern front, ending October 3d, the Poles inflicted a crushing defeat on sixteen Bolshevik divisions. The staffs of the Third and Fourth Bolshevik Armies were captured, and the staffs of the 21st, 41st, 55th, and 57th Divisions and of several

brigades and regiments were also taken prisoner. The total number of prisoners came to 42,000, and great stores of ammunition and other material which the Bolsheviki had assembled for a fall drive against the Poles were taken.

Despite efforts of the control commission of the League of Nations, which has been endeavoring to settle the differences between Lithuania and Poland, severe fighting occurred during the month between the armies of these countries. The climax of hostilities came on October 10th when two divisions of Polish troops under General Zellgouski seized Vilna, the Lithuanian capital. General Zellgouski, at the demand of his troops, just before entering the city, sent in his resignation as a Polish officer, and the Polish officers under him declared that they were resolved to occupy Vilna with or without the consent of the Polish Government. The Polish Government has officially disavowed the occupation of Vilna, and General Zellgouski has established a provisional government there, thus creating a similar situation to the d'Annunzio-Fiume coup.

Previous to the seizure of Vilna, negotiations had been going on between the Poles and the Lithuanians at Suwalki under the supervision of the representatives of the League of Nations. The Poles agreed to accept the demarcation line defined last December by the Supreme Council of the League of Nations, but notified Lithuania delegates that Poland would not recognize the treaty between Lithuania and Soviet Russia, by which Lida, Grodno, and Vilna were assigned to Lithuania. These three towns are now in the hands of the Poles. The popular view of the situation is that the Poles are following in the footsteps of Colonel Avaloff-Bermond in Prussia last year, that a portion of the army intends ostensibly to sever connection with Poland across the Niemen River and operate independently in Lithuanian territory. It is expected that these troops soon will proclaim a new Lithuanian Government and then open negotiations with the *de facto* government with the purpose of uniting Vilna to Poland.

Russia.

With the signing of the Polish armistice, including also peace with Ukrainia, and with the acceptance of the Russo-Finnish peace treaty by both the Russians and the Finns at the Dorpat Conference on October 6th, Bolshevik Russia has come to terms with the last of the hostile forces arrayed against her with the exception of the South Russian army under General Wrangel. This army, however, has been dangerously active during the month and has considerably damaged the Soviet cause. Begin-

ning with the capture of the railway junction of Petropavlovsk and other important strategic points on September 20th, General Wrangel's forces have advanced steadily throughout the month. Early in October he effected a junction with the army of General Makno, the Ukrainian chief, who had been operating against the Soviet troops in the region of Kharkov, and who captured that city in a flying raid. General Lokhvitsky, formerly an officer of General Kolchak's force and at present in command of the former Kolchak troops, has offered to submit to the authority of the Wrangel government. General Semenoff, the anti-Bolshevist leader in Siberia, also has offered his aid to General Wrangel. The French General Weygand, the savior of Warsaw, is also reported to have departed for South Russia to assist in the anti-Bolshevist campaign.

According to late dispatches General Wrangel has launched his expected offensive against the new Sixth Army of the Soviet forces, sheltered behind the Dneiper River. He is carrying out a pincers movement converging on the town of Kakhova, north-east of Kerson. Fine weather is favoring operations. General Wrangel's permanent north front extends from Mariopol to Ekaterinoslav along the railway. His control of the Sea of Azov has been assured by the capture of 6,000 Bolshevist sailors at Mariopol, who were preparing to descend upon the grain port of Genitchesk. He has also made himself master of the Donetz Basin with its network of railways.

In general the Bolshevist régime in South Russia has suffered heavily from the Wrangel campaign. In addition there have been various uprisings against them, one of which, that of the Don Cossacks, is reported to have been joined by some of General Budenny's cavalry, sent to suppress it, and General Budenny himself, who has made a name as a dashing cavalry leader and has proved one of the Bolsheviki's most successful generals, is reported to have severed his connection with the Soviet Government and to be recruiting anti-Bolshevist troops. Recent dispatches state that the Soviet Government has sent a delegation with peace proposals to General Wrangel's headquarters.

The general situation in Russia is considered by competent observers as the most precarious since the advent of the Bolsheviki. Reports have been coming through of serious disturbances in industrial establishments in Soviet Russia and of a peace movement in the army on the Western Russian front. Two commissaries were killed in the factory outbreaks, and nearly all the factories in Petrograd are affected, the workmen striking with the object of overthrowing the Soviet Government. According to

late dispatches a new insurrection has broken out in the district of Nijni Novgorod, two hundred and sixty-five miles northeast of Moscow. This movement, which has been inaugurated by the Social Revolutionary Party, which is the particular foe of the Soviet, embraces great masses of peasants and is reported to be spreading rapidly. The insurgents have proclaimed a new government, the members of which are chiefly revolutionary leaders, for years active against the imperial régime.

Rumors of revolts against the Bolshevik Government have been persistent throughout the month from points close to the borders of Soviet Russia. The reports are supposed to describe conditions which have resulted directly from the military defeat suffered by the Bolshevik armies in Poland, the growing discontent in the army, and the extremely serious economic situation in the Russian cities. It is known that, from the economic point of view, the Russian people are facing a winter of suffering and privation which bids fair to exceed even the terrible conditions of the last two winters. Recent reports brought out from Russia, particularly those of members of the delegation of the Independent German Socialists, indicate that the workmen in the cities are growing desperate and are determined to force a radical political change.

Strikes by workmen of all classes are known to have been in progress recently. The condition of the Bolshevik army is also reported to be serious. Large masses of soldiers have been reported demanding the cessation of all military activities and the return to peace. The defection of large bodies of troops from the Bolsheviks as reported in some dispatches, if true, may prove of great assistance to those elements who are at the head of the new rebellion. These elements have nothing in common with the faction of General Wrangel in South Russia, or with any faction connected with the defunct Kolchak and Denikin movements. L. Martoff and Victor Tchernoff, leaders of the Mensheviks and Social Revolutionists, respectively, are veterans of the Russian revolutionary movement. Tchernoff, who is the most uncompromising opponent of the Bolsheviks among the Socialist leaders of Russia, has long been outlawed by the Bolsheviks, and has been sought by them in all parts of Russia, and his party, the peasant party of Russia, has been in the forefront of the battle against the Bolsheviks.

Italy.

As a result of a referendum held throughout Northern Italy towards the close of September the metal workers, who had taken over the management of six hundred factories, decided to

accept the agreement between employers and workmen which had been drawn up by the Government. The works that were occupied by the men have been restored to the owners, who inspected them together with committees of the men, and found on the whole that the establishments had been left in good order with no damage to the machinery. The novel feature of the settlement is an arrangement whereby the workmen are to participate in a commission composed of masters and men, which will enable the men to check up on financial and technical conditions of factories. By this means the workers will know up to what limits they can ask for betterment of conditions, beyond which point insistence upon demands would be fatal to the business concerned. Altogether Italy has gone through a radical transformation in the relations between employers and workers with little injury to persons, property, or the order of things.

Though the metal workers' imbroglio has been successfully disentangled, more serious disorders have occurred in other fields. In Sicily thousands of armed peasants have taken possession of the large estates of almost the entire island, which are owned chiefly by absentee landlords. On the Island of Elba more than 3,000 iron miners have seized the mines, which belong to the State, and have decided to form a coöperative organization for their management. The seizure of estates owned by King Victor Emmanuel near Naples by members of local agricultural societies was frustrated by troops, and many of the peasants were wounded. Disorders instigated by syndicalists and anarchists have also occurred at Genoa and Rome.

Conditions in Russia are shown to be very serious in a report on that country recently made by the Confederation of Labor. This report, which was compiled by a Socialist mission which spent some time in Russia, has caused an immense impression throughout the country. The Russian people, it says, are completely lacking in political experience. The physical condition of the people in the towns is at a low ebb, owing to insufficient nourishment, while economic life is marked by destitution. The management of industries, which has been placed directly in the hands of workers, is declared to have been disastrous. The report, nevertheless, denies that the Soviet régime is nearing its end, for, despite the gravity of economic conditions, certain gains of the revolution have been consolidated. As a result of this report, Italian Socialists are showing a tendency to split into two factions—the Maximalists, or followers of Lenin, who are in favor of a strict union with the Third Internationale at Moscow, and the Reformists, who, instead of aiming straight at violent

revolution, are striving to get legal possession of the reins of powers through a gradual but incessant amelioration of the worker's lot. The Executive Council, which is controlled by the Maximalists, recently declared for adherence to the Moscow Internationale by a vote of seven to five, but the final decision as to the party's course will be made at the National Congress to be held in December.

The municipal and provincial council elections now in progress all over Italy, show the conflict between revolutionary and constitutional ideas for local control. Though these elections will be completed only towards the end of November, results of the voting in 1,011 communes already are available. These show that Constitutionlists of varying shades of opinion carried the day in 478 communes, chiefly in Southern Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia. The Catholic, or People's Party, obtained a majority in 237 places, including Venice, Padua, Verona, Vicenza, Treviso, and Piacenza. The Socialists again captured Florence, Bologna, and Siena, also Reggio Emilio, Modena, Parma, Cremona, Ravenna, Pisa, and 290 other municipalities.

On September 23d Premier Alexandre
France. Millerand was elected President of the
French Republic in succession to Paul

Deschanel, who was obliged to resign because of ill health. The election was held by the Electoral Congress at Versailles, and M. Millerand received 695 out of the 892 votes recorded. The new President, who is sixty-one years of age, started his political career as a Socialist, but in the past twenty years he has progressed steadily across the Chamber from the left to the right. In the balloting, the Socialist Party maintained the attitude of aloofness that it assumed when Clémenceau became Premier in 1917, and the bulk of M. Millerand's support came from the Catholic moderate, centre, and right parties. As Minister of War, M. Millerand is to be credited with the reinstatement of chaplains in the army, and as Prime Minister he was the first to propose the resumption of relations with the Holy See. The complete failure of the strong opposition of the radicals to M. Millerand's nomination is considered a proof of the defeat of the anti-clerical parties. Georges Leygues, Minister of Marine in Clémenceau's War Cabinet, is the new Premier and Foreign Minister. The rest of the Millerand Cabinet remains unchanged.

Even in the midst of the excitement over the Presidential election there has been considerable anxiety about the relations between France and England. The strain caused by France's inde-

pendent action in recognizing General Wrangel in South Russia, and later in upsetting the plans made at Spa for the Geneva Conference at which Germany was to be represented, has been increased by differences in high official circles. At the bottom lies the whole question of how Germany shall be dealt with—whether strongly, as desired by France, which seeks indemnity and security, or somewhat leniently, as desired by England, whose interest is to reëstablish trade relations as soon as possible.

The break between the British and French is ostensibly over differences on the question of German reparations, but it is understood to be really due to the acceptance by the British Premier of the views of a group of international bankers, who see greater possibilities in closer relations with Germany than with France. France, replying to a recent note of the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, suggesting a financial conference, has stipulated that all the Allied representatives should be members of the reparations commission and that the two German delegates be excluded. It is this last point on which the main difficulty between France and England now rests.

The French budget for 1921, which will be submitted to the Chamber when Parliament reopens in November, will amount to 26,000,000,000 francs, as against 21,500,000,000 for 1920. A special budget, summing up the cost of reparations in the liberated area and pensions, which the Versailles Treaty enjoins must be borne by Germany, amounts to 24,000,000,000 francs for the coming year. This huge sum (over \$4,000,000,000 at normal exchange) per annum is a terrific drain on French resources, and though the Versailles Treaty stipulates that Germany must pay, the fact is she has not paid and it is very indefinite when she will pay. Hence French popular apprehension over the financial outlook.

Meanwhile the cost of living made another advance on October 1st. Milk, eggs, meat, bread, and clothes have all increased in price. Coal and wine are the only commodities which have gone down in price. For the rest, the average French family's budget will inevitably be higher than even last year. For much of this increase the high exchange rates receive popular blame, though home products like eggs and milk have shown the biggest increase.

At their meeting in Orleans early in October, the French Federation of Labor definitely refused, by 1,478 votes against 602, to link up with the Moscow Internationale and to coöperate with the active revolutionary party. The majority declaration reiterated the policy of "complete independence" for itself and other

similar national organizations. It also declared unreservedly that its revolutionary objects are "incompatible with present institutions and with capitalism and its political expressions."

Germany. As a result of the German Government's appeal for the surrender of weapons in the hands of the civilian population, 750,000

weapons and 3,250,000 rounds of ammunition have been given up. The weapons handed over include 17 pieces of artillery, nearly 1,000 machine guns, 11 flame throwers, and 15,000 hand grenades. Thirty million marks have been paid in reward for the surrender of these arms. This disarmament is in accordance with the demand of the Entente and is mainly aimed at the *Einwohnerwehr*, a semi-military, semi-police force, the existence of which is regarded as outside the terms of the Versailles Peace Treaty.

Despite circumstantial reports received by the Allied governments to the effect that German disarmament is proceeding slowly but surely under Allied supervision, the belief is widespread in France that the Germans are once more pulling the wool over the eyes of the Allied Control Commission. Statements are printed in the Paris papers that not only is Germany not really disarming, but is actually manufacturing more war material than before the War began. The Krupp Works at Essen, which employed 33,000 men in 1914, is now employing 54,000 and made use of close on to 8,000,000 tons of iron ore in the first half of 1920 as compared with 4,610,000 tons in the corresponding period of 1914, and the firm is again turning out 12-inch and other large calibre guns, as well as 77-millimetre guns of the 1919 model.

Much excitement and exasperation prevails in German industrial circles over the decision of the Conference of Allied ambassadors that high-speed Diesel motors are war material, which must be destroyed. According to the decision, Germany is not permitted to construct new ones to replace those destroyed. The Entente Commission of Control has begun to make trips of inspection, taking inventories of the motor equipment preparatory to destruction. There has been a general appeal to the Government to take steps to secure the revocation of the Allied decision. Many municipal electric and water works, railway repair shops, rubber, porcelain and textile factories and shipyards operate with Diesel engines, and it is argued that if the motors are destroyed, the establishments will have to shut down and the Government will be obliged to meet indemnities running into billions of marks.

Although labor and social conditions have grown more settled, anxiety regarding the coming winter is apparent. Some predict

further collisions between labor and capital with possible dire results, but such a view apparently is not well founded. The Socialist parties are too occupied with their own internal troubles to undertake big strikes with political motives. The Independent Socialist party appears to be on the verge of breaking to pieces, one section to join the communists and the other to remain independent or to be absorbed gradually by the majority Socialists.

Developments in Bavaria continue to awaken concern in Berlin. The dominant party there is encouraging a movement that is distinctly unfriendly to the federal government, and which tends towards secession from the republic. It is said that this discontent is being fanned assiduously by France. Fear that France will occupy the Ruhr coal basin on the first pretext is felt strongly in Berlin. The opinion generally held is that although Great Britain would frown upon such an occupation she would take no active steps to prevent it. On the other hand, Britain and Germany are rapidly renewing relations. When the English Parliament reassembles this subject will be raised in debate. No better proof is needed that Great Britain is importing heavily from Germany than the announcement that English manufacturers intend to ask Parliament to set a tariff on German goods. German lenses, spectacles, pianos, fabrics, gloves and enamel ware are appearing in the English market in considerable quantities, while Belgium has just placed an order for six thousand freight cars in Germany.

Two million tons of breadstuffs must be imported by Germany, chiefly from America, as the 1920 crop will be considerably short of the country's requirements, according to an announcement by the President of the Imperial Grain Department. The rye crop has been a disappointment, and this year's harvest of breadstuffs is calculated to yield only 7,000,000 tons, while land devoted to breadstuff production has diminished more than seven per cent.

October 18, 1920.

With Our Readers.

RECENTLY in talking with one who might be called a social welfare worker our conversation turned upon the hardships and the sufferings particularly of poor and needy mothers. "I have always found," said the worker, "that however great their need and suffering may be, if they only know what is the right thing for them to do: if we can only give them assurance of soul and peace of mind as to what is expected of them, as to what their duty is—that peace of mind will in turn make their sufferings less and their courage greater. If we cannot bring them that peace, then all we do bring is still insufficient."

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TO find our path difficult is unfortunate; to realize that we have lost our way is fatal.

Difficulties may but summon the soul to higher courage and prove a delight to the adventurous spirit. They never rob us of the assurance of where our way lies: they leave us at least with the comfort that we are on the right road.

But to have lost our way leaves us undone, miserable, hopeless.

As the path ahead, distinguishable only by the feel of the foot or the thinner foliage, or the star overhead, or the compass, or yonder light, is absolutely necessary for the traveler on earth: so the warning of conscience, or the voice of duty, or the revealed truth, or the ruling of an accepted teacher, or the light of higher wisdom is necessary to the soul that walks and works in human life.

These words of duty, truth, light, revelation, obligation can never pass from the vocabulary of man. Whatever any man will place as a condition of human peace or betterment will be catalogued under some one of these truths. And is not every one that writes more and more eager to be a teacher of his fellows—every one from the optimistic and unhesitating oracle, Dr. Frank Crane, to the cynical and long since discounted Anatole France.

Though words are often used but to deceive, and have been so bandied about, so disreputably treated as to be for the most part unwilling to reveal their true selves—still as they are expressions of the mind they inevitably carry some portion at least of their true meaning.

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EVEN those who would evade the truth are compelled to pay tribute to it, for we are all children of God. Duty inevitably means relationship to another. To confine it to oneself alone would make one solitary and universal. And that no one can be either in his beginning or his ending.

Truth means stability. Even the statement that everything is flux is of itself static. Truth is not conjecture, nor probability, nor the personal measure of our intellectual grasp. In itself it is beyond us, for we surely are not stable. There was a time when we were not. Truth means relationship with another. It was and is and will be.

Revelation, whether it be divine or human, is the unfolding to us of another intelligence. When G. Stanley Hall calls his new pronouncement a revelation he means that his own insight is enlightening the world. And we never can accept any revelation without indebtedness to another—even in the case cited.

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ALL of the words, then, used by every man who speaks of the way for himself or for others through the mazes of life, necessarily connote our obligation, our dependence on one another. Our way is a common way: we are all bound, united together for life, for death and in both. No man can live, no man does live for himself alone.

And the more that one denies this fundamental, basal truth, the more one injects selfishness and self-seeking into his life, into his immediate group or his class or his country, the more does he contribute to the clouding of the way for all his companions, for his countrymen, for humankind.

We are bound to one another by bonds that are as strong as life—for we receive life from one another. And by that very fact we are bound to another, outside of ourselves, for we are not life. We cannot understand it: we surely cannot create it. And they who speak of duty, of obligation, of light, of revelation, of the "way" of humankind, without looking reverently to a Personal Infinite God are but stuttering the alphabet that bespeaks the real soul of man.

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THE world has turned topsy-turvy because most men are standing on their heads instead of their feet. And by most men we mean those who are writing and speaking of the "way" in which and by which their fellows ought to live and act. They have their faces to earth instead of upwards, towards heaven. They can see only the earth and the material, pleasure giving,

health and ease giving things of the earth. These are what they are engrossed in; these they believe all other men want and their selfishness, their egotism, their lack of faith both in God and their fellows have robbed them of truth and of light. They who follow them walk in darkness. They have lost the way and they would have others lost with them.

Review any list of recent books, whether it be of novels or of the more serious type; read thoughtfully the editorials of the leading journals of the American press and the conclusion must force itself upon us that we as a human race begin and end with ourselves: duty and obligation and truth are all to be found within the limits of humankind. "We have no belief," said a recent critic, "in anything larger than ourselves." God is left out; He is not needed; He does not exist. Rationalism, no longer abstract, but concrete, is the way of human life and human souls.

No wonder that the world is sick and will grow more sick.

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PHILIP GIBBS, the noted war correspondent recently stated: "No man, unless he is blind or drunk with optimism, can deny that Europe at the present time is very sick. During the last year I have visited many countries of Europe and in most of them, under the surface of social gayety, appearance of normal life and apparent recovery from the wounds of war, I found a sense of impending ruin and dreadful anxiety of the future.

"In some countries, of course, ruin is not impending, but present and engulfing. Austria is one of them, so stricken, so starving, so helpless and hopeless that she exists on charity alone and is sapped of all vital energy. Germany, as far as I can learn, is in a better state and has within herself the means of recovery; but people over here who imagine that her factories are at full blast and that she will soon be rich and strong and truculent again are, in my opinion, deluded by false evidence.

"Russia is one great empire of misery, and no mortal soul knows yet what agony she still has to suffer before her social revolution has worked itself out.

"Poland, like Russia, is typhus stricken and starving in her cities, ravaged by the tidal waves of war."

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GIBBS describes the pessimism of France, the burdens under which England is groaning, and then he asks:

"Is there any cure for the sickness of Europe? I think there is, though at the present time there is no sign of a remedy at hand, but only of a spreading fever, getting worse. It is a spirit-

ual sickness as well as a physical, and just as in medical practice, it is known that health of body depends largely on health of mind, so it is hopeless to expect recovery in the body of Europe until the minds of the peoples of Europe are peaceful, hopeful, and well balanced.

"Within the nations there is narrow vision and candid cynicism. Where is the old comradeship of trenches which promised to break down divisions between classes? It has gone, and those who fought together are now separated by jealousies and enmities and selfishness. They are regrouping themselves for class warfare.

"The greatest failure of all, in my judgment, is the failure of labor. I am for labor, having seen its men fighting and dying in great masses for no selfish purpose. Therefore many of us hoped most from labor and looked for leaders in its ranks who would show the way out of our present jungle. We thought they would give call to a new fellowship of men, overstep the narrow frontiers of national interest, get a new honesty into politics, and show power of open diplomacy. But have they done any of these things?

"I see leaders of a small pettifogging spirit, fighting for 'two bob' extra on the wages of their men, while their European comrades are starving for coal, which at our export rates is outrageous in price. I see only the selfishness of class interest as greedy as that of the profiteer without any regard for the welfare of the nation as a whole or for the needs of Europe in distress. They refuse to 'dilute' labor in interests of the men who fought for them or with them.

"There is only one cure for the woes of Europe and our own—not easy, but bound to come unless we are looking for downfall. It is the reconciliation of peoples, burying of old hatchets, wiping out of old villainies and coöperating in a much closer union of mutual help under the direction of a league of nations, made democratic and powerful by the free consent and ardent impulses of the common folk.

"Before that can happen there must come new leaders, new enthusiasm for the ideals of life, a new spirit of unselfishness and service for the common weal—and just now we do not see them coming."

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IT is significant that a prominent daily journal commenting upon Gibbs' survey should state that "Europe must get better of her material hurt before you can expect much of her spirit-

ually." With some riches seem to be a condition of entrance into the kingdom of God.

Men speak as if the situation Philip Gibbs describes were the result of the late War. It is such a result inasmuch as the War hastily precipitated elements long before in action. The idealism and sacrifice, the union of men and of nations, evidenced during the War gave many hope. But the higher patriotism which took men out of themselves was unable to keep them there. Religion alone can permanently do that. And as the seeds of irreligion, of the denial of God were sown long before the War, for decades indeed, so do they continue to bear their harvest. The great influences that shape public opinion, the press, the theatre, the moving picture are today in the hands of those who do not believe in God, in God as the Ruler of the actions and conduct of men.

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WE would not underestimate or discourage any movement towards unity. Every such activity is an echo of what ought to be. But too much hope has often been placed upon various attempts of human brotherhood, of national reunion, of the union of many nations. The spirit of the world, practically, does not warrant the hope. It demands a divine faith to have faith in humanity. Christ, not humanity, is our hope: and humanity is our hope only in Him. The personal belief in, and union with, Him is our sole warrant of belief in and union with our fellows. And personal fidelity at all costs to Him and to His Standards is the way of each one of us and for all. We need God, and Christ is God. And the falling away of the nations from God and from Christ, and their present sickness will not be cured by human means, by human unions, by human wisdom or by human reforms. Each one of us and all of us must first go to Him Who is both the Physician and Saviour of souls and of bodies.

OF matters dealing with the relation of England to Ireland during the past month the most important perhaps was the speech delivered by the English Premier, Lloyd George, on October 9th. It was important as an expression of the official mind of the Government of England with regard to its future course in Ireland, it was important also as a signal confession by England that she was not able to govern Ireland, that her rule there, being ineffective, must be reasserted by militant methods. It is not necessary to repeat here any portion, or give any analysis of the clever, misguiding and purposely beclouding speech of Lloyd

George. Sufficient for us to say that he never once touches the real issue at stake—the right of the people of Ireland to govern themselves. Indeed, he implicitly presupposes that there is no such issue. But apart from all accidentals, all attempts of Lloyd George to conceal the real issue—that issue is there and has already been met successfully by the people of Ireland.

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JUST as we are going to press a cable account comes of the meeting of the Irish hierarchy at Maynooth on October 19th. The entire hierarchy signed a resolution denouncing “terrorism, partiality and failure as characteristics of the present Irish Government.”

The Bishops recall in the resolution that “when the country was crimeless” the Bishops warned the Government against oppressive measures. They declare “it is not a question of hasty reprisals, but of indiscriminate hate of savages, deliberately wreaked on the whole countryside, without any proof of complicity in crime, by those ostensibly employed to protect lives and property.”

The resolution declares that the press is gagged, that public meeting is interdicted and that inquests are suppressed. It also says there has been brutal treatment of clergymen and that the preventing of Archbishop Mannix of Australia from visiting Ireland was “one of the most unwise steps purblind and tyrannical oppression could take.”

The Bishops demand a full inquiry into the situation and urge the right of Ireland to choose its own government.



IT is claimed by many of its spokesmen that the Anglican Church is the true Church of Christ. They boast that its tenets are in line with the belief of the Catholic Church of at least the first four centuries. Naturally, they would further claim that the Anglican Church is in harmony with Scripture, the revealed word of God. Now, St. Paul tells us: “Let women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted them to speak, but to be subject, as also the law saith” (1 Cor. xiv. 34). However, in the recent Lambeth Conference, which claimed to open up wider fields of service and influence to women, Bishop Lines made the following appeal: “We put vestments on women and let them sing in Church, and I don’t see why we shouldn’t put vestments on them and let them read the prayers and give instruction in our churches.” And his coadjutor, Bishop Stearly, after stating that “Episcopal bishops are the

least authoritative elements in the church," added, "their deliberations when assembled in such sessions as the Lambeth Conference are of a character to engage the attention of the whole church, and that in the case of their recommendations on the place and work of women in the church they have laid on women a very great and solemn responsibility."

MISSIONARY work among our Indians strongly and effectively appeals to our Catholic people. We are pleased to reprint here a letter from the Cardinal Secretary of State to Father Ketchman, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions:

THE SECRETARIATE OF STATE
OF HIS HOLINESS.

THE VATICAN, July 4, 1920.

RIGHT REVEREND FATHER:

As it is assuredly the chief function and aim of the Holy Church to propagate the Holy Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, The Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children and the Marquette League, which under your direction constantly enjoy such gratifying growth, are heartily approved by the Holy Father.

For while, unhappily, in divers places in these unwholesome times, the faith of many grow cold, the Father of all rejoices exceedingly that new subjects should be added to the Catholic Religion through these holy missionary agencies.

For this reason he urges nothing more earnestly than that all good people generously support these societies, and that as many apostolic men as possible assist them zealously by their labors. And to the end that this may be realized, fortifying you with well-merited approval, as a mark of heavenly favor and a pledge of his fatherly good will, he graciously imparts to you personally, and to everyone who in any way may further these good works, the Apostolic Blessing.

For my part, in communicating this to you, I express the sentiments of great esteem which I entertain for you and which I shall be happy ever to cherish.

Yours very devotedly,
P. CARDINAL GASPARRI.

RIGHT REV. WILLIAM H. KETCHAM,
Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions,
Washington, D. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

Night and Day. By V. Woolf. *A Garden of Peace.* By F. F. Moore. *A Poor Wise Man.* By M. R. Rinehart. *Selections from Swinburne.* Edited by E. Goose, C.B., and T. J. Wise. *The Happy Bride.* By E. T. Jesse. *Lady Lilith.* By S. McKenna. *Limbo.* By A. Huxley. *Wounded Souls.* By P. Gibbs.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

The Fellowship of the Picture. By N. Dearmer. \$1.25 net. *The God in the Thicket.* By C. E. Lawrence. \$2.00 net. *The Cathedral of Reims.* By Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. Landrieux. *Mexico in Revolution.* By V. B. Ibañez. *The Voice of the Negro.* By R. T. Kerlin. *The Philosophy of Faith and the Fourth Gospel.* By Rev. H. S. Holland, D.D. *The Cosmic Commonwealth.* By E. Holmes. \$2.25 net. *Adventures Among Birds.* By W. H. Hudson. \$4.00 net. *Intimate Letters from Petrograd.* By P. S. Crosby.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

The Course of Empire. By Senator R. F. Pettigrew. *The Gulf of Misunderstanding, or North and South America As Seen by Each Other.* By T. Pinochet. \$2.50 net. *The Dark Mother.* By W. Frank. *Jailed for Freedom.* By D. Stevens. *Potterism.* By R. Macauley. *Alaska Man's Luck.* By H. Rutzebeck. *Cain's Gracchus.* By O. Gregory (a Tragedy).

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Historic Christianity and the Apostles' Creed. By J. K. Mozley, B.D. \$2.00 net. *The Doctrine of the Church and Christian Reunion, Being the Bampton Lectures for the Year 1920.* By Rev. A. C. Headlam, D.D. \$4.00 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Spiritual Conferences. By Rev. H. Collins, O.C., M.A. \$2.00 net. *The Christian Faith.* By Père Suau, S.J. \$1.15 net. *The Presence of God.* By a Master of Novices.

FREDERICK PUSTET & Co., New York:

The Rt. Rev. Edward Dominic Fenwick, O.P. By Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O.P.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Ethics General and Special. By O. A. Hill, S.J., Ph.D. \$3.50.

WM. H. SADLIER, New York:

Excelsior Studies in American History. By F. X. Sadlier. \$1.50. *Sadlier's Excelsior Geography.* By a Catholic Teacher. No. II., \$1.00. No. III., \$2.00.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

The Hidden People. By L. E. Miller. \$2.00. *Erskine Dale, Pioneer.* By J. Fox, Jr. \$2.00. *Man to Man.* By J. Gregory.

JAMES T. WHITE Co., New York:

Whittlings of a Dreamer. By F. S. Schlesinger. \$1.00.

BLASE BENZIGER & Co., New York:

The Boy Who Looked Ahead. By John T. Smith. \$1.25.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:

The New World. By Frank Comerford. \$2.00 net.

ALFRED A. KNOPP, New York:

October, and Other Poems. By Robert Bridges. \$1.50 net.

THE CENTURY Co., New York:

Constantine I. and the Greek People. By Paxton Hibben, F.R.G.S.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

People of Destiny. By P. Gibbs. \$2.00 net. *The United States.* By C. Becker. \$2.50 net.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:

No Defence. By G. Parker. \$2.00. *Cornelli.* By J. Spyri. \$1.50 net. *Anne.* By O. Hartley. \$1.90 net. *Within the Magic Gateways.* By P. Saunders. \$1.50 net. *Under Sevenshields Castle.* By Q. Scott-Hopper. \$1.50 net. *The Shaping of Jephson's.* By K. Carr.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:

Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges. By W. C. John. Pamphlet.

THE FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:

A Thousand Faces. By F. S. Thompson and G. W. Galvin, M.D. *Wild Turkeys and Tallow Candles.* By E. Hayes. \$2.50 net. *My Lady of the Search-Light.* By M. H. Leonard. *Agnus Dei.* By N. Campbell. *Songs of the Wind on a Southern Shore.* By G. E. Merrick. \$2.50 net.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN Co., Boston:

Points of Friction. By Agnes Repplier, Litt.D. \$1.75.

GINN & Co., Boston:

Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism. By C. N. Gayley, LL.D., and B. P. Kurtz, Ph.D.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven:

The City. A Play by Paul Claudel. Translated by J. S. Newberry.

THE BRUCE PUBLISHING Co., Milwaukee, Wis.:

A Vade Mecum for Nurses and Social Workers. By Rev. E. F. Garesché, S.J.

ILLINOIS CENTENNIAL COMMISSION, Springfield:

The Centennial History of Illinois. C. W. Alvord, Editor-in-Chief. Vols. I., II.

M. A. DONOHUE & Co., Chicago:

Within the Year After. By Betty Adler.

BURKLEY PRINTING Co., Omaha:

Margaret, or Was It Magnetism? By Gilbert Guest. 60 cents.

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SOME NOVELS OF THE PAST YEAR.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I.



AT the end of the year one likes to feel that among the books one has bought or borrowed, there are some that might be read a second time with profit and pleasure. Since a saner point of view of books of fiction prevails, and the old-fashioned denunciation of all novels has given place to the acknowledgment that the good novel is not only a stimulant, but very often a liberal education, the task of the critic is a very serious one. When Miss Austen made her celebrated protest against the hypocritical attitude of English readers towards the novel, it was easy for the writer on current literature to be quite sure that in nearly every Evangelical English household, he would be applauded if he simply condemned; and consequently he relentlessly pulled up the tares with the wheat.

Looking over the list of the novels printed during the last year, there is little temptation to do this. If this article was not to be devoted purely to novels in English, it would be in place to call attention to the dangerous tendencies of the romances of Señor Don Blasco Ibañez; but the rage for Ibañez has abated. The circumstances that made *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* popular have passed; and *The Cathedral* is going its way into the lumber of forgotten books. It must be admitted that Ibañez has gone somewhat toward

the path of redemption by his book on the Mexican situation—a book which shows that only a Spaniard could catch a Spaniard—and the sanity and reasonableness of that volume are promises, perhaps, that Ibañez may yet take a first-rate place in the rich literature of his country. It almost seems as if even his short study of liberal institutions in the United States and of the existence of a free church as a vital institution, has caused him to revise the thesis of his nefarious *Cathedral*.

The success of Ibañez—the cultured call him “Blasco”—has led to the digging up of the works of various Spanish novelists whose existence was hitherto unknown. It comes with rather a shock to the American reading public to discover that Ibañez is not looked on in Spain as the first of its living novelists; and none of his best work has equaled that masterpiece of Fernan Caballero, *La Gaviota*, which, from the point of view of art and truth to nature, is a masterpiece—though almost a forgotten one.

South American literature is being raked, too, for “best sellers,” and, when the shortage of paper ceases, Ocontos, the Argentine, and several other Americans of Spanish descent will probably appear on our book stands.

There are two ways of judging the value of a novel. Does it amuse us or charm us or make us forget our difficulties, and is it a source of that “innocent merriment” which is so feelingly celebrated in the opera of “The Mikado?” Or does it give us a glimpse, or perhaps an insight into the motives and methods of spheres of life, of which we know little? Recalling novels of various degrees of artistic value, written in English, one cannot help feeling that the ideals held up in works of fiction are, as a rule, more altruistic than those expressed and acted upon in every day life.

None of us can quite live without fairy tales, if, as Lowell says, “fairy tales are the dreams of the poor;” the novel we like best is a moving picture in which we are shown to be as we would like to be. The Realists do not consent to this, but that dark and gloomy materialism which showed life as seen in a glass darkly, always wretched, always hopeless, always sensual, has gone out of fashion. The Romanticist has it today—not the Romanticist of the doublet and dagger or the wig and sword, but that kind of a Romanticist who makes us believe, while we read, that we are capable, like the hero or heroine,

of surmounting all obstacles, provided we stick to our principles or are faithful in love. The pendulum, however, is beginning to swing back again to the glories of the past, as seen through the illusions of the present; but the truth is that no time, no epoch and no theme is too much worn to be revised for the delight and interest of the reader. *Ivanhoe* will never die; it is undying as that interest which makes the description of the fight reported by Rebecca in the tower, a part of our lifelong literary luggage. One can see, however, that the conventions of the Victorian period are breaking down. Public opinion, until recently, would not tolerate the marriage of divorced people. The husband really had to die to make the other two happy when the curtain fell, now Mr. Joseph Hergersheimer, who promised to be the greatest of the younger American novelists, makes an ending of his very self-conscious novel, of *Steel*, which in elder days would have called out a hundred voices of protest.

Coventry Patmore speaks bitterly of the "undivine silences" which corrupt modern ideas of purity, but, though ignorance is not innocence, as we all know, there is a frankness about certain of the novels of the past year which is unhappily in accord with that freedom of speech and that practice of calling a spade a shovel for garbage, which makes the reading of an American newspaper a thing of constant shocks.

It must be noted, as it was noted last year, that the Catholic American novelist seems to be rapidly disappearing. Christian Reid has gone and, though her readers were not great in number, she had a special place among the Romantics. There are few novels better for molding beautifully the ideas of youth than her *Morton House*. The Catholic publishers sometimes complain that they do not receive manuscripts. This same complaint is made by non-Catholic publishers of magazines who are in direct competition with the demands of the moving picture establishment. There was a time when the American magazines discovered a new writer like Myra Kelly or Kate Douglas Wiggin or Mary Synon or O. Henry at least every three months; now there are no discoveries because the author, no longer impoverished, can attain to a limousine more quickly through the moving pictures than by adapting himself to the moods of the editors of periodicals.

This article concerns itself more particularly with American novels; but looking over the field of writers of fiction for Catholics, one finds only Miss Isabelle Clark and John Ayscough. Miss Clark has made a very unique circle of her own; she does not pretend to be an artist, she is simply a story teller, and she tells her stories well. John Ayscough's reputation has suffered considerably by the publication of *Abbotscourt*,¹ which the publishers have brought out in a most admirable form. After *Marotz*, *Mezzogiorno*, *Fernando*, *San Celestino*, and *Faustula*, it is a decided falling off. John Ayscough shows that he has a touch of genius; he knows his world as well as Marion Crawford, and he has more imagination than Marion Crawford ever possessed. He has become his own rival through the perfection of some of his works. *Abbotscourt* is very like Archibald Marshall's novels at their worst—and *Sir Harry* and *Many Junes* are no better nor worse than *Abbotscourt*.

The writer for Catholics is probably less amenable to the seduction of the scenario hunters than the non-Catholic, because, perhaps, there is less temptation. At least hitherto he has suffered and made sacrifices for his ideals; but, although man cannot live by bread alone, he must have *some* bread; and if he is to have this bread his publishers must advertise liberally, which they are only beginning to do. I asked a very clever Catholic writer why she produced so little. "There's a small market for what I write," she said, "but I was formerly able to pay my cook and my housemaid with my earnings; now my semi-annual checks are not quite sufficient to pay my cook." Whether due to shortage of paper or the fact that there is no market for novels written by Catholics for Catholics, the fact remains that the American Catholic novelist, in spite of the constant encouragement of the Catholic press, is becoming extinct.

One naturally makes a distinction between novels written for Catholics, and novels written for the world at large. The popularity of the first is, as a rule, limited. Canon Sheehan's *My New Curate* is one of the exceptions. Miss Delafield's *The Pelican* can hardly be said to be written for Catholics, although the theme is essentially Catholic. The conversion of the little sister and her drawing to religious life is told with less hard-

¹ New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

ness and more sympathy than this clever author usually shows. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' *The Lonely House*² is written on a formula. Unlike that most gruesome of novels, *The Lodger*, the key to the mystery in *The Lonely House* is easily found the moment the dead arm, with a gold bangle upon it, is discovered protruding near the garden of the Count and Countess Polda. Nevertheless, the reader is kept breathless with anxiety until the very end. After all Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is not dependent on mere machinery for her effects; she writes with skill and even contrives to make two stupid young persons—the hero and heroine—rather interesting. M. Popeau, the elderly Frenchman, is a bit of characterization entirely worthy of this perennially charming and well equipped writer. The mysterious servant-relation of the Poldas is drawn with the knowledge of the action of how half-mad fanaticism can neutralize religion. Mrs. St. Leger Harrison's *The Tall Villa* is a ghost story. Frances Copley is a married woman of exquisite taste. Her taste seems to be a substitute for morality; she is a creature somewhat resembling the lady in *The Third Window*. When the wraith of Alexis, Lord Oxley, gradually unfolds itself to the sight of Frances Copley, she is anxious and embarrassed but not at all highly strung. Lord Oxley had committed suicide for the sake of a reigning beauty of other years. Mrs. Copley is strangely attracted by the ghost; she is tempted to console him. Mrs. Harrison points out a way by which her difficulty might have been ended, a way which would put a brake on the neurotic vagaries of the heroes and heroines of many thrilling novels.

“Had Frances belonged to the older Faith, she would have carried her burden to the confessional, and there laid it down; but such a *démarche* the conventional Church and State Anglicanism, in which she had been reared, offered neither place nor precedent. The picture of a suburban vestry and a highly embarrassed parson offered small prospect of intimate comfort or release. The good, scared man would anxiously advise consultation with her doctor, her near relations; hurriedly, nervously bow her out, and later bolt upstairs to retail the extraordinary occurrence to his wife.”

Frances could not turn to a spiritual physician; there was no expert in the knowledge that might have saved her, within

² New York: George H. Doran Co.

her ken; and hence a story, told with grace, charm; and having the artistic perspective and knowledge of the world that make Lucas Malet a favorite with discriminating readers.

Of the novels of the past year *A Maker of Saints*, by Hamilton Drummond,³ is one of the best. When one remembers that Mr. Drummond is the author of the *Betrayers*, a romance which was worthless because of its author's lack of exact knowledge of the period he described and of the psychology of the leading men of that period, one is astonished that such an almost perfect piece of work as *A Maker of Saints* should have been produced by him. It is a romance that a Manzoni, if he had a lighter or more modern touch, might have written. It is full of fire and action. It exposes a sincere, serene and honorable point of view of life.

The hero of the book is a sculptor, named Marco Fieravanti, who—thank heaven—has nothing of what is called “the artistic temperament,” a temperament which seems to be the property of all minor artists. Fieravanti is really a great sculptor. With him

Art is true art, when art to God is true,
And only then—

The crucial instant of the book is founded on a note—“To Longfellow's *Purgatorio*.” “There was a stone column in the middle of the town, upon which were rings or knockers, as if all front doors were there represented. To this, as soon as a stranger made his appearance, he was conducted, and, thus, as chance decreed, he was taken to the house of the gentleman to whom the ring belonged, and honored according to his rank. This column and its rings were invented to remove all cause of quarrel.”

The story opens with the exhibition of a statue commissioned by the Bishop of Forli, Fieravanti's native town, to be placed in the Church of the Holy Penitents, and it was to be, naturally, a statue of St. Mary Magdalen. He and his two apprentices, one of whom is a young Englishman called Anthony, are examining the completed statue with a certain anxiety, for the Bishop of Forli is about to appear. The apprentices were enraptured, but Fieravanti, being modest as all true artists are, did not dare to say that this was his greatest

³ New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

work: "greatness belonged to the unattained beauty of the Greeks, living, strong, virile."

The Bishop of Forlì arrives. Just a moment before Fieravanti, his own most stern and grudging critic, thought that he could see no fault in the statue; but the Bishop looks at it doubtfully. The sculptor could not understand this, but he gained time by saying that the statue was incomplete:

"Ah, so I thought!" The pucker disappeared. In the mingling of relief and frank kindliness he laid a familiar hand on the sculptor's shoulder, pressing it. A condescension from the purple of the prelate to the smock of "the maker of saints?" Yes, but to his credit, the Bishop never forgot that he had risen from the people. "So I thought," he repeated. "It is always the soul that is born last, and in Mary it was a soul that loved greatly. It is a great gift, yours, my son; to put a soul into stone and thereby lift men's thoughts to heaven. Would that we poor priests could always do the like, rousing the soul in the flesh! And when will the miracle be finished?" "I must have time, Your Grandeur. Tomorrow I go to Arzano. . . ." "Take time," said the Bishop heartily, adding, in the homely sense of his peasant birth, "better a month's delay than a botched job."

The sculptor, "A Maker of Saints" as he is called, is puzzled; but he has a deep respect for the spiritual insight of the Bishop, and he goes forth in quest of a model possessing the spiritual beauty his St. Mary Magdalen needs.

In no book lately written is there to be found a better portraiture of the soul of an artist in a time when all the great Italian artists let their souls speak first, in spite of the clamors of the body and the temptations of the flesh. The character of the Bishop is as true as that of the Cardinal Borromeo, in Manzoni's immortal *I Promessi Sposi*; and that of the straightforward and simple-minded chaplain, Father Bernardo, is excellently sketched.

Father Bernardo was most anxious to have the statue of a saint made for the chapel of Ascanio. Ascanio's nephew objects; he says to the sculptor:

"Briefly, Ser Marco, our people are cloddish." "Cloddish!" went on the priest as if there had been no interruption. But now Fieravanti spoke: "I understand. But in

every clod there is a seed of growth, the germ of a life to be." "A life to be!" Father Bernardo caught at the words eagerly. In a single phrase Marco Fieravanti had bettered the argument he hoped to urge. "But being hid in stiff clay the germ is slow to stir. Ser Marco, help us. Tangle their dull imaginations in the mesh of a saint's beauty and through the eyes stir the spirit to thought upwards. Sermons? As Signor Carlo has so delicately hinted, sermons are weariness, and if a weariness to so fine a nature how much more to these dull souls after six days of dawn-to-dark labor in the fields? They are like little children, my poor clods, and as children learn by the eye, and through the eye awaken to thought, so will they. Help us, Ser Marco, help us! They may not understand all your marble teaches but, praise God, understanding is not necessary to faith; so, I say again, help us!"

It is after all only the limited mind and the cold heart that has been unable to comprehend the use the Church has made of all the fine arts. The Sistine Madonna and the greatest of all Ruben's works, the "Descent from the Cross," were not painted for the minds of artists, but for the souls of the people. This speech of Father Bernardo's explains very clearly why Catholics have no sympathy for the shallow dogma of art for art's sake. The best art must be an appeal to the heart and the soul of humanity; and the Church has never been afraid of that beauty which leads to a contemplation of heaven or of that love which is an attribute of God.

There is here a fortunate little sketch of the wandering Dante. He teaches Lucia, the heroine, the highest law, which is the love that leads to the "glory infinite, the light eternal, the love which moves the sun and other stars." He will hear of no conditions; love that does not love without conditions is not love; either it puts self first or it lacks faith; love sees the best in the beloved. And then he speaks of his love for Florence, the granite-hearted Florence, which has rejected him. All the qualities of a first-rate romance are here. Joined to these is a most unusual insight into the value of men of good will. Too many of our modern novelists seem to delight in painting fools; all men are more or less foolish; as all men are more or less deceitful; but it is the business of a writer to show us a man striving against his natural tendencies; and it would be hard to find a novel more satisfactory in the

portrait of its hero than *A Maker of Saints*. One of its greatest charms is that Mr. Drummond does not see the psychology of his epoch through modern eyes. The best possible way to encourage the production of romances of this kind is not to talk about them, but to buy them. We have a society for the encouragement of good plays; it would be a fine thing if this society would also help to extend the circulation of novels of the class of *A Maker of Saints*.

The very first novel of last year in artistic treatment, in the sense of proportion, in reasonable refinement of style—which is not preciosity—is *The Third Window*, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Mrs. Basil de Selincourt).⁴ It is interesting to compare the method of Anne Douglas Sedgwick with Mr. Joseph Hergersheimer, and with some of the other younger authors who lack that intangible air of good breeding which permeates every description of the author of *The Third Window*. In *Steel*, for instance, Mr. Hergersheimer seems to have suddenly discovered cocktails of various kinds; he even tells that his characters drank “black coffee” after dinner, and in a moment of tense interest we are informed with great exactness of what the luncheon of the day consisted. It was a hot day and the luncheon was cold. Miss Sedgwick takes it for granted that people must eat; but the things they eat are always kept well in the background. Unless the badness of the cooking, or the luxury of the dinners has something to do with the progress of the story, we may be sure that we shall know nothing about it. Mr. Hergersheimer has something of Disraeli’s love for splendid details, for the sake of details, but with Miss Sedgwick the details are always subservient. Let us take as an example of vivid yet reticent description two pages, the eighth and the ninth of *The Third Window*. They are examples of an art which depends on a fine sense of proportion.

The Third Window is a psychological novel with all the good qualities of Mr. Henry James at his best, and still greater qualities than any Mr. Henry James ever showed that he possessed. The novel contains only three characters; these characters are so delicately sketched, yet presented with such fullness, that they are painfully real. The young soldier is admirable; and the comparison with Mr. Hergersheimer’s young soldier in *Steel* is much to the disadvantage of the latter. In

⁴ Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Steel, one doubts whether the leading man was ever more than a selfish brute; it requires all the author's skill in lighting the stage to make us assume that he is a normal man; but Miss Sedgwick's Captain Saltonhall is a man. War has affected him; its experiences have made him believe almost reluctantly in the immortality of the soul. It has matured him without changing him; and his love for Antonia is the love of an honest and honorable gentleman. Antonia herself, with her doubts, with her fears, and her hope that Malcolm, her dead husband, may be immortal, is the result of Miss Sedgwick's impartial study of the results of modern education on a delicate, sensitive and very cultivated and narrow mind. You cannot help feeling the charm of Antonia, and you are oppressed by her failure to cast off the gloom and obsession of a problem to which the simplest of confessors could have given the answer. The conception of Miss Latimer, the medium, whose influence over Antonia leads to tragedy, is masterly.

Nearly all the fashionable novels are devoted to the thesis that marriage ought to be a transient condition; it is remarkable, too, that it is always the lady in the case who feels obliged to change her husband at unfixed intervals; the man's need for frequent divorces and re-marriages is very seldom made the pivot of a thrilling narrative. Antonia is deeply attached to her husband, Malcolm, who was killed in the War. She fears that he will suffer if she marries Captain Saltonhall, with whom she is now in love. Miss Latimer is devoted to the memory of Malcolm. She dislikes his rival; and the final turn of the novel is made by the use of Spiritism. It would be a great pity to spoil the charm of this book by cutting out passages which are so artistically interlaced. Antonia divided between the strange fear that a new marriage may entail deep suffering to her Malcolm, whom she still regards as her actual husband, is led by Miss Latimer to settle the question. It is worth while reading this perfectly written novel to find out how she did it. The answer to Antonia's heart-rending question seems easy to us in the full light of faith.

If one looks for enlightenment in the novels of the year, enlightenment on that great question of democracy which is much talked about but has never yet been defined for Americans, one soon discovers that no such thing as social democracy exists in the United States. To that conservative person

who trusts that democracy will never be permitted to spoil all the pleasures of life, it is plain, from the English novels that aristocracy will always exist in England until the last Duke is strangled with the entrails of the last Baronet.

If we compare *Sunny Ducrow* by Henry St. John Cooper,⁵ with *Poor Dear Theodora!* by Florence Irwin,⁶ which is a very amusing story—innocently romantic to the last degree—we find that Sunny Ducrow is most artlessly aristocratic, although she began life in a pickle factory. In fact, the pickle factory is always so evident that you smell the fumes of the vinegar, except when the Viscount Dobrington appears. It is a fairy tale. There is an unpleasant deluge of the cockneyism of the heroine, even after she had miraculously learned Greek, Latin, French and Italian; the novel is good and inspiring.

Poor Dear Theodora is, like *The Rose of Jericho*, frankly aristocratic. Old Mrs. Stuyvesant, a stock figure in American novels, by the way, is even more haughty and exclusive than the Duchess in *Sunny Ducrow* or the other Duchess in *A Pawn in Pawn*, by Hilda M. Sharp.⁷ In *Poor Dear Theodora*, which in many respects is a very delightful novel, "blood" counts enormously. To have lived long in an American city, to have had no ancestors that ever worked for a living, and to own a piano on which the Marquis de Lafayette played the "Marseillaise," is in certain parts of our country equivalent to possessing a coat-of-arms. There are other requirements in other parts, which nearly all the American novelists seem to take quite seriously. In fact, the earnest seeker, believing that novels by clever writers are pictures of real life, must come to the conclusion that socially the United States is the most aristocratic country in the world, and difficult to live in, since every aristocrat thinks it necessary to explain volubly his claims of distinction.

Nevertheless, *Theodora* is a very nice and well-brought up girl, and Mrs. Felton, the very modern woman with a mission, is etched realistically; she is taken straight out of life. As a good novel written without offence to good morals or good taste, *Poor Dear Theodora* may be recommended.

For once, at least, since he ceased to write poetry, Mr. Pallen has allowed us to forget that he is a doctor of philos-

⁵ New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

⁶ The same publishers.

⁷ New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ophy. He writes *Crucible Island* as if he liked to write it; it has what the publicity people call "a gripping human interest," and it would be a real gain if our people who are combating Socialism, in an academic manner, would help to circulate a book so actual and practical. It is a picture, well visualized, of how Socialism would work if the essential principles were applied to every day life. It is the work of a very human scholar who has given life and movement to ideas hitherto kept too shadowy for the general reader.

The earnest seeker after the realities of American life through the medium of novels, learns that the theatre is the easiest road to perpetual prosperity here, as it is in England. In the old days, a certain amount of training, of talent, of experience, and even of cultivation was necessary apparently to a profession which made the career of actors a great art. Today, in England we discover, through the gospel of *Sunny Ducrow*, that any girl with red hair preferably and a determination to succeed, may attain to a legitimate limousine and a necklace of pearls if she wants to. *Jane*, by Anna Alice Chapin, and *The Rose of Jericho*, by Ruth Holt Boucicault,⁸ are cases in point. There is not a dull page in *Jane*; her second name is O'Reilly, and this probably accounts for it. There is a Catholic background somewhere in the form of a rather singular aunt, who writes a rather strange letter, which savors very much of the most rigid kind of Puritanism. Like Sunny Ducrow, Jane has red hair, and consequently her success on the modern stage was certain.

In *The Rose of Jericho* the heroine is also half Irish, and her name is Sheelah. Her grandmother on her mother's side was named O'Mara; her mother died leaving twins. Granny O'Mara wanted them to be named after two of "the blessed saints;" but her daughter, Jenny, objected to Patrick and Dennis. She thought they should be something like Cedric or Ethelbert or Cuthbert, or something that reminded one of early Anglo-Saxon glory. Why the daughter of Granny O'Mara should be so devoted to "Anglo-Saxon glory" is not explained; and, when after many months they were called David and Jonathan, the register of the baptism is not produced.

From the point of view of style, vivacity, a power of visualization and the expression of a dim groping for a spiritual

⁸ New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

meaning in life, *The Rose of Jericho* must be treated respectfully. It is much truer to the essentials of life than either *Sunny Ducrow* or *Jane*, and the unmorality of the heroine is a quality in modern life which is bound to follow the growing ignorance of the dogmas of Christianity. Sheelah does recover herself in the end, and becomes a devout Catholic; but she seems curiously mixed as to the difference between the teachings of the Catholic Church and of the Anglican opinion. The ending is very modern; if Mrs. Boucicault had put the history of St. Mary Magdalen into a romance she would, if she followed the method of *The Rose of Jericho*, have married the Great Penitent to the noble minded Centurion of the Scripture, who had built a synagogue. The vivacity of manner, the charm and a certain deadly sameness is common to all the American novels mentioned, except *The Third Window*. They are brilliant, well written, but they lack distinction.

This Side of Paradise, by F. Scott Fitzgerald,⁹ has brought a young author into the limelight of success. It deserves more than the limelight that plays so transiently over the best of best sellers. This novel is the work of a very young man and that makes it really valuable; it is the revelation, evidently as sincere as such revelations can ever be, of a man conscious of the dawning of his soul. It could come only from an American in an American atmosphere, but it has just that tinge of foreign sophistication which gives it perspective.

Friends of the late Monsignor Fay will be amused, a little saddened perhaps, by his counterfeit as seen through youthful eyes—but only a little saddened. If Mr. Scott Fitzgerald lives to brave the power of Harold Fredericks, he will give us a full length portrait more convincing than that of the Dean in *The Damnation of Theron Ware*. Mr. Fitzgerald is a realist, not of promise, but of performance. He is no “infant phenomenon;” he is a trained artist already.

Mrs. Norris, the author of *Mother*, has a widening circle of readers. Her work is unequal; she has not yet recovered the richness that made *Julia Page* a remarkable novel of life on the Pacific coast. In *Sisters*, her novel of last year, she shocked some of her admirers. There is always an essential morality in Mrs. Norris' books; but *Sisters* reminded one of an old play by Octave Feuillet called *Redemption*, which

⁹ New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

excited a storm of criticism in its day. The heroine was a lady of very certain character, mentioned in the Old Testament in very plain language. She had many adventures, some of them unfit for publication; but having discovered "the right man" just before the curtain fell, she murmured: "Now I believe in God!" And all was well!

There was some strong characterization in *Sisters*, but let us hope that Mrs. Norris may not repeat an experiment too close to the methods of the late lamented George Sand. Her latest book, *Harriet and the Piper*,¹⁰ is in her better vein. It seems impossible for her to write a dull page. One can not help regretting that Mrs. Norris has deserted California. Her opulent New York background is a well-painted piece of stock scenery; and the opening "drop" scene is particularly well painted. The characters, with the exception of Harriet herself, owe their individuality entirely to the interest which Mrs. Norris can not help giving them. There is the aristocratic old woman, she infests all novels in English, whether she is a Duchess, or haughty American, wearing sixteen bars as a Daughter of the Revolution, a descendant of the Pilgrims, or newly rich, with inherited "blood." Mrs. Norris makes her interesting all the same. There is the companion with the past, which is really not so much of the past as it seems to be, the amiable idiot who plays tennis and will inherit a fortune, and his equally idiotic sister.

Nobody but a writer of Mrs. Norris' sympathy and power of visualization could make a good story from these ordinary persons. The moral is good, and we are pleased to notice that, although Harriet, living once in a provincial branch of Greenwich Village, was betrayed into a trial marriage—only a matter of form—she has conscientious objections against divorce. *Harriet and the Piper* stands out against the background of "best sellers" with remarkable brilliancy.

¹⁰ New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE LIFE'S WORK OF J. H. NEWMAN.

BY HERBERT LUCAS, S.J.

II.

THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT AND AFTER.



THE significance of the verses, "Lead, Kindly Light," as bearing on Newman's mental and spiritual development, can be rightly assessed only if we remember the circumstances under which they were written, *viz.*: during a comparatively short period of deep depression, to a large extent arising out of his sickness. The sickness itself he regarded as a signal mercy of God, by reason of the inward experience and thoughts to which it gave rise. "Time went on," he writes, "and various things happened by which He went on training me—but what most impresses itself upon me, is the strange feelings and convictions about His will towards me which came on me, when I was abroad."¹ Nevertheless, though such were Newman's subsequent reflections, it would seem that for the moment the mood of depression, as distinct from the concomitant confidence in the divine guidance, proved a passing one.

Finding himself, on his return to England, restored to health and vigor, he plunged, with what he calls "exuberant and joyous energy" into the movement which he regarded as having been inaugurated by Keble's Sermon on "National Apostasy," already mentioned. The leaders of the movement—Newman himself (though he disclaimed the title), Pusey, and Keble—set themselves to the establishment of a "Via Media," a "Middle Path," between popular Protestantism and what they regarded as "Romish error." The English Church, they held, had much to learn, the Roman much to unlearn.²

¹ *Correspondence*, p. 313.

² Speaking of a later period (1843) the Editor of the *Correspondence* thus contrasts the attitude of Newman with that of W. G. Ward and others: "Newman may be represented as holding that England had much to learn, Rome much to unlearn. The New School, on the other hand, simply regarded Rome as the living model of Catholicity to which the Church of England must adapt herself" (*Correspondence*, p. 200).

They would, in the light of such historical knowledge as they possessed or could acquire, strike a middle course by which the deficiencies of the one would be made good and the exaggerations (as they regarded them) of the other should be avoided. To this end the series of pamphlets known as the *Tracts for the Times* was started by Newman; and the Tractarian period (1833-41) he described, in 1864, as the happiest time of his life. "I had the consciousness," he writes, "that I was employed in that work which I had been dreaming about, and which I felt to be so momentous and inspiring. I had a supreme confidence in our cause; we were upholding that primitive Christianity which was delivered for all time by the early teachers of the Church, and which was registered and attested," such was his conviction at the time, "in the Anglican formularies and by the Anglican divines. That ancient religion had well-nigh passed out of the land, and it must be restored."

Three points were, as he tells us, with him fundamental. In the first place he stood out for "the principle of dogma: my battle was with liberalism, . . . the anti-dogmatic principle and its developments."³ Secondly, he was "confident . . . that there was a visible Church, with sacraments and rites which are the channels of invisible grace,"⁴ a Church which had for the basis of its organization "the Episcopal System,"⁵ with, of course, the Pope left out. "What to me," he says, "was *jure divino* was the voice of my Bishop in his own person. My own Bishop was my Pope; I knew no other; the successor of the Apostles, the Vicar of Christ."⁶ That bishops might disagree about those very dogmas that were so dear to him; that the need of a central authority is as clearly attested by history as is its existence by Scripture and tradition—these were considerations which either did not as yet present themselves to his mind, or, at least, did not come home to him or trouble him. And lastly, "the third point on which I stood out in 1833" was opposition to "the Church of Rome."⁷ Much indeed of his old bitterness had passed away, largely under the influence of Hurrell Froude, and he had already "learned to have tender feelings towards her; but still

³ *Apologia*, p. 48.⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 49.⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 50.⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 51.⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 52.

my reason was not affected at all. My judgment was against her, as truly as it had ever been."⁸

It would, of course, be a mistake to suppose that the term "Via Media" formed part of any set programme adopted by the writers of the Tracts, for indeed they had none.⁹ By Newman himself it was first used as the title of Tracts 38 and 40, published in 1834, though it "had already been applied to the Anglican System by writers of repute." But the fact that the author's lectures on "The Prophetical Office of the Church viewed relatively to Romanism and Popular Protestantism," together with Tracts 38, 40, 71, 90 and sundry allied documents, were republished by him in 1877 under the same general title of *Via Media*, is a sufficient indication that the phrase sums up the real scope of the Tractarian Movement.

Except, perhaps, for specialists, the Tracts as a whole have long since ceased to be of living interest; and for my present purpose it must be enough to say that it was not till 1839 that Newman's enthusiastic confidence in the cause which he had expressed received its first rude shock. To this point I will presently return. Meanwhile it is to be borne in mind that whereas "the Tracts represented the doctrinal side of the movement, . . . there was another influence at work more potent than they;" more potent because it enlisted the sympathies of so many whom the Tracts would have left unmoved. "The Tracts," says Dean Church, "were not the most powerful instrument in drawing sympathy to the movement. None but those who remember them can adequately estimate the effect of Mr. Newman's four o'clock Sermons at St. Mary's. The world . . . hardly realizes that without these sermons the movement might never have gone on, would certainly never have been what it was. . . . While men were reading and talking about the Tracts, they were hearing the sermons; and in the sermons they heard the living meaning, and reason, and bearing of the Tracts. . . . The Sermons created a moral atmosphere, in which men judged the questions in debate."¹⁰

Of quite special interest are the *University Sermons* on "Faith and Reason, Contrasted as Habits of Mind," on "The Nature of Faith in Relation to Reason," on "Love the Safeguard of Faith Against Superstition," and on "Implicit and Explicit

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 54.

⁹ *Cf. Correspondence*, pp. 205, 239.

¹⁰ Church, *Oxford Movement*, pp. 129, 130, quoted in *Correspondence*, p. 28.

Reason," all preached in 1839-40. They are, it must be confessed, not easy reading, nor do they readily lend themselves to a brief analysis, which I will not attempt here. They were written, says the author at a later date, "with no aid from Anglican, and no knowledge of Catholic theologians." They "are of the nature of an exploring expedition into an all but unknown country." Moreover, "the author has pursued the subject at considerable length in his *Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent*;¹¹ a work of which some account must be given in a future article. They are mentioned here, however, as bearing witness by their very titles to Newman's life-long solicitude on the subject with which in various ways they are all concerned, a subject to which he recurs not only in the *Grammar of Assent*, but also in the latest of all his published writings, the article in the *Contemporary Review* (1885) on "The Development of Error."¹²

But to return to the crisis, for such indeed it was, of 1839. "In June and July" of that year, he writes, "reading the Monophysite controversy, I found my eyes opened to a state of things very different from what I had learned from my natural guides. The prejudice, or whatever name it be called, which had been too great for conviction from the striking facts of the Arian history, could not withstand the history of St. Leo and the Council of Chalcedon, I saw that, if the early times were to be my guide, the Pope had a very different place in the Church from what I had supposed. When this suspicion had once fair possession of my mind, the whole English system fell about me on all sides." So he wrote in a Memorandum drawn up in 1844.¹³ And again in the *Apologia*, "it was difficult to make out how the Eutychians or Monophysites were heretics unless Protestants were heretics also; difficult to find arguments against the Tridentine Fathers, which did not tell against the Fathers of Chalcedon; difficult to condemn the Popes of the sixteenth century without condemning the Popes of the fifth . . . The principles and proceedings of the Church now, were those of the Church then; the principles and pro-

¹¹ *University Sermons*, Preface to Third Edition, pp. ix., x., xvii.

¹² Cf. Ward, *Last Essays*, pp. 78 ff.

¹³ *Correspondence*, p. 17. To this memorandum the Editor has prefixed a brief and lucid and most useful summary (pp. 1-7) of the history of the Eutychian troubles, and of the Council which ought to have ended them. Cf. also Rivington, *The Roman Primacy*, pp. 431-451.

ceedings of heretics then were those of Protestants now. . . . What was the use of continuing or defending my position if, after all, I was forging arguments for Arius or Eutyches, and turning devil's advocate against the much-enduring Athanasius and the majestic Leo? Be my soul with the Saints, and shall I lift up my hand against them?"¹⁴

Nor was this all. "Hardly had I brought my course of reading to a close," he says, when the current number of the *Dublin Review* was put into his hands. It contained an article on "The Anglican Claim," by Dr. Wiseman, based on an analogous argument from the case of the Donatists. "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*"—the phrase, St. Augustine's, reiterated by the friend who had brought him the book—haunted his mind. "The case [of the Donatists] was not parallel to that of the Anglican Church." Yet the principle at issue was the same. The Donatists were not more thoroughly severed from the unity of the Church than were the Anglicans. "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum!* By these great words of the ancient Father, interpreting and summing up the long and varied course of ecclesiastical history, the theory of the 'Via Media' was absolutely pulverized."¹⁵

Yet six years were still to elapse before Newman made his submission to the Catholic Church. How could this be, it may be asked, in the case of one so keenly alert to the voice of conscience and the promptings of Divine grace? Perhaps the best answer to this rather futile question may be found in the description which he has given, in the person of Charles Reding, of his own habit of waiting patiently, yet not in idleness, the ultimate solution or reconciliation of apparent discrepancies between new ideas and old convictions. In this case the solution or reconciliation was to come with the recognition, not that his old convictions, on their positive side, were mistaken, but that they were inadequate; that he had been wrong, not in what he had believed, but in what he had rejected. He had been right in battling for what he held to be the integrity of the Catholic faith, but in error when he had flouted or ignored the authority of the successor of St. Peter, the divinely appointed custodian of the Apostolic tradition.

For the moment, at any rate, as he answered Henry Wil-

¹⁴ *Apologia*, p. 115, quoted from, apparently, a later Memorandum (1850).

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 116, 117.

berforce in a conversation long afterwards remembered, "he felt confident that, when he returned to his rooms and was able fully and calmly to consider the whole matter, he should see his way completely out of the difficulty."¹⁶ And indeed he so far succeeded, to his own satisfaction at least, that he contributed to the *British Critic* (January, 1840) a carefully considered reply to Dr. Wiseman, entitled "The Catholicity of the Anglican Church."¹⁷

"This paper," he says, "quieted me for nearly two years, till the Autumn of 1841."¹⁸ And notwithstanding the troubles that, as will presently appear, were to arise in the early months of that year, he is able to affirm that "in the summer of 1841 I found myself at Littlemore without any harass or anxiety on my mind. I had determined to put aside all controversy, and I set myself down to my translation of St. Athanasius."¹⁹ These two years, 1839-41, have been felicitously described, by the editor of the *Correspondence*, as "the St. Martin's summer of his Anglicanism."²⁰ For indeed the winter, already ominously presaged, was soon to close in upon him; its rigors not to be relaxed till the breaking of his own "second spring."

And the presage was in this wise. It had been more than once urged upon his attention that the Tracts, notwithstanding their protests against Rome, were in fact leading men Romewards, and the more so because the teaching of the Tracts seemed to many, both friendly and hostile, to be on various points in flat contradiction with the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Anglican Establishment. "It was thrown in our teeth: 'How can you manage to sign the Articles? They are directly against Rome.'"²¹ It was to meet this difficulty that he undertook the writing of the famous "Tract 90," of which the full title was: "Remarks on Certain Passages of the Thirty-nine Articles."²² To state the matter in his own words: "This Tract was written under the conviction that the Anglican Thirty-nine Articles of Religion, of which it treated, were, when taken in their letter, so loosely worded, so incomplete in statement, and so ambiguous in their meaning, as to need an authoritative interpretation; and that neither those who drew them up nor those who imposed them were sufficiently agreed

¹⁶ *Correspondence*, p. 14. ¹⁷ Reprinted in *Essays Critical and Historical*, ii., 1.

¹⁸ Memorandum (1844) in *Correspondence*, p. 18. ¹⁹ *Apologia*, p. 139.

²⁰ *Correspondence*, p. 14.

²¹ *Apologia*, p. 78.

²² Reprinted in *Via Media*, ii., p. 261 ff.

among themselves, or clear and consistent in their theological view individually, to be able to supply it."²³

How, it will occur to an ordinary, plain, common-sense Catholic to ask, could an individual Anglican, even so highly gifted as Newman, hope to supply an "authoritative" explanation of a document which itself rested on no higher authority than that of Queen Elizabeth and her complaisant theologians? The answer is, of course, that Newman had no thought of supplying such an interpretation, except in the sense that he hoped for at least a negative or tacit acceptance of his view by what he believed to be the English branch of the Catholic Church. "There was," he writes, "but one authority to whom recourse could be had for such interpretation—the Church Catholic. . . . What she taught, all her branches taught; and this the Anglican Church *did* teach, *must* teach, if it was a branch of the Church Catholic, otherwise it was not a branch; but a branch it certainly was, for, if it was not a branch, what had we to do with it?"²⁴ How far the Anglican "branch," through the mouth of its bishops, either positively taught or tacitly accepted the views expressed in "Tract 90" will presently appear. Meanwhile it may be well to indicate the nature of these views.

"The thesis put forward in 'Tract 90,' " writes the editor of the *Correspondence*, "may be summed up in a dictum, current at the time, to the effect that the Articles were *patient but not ambitious of a Catholic interpretation*. The writer of the Tract insisted, with a distinctness that severely taxed the forbearance of many of his friends and supporters, that the *animus* of the Articles was un-Catholic, that they were the product of an un-Catholic age, that they were not intended to inculcate Catholic doctrine; but having admitted all this, Newman maintained that they were of deliberate purpose so framed that it might be possible for men having Catholic leanings to subscribe to them without doing violence either to their own consciences, or to the 'literal and formulative sense' of the Articles."²⁵ "Their framers," as Newman himself wrote, "constructed the Articles in such a way as best to comprehend those who did not go so far in Protestantism as themselves. Anglo-Catholics then are but the successors and representatives of those moderate reformers; and their case

²³ *Ibid.*²⁴ *Ibid.* (italics his).²⁵ *Correspondence*, p. 72 (italics his).

has been directly anticipated in the wording of the Articles. It follows that they are not perverting, they are using them for an express purpose for which among others their author intended them. *The interpretation Anglo-Catholics take was intended to be admissible, though not that which those authors took themselves.*"²⁶ The Articles, then, were in the nature of a compromise; their bark was, so to say, worse than their bite; and they were to be interpreted in the light of the Prayer Book and the "Homilies," which they declare to contain "godly doctrine," and which they must be presumed not to contradict.²⁷

The publication of the Tract, on February 27, 1841, at once raised a not very edifying storm. Within little more than a week, *viz.*: on March 12th, four college tutors addressed to the editor, *i. e.*, Newman, a letter in which they say: "The Tract has in our apprehension a highly dangerous character from its suggesting that certain very important errors of the Church of Rome are not condemned by the Articles of the Church of England."²⁸ In this letter, says a very competent critic, "they betrayed such an entire misunderstanding of the scope of the Tract, that it might almost seem pardonable to suspect that every one of the four, feeling confident that the other three had studied it, omitted to do so himself. . . . A novel and complicated piece of critical research, such as was Tract 90, cannot be mastered by the most practised intellect in the space of eight days."²⁹ This, of course, is true enough; but it may be lawful to suggest that the instinctive "apprehension" of the four tutors was sufficiently well founded to call (on their own doctrinal assumptions) for prompt action in face of a real and urgent danger. However this may be, Newman, "with the rapidity that he was capable of in an emergency," vindicated the Tract in an open "Letter to Dr. Jelf."³⁰ The letter was published, and in Dr. Jelf's hands, at midday on March 16th; and it has been suggested that "if the Hebdomadal Board," of Heads of Houses, "instead of being in a hurry to strike, had condescended to wait a few

²⁶ "Tract 90," in *Via Media*, ii., p. 346.

²⁷ Cf. "Tract 90," in *Via Media*, ii., p. 330 ff., where no less than sixty-seven passages, sentences, or phrases, are quoted, with approval, from the *Homilies*.

²⁸ The letter (with other official correspondence) is given in *Via Media*, ii., p. 359, *Homilies*.

²⁹ *Correspondence*, pp. 70, 71.

³⁰ Reprinted in *Via Media*, ii., p. 367 ff.

hours for the promised vindication of the Tract, they might have been saved from doing a very foolish thing.”³¹

What they had actually done, whether foolishly or otherwise, but at any rate very promptly, was to pass a resolution, on the morning of that same day, March 16th, to the effect “that modes of interpretation such as are suggested in the said Tract, evading rather than explaining the sense of the . . . Articles, and reconciling them with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract, defeat the object and are inconsistent with the due observance” of certain Statutes of the University.³² Nor was this all.

A few days later Newman received from the Bishop of Oxford a message to the effect that he considered the Tract to be “objectionable,” as tending “to destroy the peace and tranquillity of the Church,” and that he advised “that the *Tracts for the Times* should be discontinued.”³³ True to his conviction, previously expressed, that “a Bishop’s lightest word *ex cathedra* is heavy,” and that “his judgment on a book cannot be light,”³⁴ Newman at once, in a letter to the Bishop (March 29th), promised that his wishes should be at once complied with, and at the same time offered “some explanations, . . . which your Lordship desires of me,” by way of vindicating the Tracts already published from the charge that “they are thought by many to betray a leaning towards Roman Catholic error, and a deficient appreciation of our own truth.”³⁵ Into this vindication there is neither need nor space to enter, here, but the concluding paragraph of the letter which deserves quotation, will sufficiently account for the inward calm which, as has been seen, Newman experienced in the summer of 1841:

And now, my Lord, suffer me to thank your Lordship for your most abundant and extraordinary kindness towards me, in the midst of the exercise of your authority. I have nothing to be sorry for, except having made your Lordship anxious, and others whom I am bound to revere. I have nothing to be sorry for, but everything to rejoice and be thankful for. I have never taken pleasure in seeming to be able to move a party, and whatever influence I have had has been found, not sought after. I have acted because

³¹ *Correspondence, loc. cit.*

³² *Via Media*, ii., p. 362.

³³ *Via Media*, p. 397.

³⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 398.

³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 399.

others did not act, and have sacrificed a quiet which I prized. May God be with me in time to come, as He has been hitherto! and He will be, if I can but keep my hand clean and my heart pure. I think I can bear, or at least will try to bear, any personal humiliation, so that I am preserved from betraying sacred interests, which the Lord of grace and power has given into my hands.³⁶

The "quiet which he prized" was now turned to good account by the devotion of ten or twelve hours a day to his translation (with notes, etc.) of St. Athanasius; and the sky, for a brief period, seemed serene. "But," he writes, "between July and November," in this same year, 1841, "I received three blows which broke me."³⁷

Of these three "blows" the first was the fact that "in the Arian history I found the very same phenomenon, in a far bolder shape, which I had found in the Monophysite. I had not observed it in 1832," *i. e.*, when he wrote his work on *The Arians of the Fourth Century*. But now "I saw clearly, that in the history of Arianism, the pure" or thoroughgoing "Arians were the Protestants, the Semi-Arians," with their attempted "Via Media," "were the Anglicans, and that Rome now was what it was" then.³⁸

The second blow was the condemnation of "Tract 90," no longer by University dons alone, but by one Anglican bishop after another, in a succession of charges which ultimately extended over a period of more than two years. An interpretation of the Articles which was unanimously rejected by *all* the bishops, could not claim to be in harmony with the actual teaching of what he still strove to regard as the English branch of the Catholic Church.³⁹

The third blow was the affair of the Jerusalem bishopric.⁴⁰ In that same year, 1841, Parliament had passed an Act to the effect that, for the benefit of English and Prussian subjects resident in the Holy Land, a bishop should be consecrated alternately by the English and Prussian Protestant Churches, and in accordance with this Act the first Bishop of Jerusalem was "consecrated" by the Archbishop of Canterbury. By this proceeding the Anglican Establishment was formally declared

³⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 424.

³⁷ *Apologia*, p. 139.

³⁸ *Ibid.*

³⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 139, 140.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 141 Homilies.

to be in communion with Prussian Lutherans and Calvinists, whom the Tractarians and many other Anglicans regarded as heretics. The whole affair, of which he says, writing to Hope Scott, "the more I think of it the more I am dismayed,"⁴¹ called forth a strong protest from Newman, a protest which he addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury and communicated to the Bishop of Oxford, and which, if I rightly understand the words of the document itself, he also read from the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford. Writing of the whole affair many years later, he says: "As to the project of a Jerusalem Bishopric, I never heard of any good or harm it has ever done, except what it has done for me; which many think a great misfortune, and I one of the greatest of mercies. It brought me on to the beginning of the end."⁴²

"From the end of 1841," he writes, "I was on my death bed, as regards my membership with the Anglican Church, though at the time I became aware of it only by degrees."⁴³ "A death bed," he adds, "has scarcely a history," and the story of the last four years of Newman's Anglican life must be very briefly told. It was not till 1843 that he finally resigned his Vicarage of St. Mary's, Oxford, and retired into lay communion. In the same year he published a courageous retraction of all that he had written against the Catholic Church.⁴⁴

What was it, then, that still delayed him? He already saw with ever-increasing clearness that the position which during so many years he had been endeavoring to defend was untenable. There seemed to be no escape from submission to the Catholic Church. Nevertheless, he did not yet see his way to submit. And why? Because, to name only the chief among his difficulties, he was confronted with the fact that the Catholic Church held certain doctrines, notably as regards the invocation of Our Lady and the Saints, which could not, as it seemed to him, be regarded as primitive or Apostolic. This difficulty set him on the task of examining into the question of the Development of Doctrine. It was true that certain Catholic dogmas cannot be found, expressed in clear definitions, in authentic documents of the early centuries. But was it not possible that they were contained, so to say, in germ, in the Apostolic tradition, and only awaited explicit definition when

⁴¹ *Correspondence*, p. 144.⁴² *Apologia*, p. 146.⁴³ *Ibid.*, p. 147.⁴⁴ Reprinted in *Via Media*, ii., p. 425, Homilies.

the rise of successive errors called for authoritative correction, just as the Arian, Nestorian, and Monophysite errors called for the creeds, anathemas, and definitions, respectively, of Nicæa, Ephesus, and Chalcedon? To this subject, on the completion of his work on Athanasius, he now devoted long and painful study, of which the results are seen in his work on *The Development of Doctrine*, begun as an Anglican and finished and published after his reception into the Catholic Church, by the Passionist, Father Dominic, on October 11, 1845.

And now, if it should seem to any one that in thus telling once more, and at some length, the story of Newman's very gradual conversion, I have departed from the professed intention of dealing with his "life's work," I would reply that no small portion of his life's work may be said to have consisted in the providing of a wonderful object-lesson in religious earnestness, and in the fulfillment of the arduous task of "blazing the trail," others might more easily follow, that leads from the side-track or *cul-de-sac* of the "Via Media" to the King's Highway of Catholic truth.

It only remains to quote two touching passages, familiar to many, yet too precious to be omitted. One of these is the concluding paragraph of his sermon on "The Parting of Friends," the last which he preached at St. Mary's, Oxford:

And, O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you . . . ; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it.⁴⁵

The companion passage, so to call it, is that with which

⁴⁵ *Sermons on Subjects of the Day*, p. 409.

he concludes the Essay on *The Development of Christian Doctrine*, and is as follows:

Such were the thoughts concerning the "Blessed Vision of Peace" of one whose long-continued petition had been that the Most Merciful would not despise the work of His own Hands, nor leave him to himself;—while yet his eyes were dim, and his breast laden, and he could but employ Reason in the things of Faith. And now, dear Reader, time is short, eternity is long. Put not from you what you have found; regard it not as mere matter of present controversy; set not out resolved to refute it, and looking about for the best means of doing so; seduce not yourself with the imagination that it comes of disappointment, or disgust, or restlessness, or wounded feeling, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. Wrap not yourselves round in the associations of years past; nor determine that to be truth which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short, eternity is long.

*Nunc dimittis, servum tuum, Domine,
Secundum Verbum tuum in pace:
Quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum.*⁴⁶

⁴⁶ *Development* (Ed. 1845), p. 453.

THE SOUL OF A PATRIOT.¹

BY L. WHEATON.



AT this moment when the eyes of the whole world are intent upon Poland, anything which throws a light upon her inner history is of peculiar value. She is unique among nations; she has died the death; she has been buried at the cross-roads of three predatory nations and her resurrection is at hand.

Miss Gardner's excellent article in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* of January, 1920, "A Polish Mystic on the National Resurrection," has prepared her readers for the profoundly interesting biography recently published under the title, *The Anonymous Poet of Poland*. The chapters on Krasinski's literary work are admirably done, but so skillfully is the life story told, with such imaginative discrimination and generosity are the poet's own words cited, that the reader becomes more and more interested in the man himself, not only as a genius, not only in his political and human aspects, but in that relation which is the overwhelming interest of any soul, his relation to God. Patriotism, human love, intense and constant friendship, his own and his country's sufferings seem, sometimes in turn, sometimes all together, to absorb him; but deeper, stronger, truer and more insistent is that other preoccupation of conscience; his soul is kept attentive and alert in spite of the waywardness of his will, by the profound Catholicity of his instincts and training.

The man himself counts in the history. No one is interesting who is not himself interested in essentials or who is not in some way expressed in that relation. Only the ultimate can attract and carry our vision all the way. The reader strikes on shoals and shallows all too soon if the currents of a life lie only in the waters of passion and emotion—even in a sentiment as great as patriotism—or lap the shore of existence and never lose themselves in the unfathomable depths of mid-ocean. This Pole is what he is because of his Faith and Hope and Love; not merely natural—these great possessions—but

¹ *The Anonymous Poet of Poland*, by Monica Gardner. Cambridge University Press.

fixed deep in his soul beneath the surface storms of his painful life, with the supernatural steadfastness of sacramental grace, fostered by the accident of his Catholic ancestry. His unique distinction lies in his identity, as a man, with his own genius and with his country. Genius is often but a part of a man's life. Here it is the man himself; and one can but see that the unification of art and personality and nationality is effected by his indestructible Catholicity. The body of Poland can be dismembered—her soul can never die. She has gone through her purgative way, her passion is over at last; it is her Easter Eve. This is the summary of Krasinski's patriotic vision and experience, in which he seems to embody his country in his own person.

In no biography of a really great man, and Krasinski is that, can one find a more acute, though unexaggerated, account of a child's anguish, of a youth's prolonged torture, of a man's mental martyrdom. Educated from infancy in the history of his country and in passionate loyalty to a lost cause, the child of a noble and wealthy and famous house appears first in the pages of his biography as a precocious baby, with mind and heart too soon developed. "At four years old, the pretty little ringleted boy, in the low-necked frock and high sash of the pre-Victorian era such as we see him in a charming early portrait, recited to Alexander I., at the latter's request, verses of his own choosing: and with eyes fastened on the Tsar of all the Russias he spouted Brutus' defence of democracy from Voltaire." As a schoolboy he was ordered, by his enigmatic father to remain in the lecture room whilst his comrades were showing their patriotism at the burial of a persecuted Pole. When all his country flew to arms he was forbidden the army by Wincenty Krasinski, himself a distinguished general in Napoleon's time, and sent to travel. From that hour this most patriotic and courageous of her sons was dubbed a traitor to Poland. Later he was called to Russia to share with his father the favor of Nicholas I., the man who had tortured and slain his country.

It is difficult at the first glance to account for Zygmunt's submission to his father; but as one reads on, it is apparent that there was in the exquisite refinement of the poet's nature a certain meekness and affectionateness, which was never pusillanimous, never lacking in spirit, but was part of his

extraordinary gentleness. He was often vehement, never violent. Then, too, his father was his only relative, and he loved him. Moreover, he was discredited by his own countrymen. The elder Krasinski had relinquished his post, not as a traitor, but as a trained soldier who knew there was no use in resistance. Nevertheless, he was considered a traitor, and his son shared the obloquy. It was this combination of pain and genius and circumstance that made Zygmunt the great Anonymous Poet of Poland—anonymous because of his country's distrust, but more so because of the penalty attached to either the writing or the reading of his spirited work. Whatever he wrote was smuggled into the country, but it flew from hand to hand, and in the revolution of 1830, in the late War, and in this moment of Poland's return to national life, the works of Zygmunt Krasinski have acted as stimulus and inspiration. Banished as he had been by the shame of his position, he is Poland's greatest leader in her struggle to keep or regain existence.

But deeper in its influence upon the inner life of the rejected patriot and prescribed poet, because more vital to the soul itself, is the experience of human love, intense in proportion to the other intensities of such a nature. Krasinski was no mere libertine, but his love was not law in either of the two passionate aberrations of his stricken heart; and he suffered in the measure allotted by a keenly sensitive conscience, in his art and in his life. Yet even when the white heat of passion died of exhaustion, the innate chivalry of the Pole and the nobility of his own nature developed his affection into a lifelong compassion. For Madame Bobrowa, whose Catholic conscience was, with his own, an ever insistent accuser, he wrote the prayer which might have come from Augustine's pen, but which rose spontaneously from his own unhappy soul: "Thou art the first, the only, the highest Love: for all the love of our hearts on earth are only rivulets, flowing from the sea of Thy brightness—for Thou wilt save me when my days are numbered and Thou wilt comfort my distressed soul—for Thou wilt not forsake the work of Thy hands, Thy daughter who now weeps and wails to Thee."

Over and over again does Krasinski recall the author of the *Confessions* in the naïve sincerity of a soul which can never lie even to its inmost self—that last test of truthfulness—

and in his sensitiveness to pain (we recall Augustine's misery of toothache)—but the Pole had an inheritance of military endurance and the terrible and separate passion he underwent with his tortured eyes alone, tempered him to bear almost any physical ill. That he was loveable is amply illustrated by the deep and lasting affection he inspired in men and women, not on account of his genius but of something beautiful and unique in his noble personality; something too of strength and depth in spite of his faults of will. He was tragic rather than pathetic; willful rather than weak; but always with *gentillesse*. Strange to say, the first of his masculine friendships was with young Henry Reeve of the *Edinburgh Review*—his first boyish affection, for an English girl. The latter died a painless death; but the correspondence between the youths continued during many years—frank, spontaneous and warm as was the fashion of that enthusiastic era, in England as elsewhere.

But Krasinski's feelings lay deeper than the region of ardor. "Note well," he writes to Reeve, "this eternal truth that the happier a man becomes, the more he degenerates. Only in suffering are we truly great." He writes at the same time to his father: "The only shield (in the internal battle) is faith in Christ, and courage, for all our life will be a tempest. . . We are not born for happiness (here), but for the sweat of blood, for the continual war, not only external, with circumstances—*that matters little*—but internal, with our contradictory feelings, memories and hopes which will never cease to clash, to oust each other from our souls." A sombre and piercing vision for one so young. His friendships with Gaszynski and Danielwicz are of the imperishable quality of all his deeper feelings; he is as faithful as he is fastidious and delicate in his attachments. And there is always a note of distinguished humility in these affections. He can sacrifice his own dignity to his anxious love. To the young Pole, Adam Potocki, he writes a letter of warning, full of wistful carefulness for the beautiful freshness of his youth suddenly exposed to ruin.

None can adequately picture to himself how fearfully my soul has been ruined by love; how I deprived myself of the powers inexorably necessary for life, if we call labor, strength and virtue life. I know what has killed me, and when it was that I killed myself with all my flaming heart in that suicide.

But suicide is too strong a word. Where there was such clear light and so unending a struggle, recovery was bound to come. His infatuation for the unfortunate Countess Potocka, beloved of Chopin, was of a more ideal nature than was that of his first unhappy attachment. She was to him, or so he chose to think, inspiration of an Egerian kind, and he appeals to her as to his Beatrice. Yet he betrays his consciousness of even this high sophistry.

Miss Gardner writes: "The peculiar correspondence of Krasinski's national mysticism with that of the unit is perhaps more apparent in the *Psalm of Good Will* than in any other of Krasinski's directly patriotic work. The conditions of moral resurrection, the struggle against temptation, the all-conquering power of the will, as Krasinski sings of them in relation to a country, reads as a page of a soul's experience." He is never for one moment stupid with the stupidity of an uneducated soul. He knows or more than half suspects that he dreads the truth that his own moral lapses may be partly answerable for Poland's martyrdoms. Certainly they are simultaneous. He is always aware. The blindness brought upon his physical being by the repeated onslaughts of grief and distress never reached his inner vision. The darkness fell upon his poor eyes and his undisciplined heart; but his spiritual intelligence was always alert. This is the man who is even more interesting than the poet; more important than the patriot. The disorder in his moral life reacted on his poetry and his patriotism just because of his vision of rectitude.

Another sinning on such heights—

Had been the sleeker for it; but in him
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul.

And so, in the white light which beat insistent upon his conscience, he writes to his Alypius, Gaszynski: "O my Konstanty, all that I loved is far away as God or fadeth as a cloud. What has the spark of genius wrought for me? It only glimmered in the deep places of my soul. Had I not loved a mortal beauty—I might have lit a flame upon the vale of earth with that spark which fell to me from eternity."

"In at least one line, Krasinski distinctly argues that, as of

the man, so of a nation. "Thou hast given us all that Thou couldst give, O Lord."

If Krasinski had written but that one line of the *Psalm of Good Will*, he would have been a great poet. He was too essentially Catholic to listen long to his own occasional sophistries. It is one of the safe-guarding elements of the influence of the Church, that, deeper down than mere emotion and passion (very real in themselves but more superficial in the soul) is the knowledge that the Sacraments are remedial, that in the confessional and at the Communion table only can the wounded soul be restored to fuller life and health. This is what constitutes the practical, sane element in the Catholic poet. No matter what are his exaltations, his temporary frenzies and exaggerations, truth lies at the bottom of his Pierian spring, and if he only takes deep enough draughts he must include it. That is where Krasinski scores with Shelley. They have much in common, but, in contrast, Krasinski starts from affirmation and gets back to it; Shelley denies, and cries out of the chaos of denial for positive Love and Beauty, which he has destroyed in his own soul by a horrible crime, expiated, let us hope, by the poetic justice of his own drowning. In the second place Krasinski has the innate refinement and chivalry of the Pole. He cannot break the heart of another; he can only break his own to satisfy his injured conscience and even that is delayed by his inborn compassion. One can always catch his true voice in the oft reiterated refrain: "Thou hast given us, O Lord, all that Thou canst give," because of the willfulness of our closed hearts.

In that age of gifted and enthusiastic youth, Krasinski stands apart, a sort of lonely Hamlet in their midst, separated from the group by the clear and chastising spiritual vision which, by a sort of paradox, shadowed and spoiled all the wild impulses of wayward love. Yet his passion, even when it sears his conscience, is never merely frothy or sentimental; he is too deep for anything but high simplicity. In spite of his physical delicacy, he is not anæmic, never merely neurotic. There is in him no trace of *l'esprit maladi* of Amiel, nor does he suggest that sense of early decay that may follow the most beautiful passages of Huysmans; he is always virile even in his frailty; high-spirited, gentle, and though sinning, not decadent. One knows there will be a resurrection.

The story has matter for a great novel, apart from the glorious literature which Miss Gardner has so sincerely translated. It reads at first like the history of a prospective saint; but saint Krasinski was not, although he truly rose, unspoilt, from his momentary death. He is the typical patriot, and his life, his loves, his literature are either derivative from or shared with that engrossing passion. It is perhaps a daring thing to say here and now, but patriotism and sanctity are not synonymous. The point of divergence is at the parting of the ways between time and eternity, between the finite and the infinite. Krasinski died, a devout Catholic and a devoted husband. His riper affection, after its two headlong vagaries, finally rested, contented and happy upon the beautiful nature of Elzbieta Branicka, whom he had married to please his father, "with death in his soul and no pretence of love." We see the real Krasinski free from his shackles, loyal at last to the imperishable Catholicity of his conscience, true to the best in himself. Poland's national existence was lost, but he had found his soul, and she who had never lost hers would recover her national life in a splendid resurrection.

Miss Gardner writes of Elzbieta: "The portraits that remain of this lady as well as the accounts given by those who knew her, testify to a beauty that was almost flawless. Her face, with its tranquil and noble dignity of the type known to us as early Victorian at its best, is often repeated in the pictures of Ary Scheffer, the warm friend and admirer of herself and her husband." This strangely links the name of Krasinski with that of Ernest Renan, who married the artist's daughter and whose grandson, famous in the War as the author of *Le Voyage du Centurion*, disclaimed his grandfather's apostasy by his own glorious act of faith—a patriot indeed of France and of eternity.

The portrait of Krasinski by Ary Scheffer is a frontispiece of the biography. There is something of Browning's "Aprile" in the fruitless striving of the brow, but the idealism, the sign of pain, physical and spiritual, personal and vicarious, are his own, and in the troubled eyes one reads that ever present sense of his relation with God, which haunted mercifully all his days.

I have said little of his literary work. Miss Gardner has made any exposition or comment unnecessary by the combined excellence of her essay and her biography. But one

feature can bear to be noticed more than once. In *Iridion* and in *The Undivine Comedy* the poet makes it very plain that hatred reacts upon the hater; it is negative, destructive and evil—never creative or constructive. Iridion himself speaks and acts as a pagan, so that the ethics of the play are negligible. The plot is very horrible yet (to quote from Miss Gardner) “never is Krasinski a greater artist than when he treats episodes that for their horror seem beyond the range of art. The delicacy with which he handles them, the restraint that gives them their extraordinary power, when no word too much is said, no word too little, are nowhere more apparent than in the parting between the brother and the sister whose honor he has sacrificed “to the Emperor for the sake of patriotic revenge.” Elsinoe’s “Remember how I loved you when we played upon the grass plots of Chiara,” is one of the tragic lines of literature.

But the book must speak for itself; we are robbing too freely its mine of gems. It is plain, however, to the reader as to himself, that the clouds that confused his moral life, obscured the spirit and substance of these earlier works. The beauty of his poetry increased with the later and better years. Of this he was himself aware. But at the worst of his moments one foresees that sooner or later resurrection must come; he was always capable of that tender shame which is the rainbow edge of contrition; shame is the courtesy of sorrow, its most intimate sweetness, and preparedness for the leaven of quickened life.

I have tried to emphasize the part which the poet’s inmost soul played in his life and work. The curious identification with Poland and with his own genius has been, throughout the book, skillfully manifested by Miss Gardner’s consistent method of compilation. Krasinski speaks of his country, of his own soul, of the faith of his baptism, of the idealized Beatrice of his song, transfigured from the shadowy Delphina Potocka into the real person of Elisa in the same terms. At times we are unable to distinguish the actual reference, but having discarded hatred and revenge as the useless and evil negatives, love is his meaning and eventually absorbs all else. He blends the passion and resurrection of Poland with that of Christ, with that also of his own soul; this gives the mystical quality to his vision and his writing. Resurrection is his final word.

Life must conquer death and in the utter triumph of love, time and eternity meet in his pages, diverge, run parallel, and finally the former is absorbed into the latter. "Where there is pain," he wrote to Slowacki, on a Roman Easter Eve, "there is life, there is Resurrection."²

Resurrection is a new word in literature and it is used by the poet of pain—a dedicated spirit—one of the very few. It is part of the truth of his genius that his sense of the more abundant Life is so fixed. The Passion, the price indeed of Life, was but a day; the earthly Life with its Divine Example and ethical teaching, its legacy of Truth, of Sacrifice and Sacraments, was but thirty-three years; the Risen Life is eternal; this Krasinski grasps with that larger vision which includes higher possibilities—"not by and by, but now, unless deny Him thou." It is here, it is now, it is ours, he dimly sees at last not in the person of Poland, but in the Person of Christ, in, if we choose, our own souls. Through patriotism he discovered what an English mystic found through innocent human love. If we die daily, we may also rise daily to undreamed of heights. This mystical resurrection which came in vision to him, is coming in its earthly aspect to his beloved Poland if she does not make her triumph an excess. In his heart, Krasinski knew he did not deserve to see his country rise from the dead, but he was as sure of her resurrection as he was of his own. That resurrection is told quite simply in a letter to a friend in his Easter of 1852, when the storms were stilled and he had regained a wholesome peace: "I found your letter this morning on my return from receiving the most Blessed Sacrament. Believe me, there is something above nature in Confession and Communion. . . All pain (and whose life is not pain!) must in the end have recourse to them. The earth is the pain of pains: if God did not frequently come down to it and give Himself to lips hungering for Him, it would be hell."

Again as he grows in strength regained and in clarified vision: "The further we go into the forest of life, the more are there of thorny trees, the fewer flowers and shrubs and kindlier verdure. But the teaching of life is that God guides all, that He is at the helm. Men only row, and that submission to that most Holy Will is man's only strength."

² A curious reverence for suffering is the one quality in common between the Pole and the Russian. This religion of pain is particularly emphasized in the novels of Dostoevsky.

We forgive the poet his mixed metaphor in an intimate letter for the sake of the last words, a paraphrase of the immortal line of another great patriot, poet, lover, and Catholic: "*En la sua volontate è nostra pace.*"

As he identifies his own soul with Poland in her fall, her dawn, her resurrection, so with his strange but sincere vision he identifies his long-suffering and exquisite wife with Rome. Once the pagan city had inspired his *Iridion*, now in his regenerate life he produced a beautiful poem called in earlier editions, "Roma," but written in his manuscript under the title, "To Elisa."

"O my loved, lovely one, blessed be thou, because tempted by the infernal foes thou hast trodden their false allurements unceasingly beneath thy feet. Oh, my loved, lovely one, blessed be thou, because upon thy brow thou bearest not the crown of pride, but the thorn of Polish woes and thoughts of Christ. Oh, Polish wife of mine, blessed be thou because, while the world is perishing and our country dies, thou hast among the whirlwinds of our time believed in hope, even against hope itself. . . Power without love is like to smoke: not we, but it shall die." He breaks away from Elisa to Poland: "Let my witness be tombs without end and from hill to hill. Let my witness be all that is here both far and near, on height or plain, the light of heaven and the human ruins, that Poland shall not die—that there is an avenging spirit that at God's decree pierces the deep heart of the history of mankind, that falsehood, perfidy and treachery die, but Poland does not die." And one feels that his vision apprehended the secret of her deathlessness in her supernatural, living faith.

On the Feast of St. Elizabeth, 1856, he writes simply to Elisa herself with no confusion of country. He tells her that "in the flowerless winter of the world, flowers in my soul do ever grow to thee amidst pain's winters, because thou art my spring, because thou art the last sun of my life. All has deceived me ere my days shall end. Thou only on this earth hast not deceived me. Thy form lies not to those who gaze on thee, when thine eyes light, the radiance in thy soul proclaims the angel in thy soul. Thou only art no mirage: yet in thee the beauty of the ideal is. Then let me fall upon my knees before thee and let my painstricken lips sigh forth seeking, in all humility, thy garments' hem: Thou beauty art."

Even here, in spite of the personal note, one feels that his vision reaches out to the infinite Love through the finite. The last lyric, "To My Elisa," is a cry of repentance to her, yet again one is aware of the climb of the soul from the ray to the Sun:

"Once did I dream that I was on the heights of bliss. I thought I was in the heaven of an inspiration without end: and yet I squandered all my life to nought because I did not love thee. . .

"Oh! woe unto those hearts by passion riddled. Even should an angel to their life descend, their future is poisoned by their past guilt, and an angelic happiness itself shall only pain them. . .

"Purest of peace on thy white brow high o'er the billows of the turmoils of the earth, sweetest of mournfulness within thine eyes. Why in the past did I not love thee?

"The treasure of my powers has fallen into nought. My mind has been divorced from inspired flame, my light went out, I have withered from boundless grief, only because I did not love thee. . . O look on me. Thou art on high and I below. Let death not be forever my only part. Take from my forehead with thy hand the pains of life; because now forever I have loved thee" (Baden Baden, St. Elizabeth's Day, 1857).

Once more beyond the human the cry reaches to the Divine—for love is God, and Krasinski's beautiful song of love and sorrow is Augustine's "O Beauty Ancient Ever New." The term, "mystic," has been applied to Krasinski and this in a certain sense is justifiable. He saw, when his vision was clearest, beyond the here and now to the meaning of life. His mental conception of Poland was mystical inasmuch as he realized that, as with the unit, so the spiritual being of an entire country must be saved through pain and faith and love; clearly he sees that hatred reacts upon itself and upon others; that revenge is a negation; that only by living love in spite of material circumstances, can the souls of men, collectively or individually, rise from temporal death to eternal life. But this might also be called a philosophy, correct indeed, yet only a philosophy of all life, collective or separate. Still, where this philosophy extends to vision, as it so frequently does in Krasinski's writings, when he not only thinks but *sees* according to Truth, the term applied to him as patriot and

poet is certainly vindicated along those special lines. As a mere man, however, there immediately appears a difference.

In her very beautiful introduction to the collection of English mystical poetry, entitled *The Mount of Vision*, Mrs. Meynell has pronounced a stern indictment on the promiscuous use of the word *mystic*, "which seems about to become the slang of studios." "It is ominous to hear the name of mysticism so easily used, given and taken, without a thought of its cost. It is not long since an interesting novel appeared of which the motive and the whole subject was mysticism. . . No one in the band of confident people engaged in this story in artistic work for a celestial end, seemed to have entered upon the indispensable beginnings, to have overcome anything within, to have shut his mouth upon a hasty word, to have dismissed a worldly thought, to have compelled his heart to a difficult act of pardon, to have foregone beloved sleep, cherished food, conversation, sharp thoughts or darling pride. The Saints, on the other hand, gave themselves to that spade-work before permitting themselves so much as one credible dream.

"Now it may be that the poets are to be held excused from the greater part of this saintly discipline. There is a certain measure of indulgence to be dispensed to them in requital of their song. One of the greatest of them has placed himself at the gate of a 'glad palace,' a beggar with leave to look within and sing the pomp he sees. We may remember (certainly not with pride) that all kinds of impunity, if not immunity, have been provided by critics and biographers, and the world in general, for admired poets.

"The cruelties of one poet, the license of another, the treacheries of yet another, his breaking of bonds that left a fellow-creature broken—all this and more has been pardoned for the sake of a lyric; to the degradation, at any rate, of the pardoner. It is a far lesser degree that we propose in the case of our mystic poets; we hold them dispensed from the long and rigorous experience of their brothers, the Saints. Personal perfection of life shall be remitted to them; they who are apt to boast of the sufferings of poetry shall be spared the infinitely greater sufferings of sanctitude. They became mystics by their genius and the divinity of their imagination."³

This doctrine of renunciation is also that of St. John of

³ "The Mystical Lyric," by Alice Meynell, p. x.

the Cross, "Professor of Nothingness," but there are as many ways to the Divine Union as there are souls to attain it. St. Teresa playfully retorts, in her famous bantering letter, on "my Father St. John of the Cross," whose doctrine "would be excellent for one who wished to make the spiritual exercises—here they are out of place." (Her four friends are engaged in explaining the words said in secret to the Saint: Seek thyself in Me.) "We should be much pitied if we could not seek God before being dead to the world. What! were the Magdalen, the Samaritan woman, the Canaanitess already dead to the world when they found their Saviour?"

It may be that these matters are not as sharply defined as we may think. In any case "the Spirit breatheth where He will"—our concern is to keep or recover innocence of soul, in which alone lies peace. For the rest, we await those moments of illumination which must surely come. "Our own soul at its hours has the awful flash of knowledge which shows it its own ramifying, poisoning selfishness, its colossal self-idolatry, or, again, its atrophy, paralysis, and poverty. Then the compensating shock shall come; in the intricate living web of some schoolboys' soul, among the simple sins and strong honesties of, say, some Colonial soldier's life, we suddenly see that which puts us on our knees; through our own skies we catch the flickering radiance of the veiled Face of God; and amid the chaotic muttering of our thoughts, we hear the whisper of wings, and in our hearts the Spirit faintly singing. St. John of the Cross surely was a man who knew to the full all human pain and loneliness; the futility of desire; the bitterness of success! the cruelty of beauty; the insatiable hunger for love returned, yet the agony of that return when life becomes too kind, and gives it. The limited! the transient! the illusion of that twilight wherein we hold to it, and the dark, dark, empty night when we have let it go! Yet here, too, was a man who did indeed re-find it all, nor lose anything at all of its reality but, better still, who could—for it is indestructible—lay hold of all that 'good' which the Creator puts and sees within it, and appropriate it, and make it better still, and move in no new Heaven only, but a new earth.

"Within his soul the Living Flame had become 'no longer grievous;' its burn was sweet, its wound delicious: 'by slaying, Thou has changed death into life.' The very senses live:

O Lamps of Fire
In the splendour of which
The deep caverns of sense
Dim and dark,
With unwonted brightness
Give life and warmth together to their beloved.

In the soul God "awakens" and in the heart He "lies awake," moving and yet not moving, and uniting the divinized soul to His totality of Life. Their consciousness is complete now and reciprocal, and in all the vitality of the human self, *God breathes*. Towards this mystery, done violence to by words, the Catholic's soul in which grace is, moves humbly, by obedience, and infallibly."⁴

Teresa knows her little Friar is right, in spite of her teasing, only instead of advocating renunciation in his uncompromising terms, she represents it as the carefulness of love. It all comes to the same thing in the end. But she begins from Love and guards It by her absorbed watchfulness; he reaches the Unitive Way by conscious rejection of all that can hinder it; the result is not rejection, but transfiguration. This perfectly natural carefulness of love, whether before or after the consciousness of Union, marks the genuine Mystic who is also the Saint.

As an imperfect man, Krasinski does not merit the title. "That which is unique in the soul is its true self, which is only expressed in life or art when the false self has been surrendered wholly. In saints this surrender is continual, in poets, etc., it is only in inspired moments."⁵

One can, nevertheless, feel that in the light of present history as well as from the power and illumination of his written word, this distinguished son of a great people fulfilled himself to the uttermost as Poland's mystical Patriot, Poet, and Prophet.

KRASINSKI'S PRAYERS.

O, Thou most dear, hidden but visible beyond the veils of transparent worlds; Thou present everywhere, immortal, holy, Who dwelling in each motion alike of hearts and stars, shatterest to nought rebellion of the stars even as Thou shatterest wanderings of the heart—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; Thou Who commandest the being of man

⁴ *Upon God's Holy Hills*, by C. C. Martindale, S.J., pp. 150-152.

⁵ *Coventry Patmore*.

that, poor in strength and puny in his birth, he should to an angel grow by might of sacrifice, and *to our Polish nation didst ordain that she should lead the nations into love and peace*; Thou Who in the tumult of the world's confusion, pierces to the sod-children of wrath and savest the upright—because that they are upright—from their torment; we beseech Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, we, suspended between Thy Kingdom and the pit, we beseech Thee with our foreheads sunk to earth, with our temples bathed in the breathing of Thy spring, surrounded with the wheels of shattered times and perishing rules, Father, Son and Holy Ghost! We beseech Thee create within us a pure heart, make new our thought within us, root out from our souls the tares of sacrilegious falsehood, and give us the gift, eternal among Thy gifts—give us Good Will.⁶

"We are tempted to believe," Miss Gardner writes, "that Krasinski could have written this passage only on his knees."

OF MARY, QUEEN AND MOTHER OF POLAND.

Remember, remember (Lord) that we are Thy servants of old, (and that) since the nation first showed herself from the mists of time millions of Polish souls have gone forth from Polish bodies with her (Mary's) name upon their lips in death. (Jesu, Maria! is the war cry of the Poles.) Let her today remember them with given-back remembrance. Girt with the mighty cloud of all those dead, let her upon Thy skies pray Thee that no devil from hell shall bind our feet, bent to the heights—no, nor yet abject men.

Look on her, Lord, . . . as slowly she rises on unmeasured space to Thee. Towards her all the stars have turned in prayer; and all the powers eddying in space are stilled. Look on her, Lord—amidst the throngs of seraphs—lo! she kneeleth at Thy throne. And on her brow flashes the Polish crown, her mantle strews forth rays of which the skies around her there are made and all the spaces wait while she prays softly . . . in her hands of snow two chalices she holds. She gives to Thee Thine own blood in the right, and in the left, held lower, the blood of these her subjects on a thousand crosses crucified.⁷

Can we wonder that Poland is delivered from her bondage, when such prayers as these have stormed the heavens?

⁶ *Psalms of the Future.*

⁷ *Psalm of Good Will.*

LEST WE FORGET.

BY P. W. BROWNE, D.D.



It is a popular fiction destined to be perpetuated by such organizations as the Sulgrave Institution and sundry Anglo-Saxon "missions" that Puritanism procured for these United States their earliest experience of civil and religious liberty. It seems to be forgotten that if we had been left to the mercy of the Puritans we would never have known religious liberty, and many also forget that the tradition of civic and religious liberty, and their first actual grant, was due to and was made, not by the Puritans or their descendants, but by Catholic Colonists. They fled from persecution in England in the early days of the seventeenth century, and laid these foundations of liberty in a little Indian village on the banks of the Potomac, where the principle of toleration was effective as long as Catholics were permitted to conduct the affairs of the colony.

The little Indian village (Yacomico) was named St. Mary's, and it became the seat of the first Colonial Assembly. There liberty found a home whose history is a record of benevolence, gratitude, and toleration; for it was established by the purest principles and the noblest feelings which can animate the human heart.

The establishment of St. Mary's is thus set forth in the *Relatio* of Father Andrew White of the Society of Jesus: "On the Day of the Annunciation of the Most Holy Virgin Mary, in the year 1634, we celebrated Mass for the first time on the island (St. Clement's). This had never been done before in this part of the world. After we had completed the sacrifice, we took upon our shoulders a great Cross which had been hewn out of a tree, and advancing in order to the appointed place, with the assistance of the Governor and his associates and other Catholics, we erected a trophy to Christ the Saviour, humbly reciting on our bended knees the Litanies of the Holy Cross with great emotion."¹

What a contrast between this foundation and the settle-

¹ Hughes, *History of the Jesuits in North America*, Text II., p. 276.

ment which had been attempted some years before in the neighborhood of Cape Cod! There the "Colonists had to build a gaol before they built a school."² Hence we are not surprised to be told: "While the Colonist of New England ploughed his field with his musket on his back, or was aroused from his slumber by the hideous warwhoop to find his dwelling in flames, the settler of St. Mary's accompanied the red warrior to the chase and learned his art of woodcraft; and the Indians, coming to the settlement with wild turkey or vension, found a friendly reception and an honest market; to sleep by the white man's fireside, unsuspecting and unsuspected."³

We need not tell the story of the Puritan migration; it is being hymned in divers tones today from Maine to California. The Puritans loudly proclaimed "freedom of conscience" in England and elsewhere before they crossed the Atlantic; but when they landed on the shores of Massachusetts that proclamation was forgotten, and the erstwhile "persecuted" became in the New World the most intolerant of persecutors. It is well for us to know something of the attitude of the Puritans towards that "freedom of conscience" which they vaunted so loudly whilst they were ostracized within the borders of "perfidious Albion." The following historical data regarding their attitude towards the Catholic Church and the Indian are worth recording: "Within twenty years after the Puritan Fathers had settled themselves in this land of the Indian, they unsettled the Indian whom they found within their borders; and not out of keeping with this unchristian policy, John Endicott defaced the Christian Cross in the military ensign, while John Eliot, "the Apostle," was similarly engaged with the Popish Cross in the minds of such Indians as came near. In a war with the Pequot natives (1637), Massachusetts and Connecticut divided the captives. Male children were sent to the Bermudas; women and girls were disposed of in the towns. About seven hundred aborigines had been taken or slain."⁴

The Puritans had hardly established themselves in Massachusetts when they declared a Code of Liberties. This Code

² Drake, *The Making of New England*, p. 175.

³ Scharf, *History of Maryland*, i., c. 3, p. 97.

⁴ Hughes, *The History of the Society of Jesus in North America*, Text i., p. 381, citing Field and Steiner on Indian slavery.

embraced Twelve "Capitall Lawes," and all twelve inflicted capital punishment under fifteen heads. At Salem, the most ancient town within their jurisdiction, a law was published in 1647 against the Jesuits who were looked upon as "the terror" of the modern Protestant world.

In a work attributed to one Captain Edward Johnson, entitled *Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour Being a Relation of the First Planting of New England in the Year 1628*, "it was set forth that the Civil Government must never make league with any of these sectaries: 1, Gortonists; 2, Papists, who with equal blasphemy and pride prefer their own merits and works of supererogation as equal with Christ's invaluable death and sufferings; 3, Familists; 4, Seekers; 5, Antinomians; 6, Anabaptists; 7, Prelacy.

Now if we turn to the Colony situated on the banks of the Potomac we shall find neither intolerance nor persecution; for it had become the "Land of Sanctuary." The story of its establishment should be emphasized these days when Americans seem to have forgotten the debt they owe to its founder and his successors. Bancroft says of this foundation:

"Calvert deserves to be ranked among the wisest and most benevolent lawgivers of all ages. He was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience. . . . The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which as yet had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the State."⁵

Calvert (Lord Baltimore) had become a convert to the Faith in 1625. His conversion does not seem to have caused the forfeiture of the favor of the Crown, though it ended his political career in England. He had been a member of the Great Company which had attempted the colonization of Virginia in 1607, and while Secretary of State he obtained a royal grant of the southern promontory of Newfoundland, later named Avalon. Unfavorable conditions in Newfoundland forced Baltimore to abandon Avalon after a brief tenure. He then set out to find on the mainland of America a place where

⁵ *History of the United States*, tenth edition, vol. 1., p. 244.

he might establish for himself and his co-religionists a refuge from persecution, which had now become chronic in England.

He first turned to Virginia, the original charter of which had recently been canceled, and in 1629 he visited this section to find out what prospects it offered for a permanent settlement. Here he found that Protestant intolerance had already been inaugurated, and Baltimore was confronted with an oath of allegiance to the King of England, couched in terms which, as a Catholic, he could not conscientiously accept. He returned to England, and obtained from Charles I. a patent of the territory lying south of the James River. This concession was opposed by Clairborne and other Virginian officials. Baltimore then secured a charter of the land lying to the northeast of Virginia, to which, later, he gave the name Maryland, in compliment to Queen Henriette Marie, daughter of the French King, Henry IV., whom Charles had recently married.

By the terms of the charter, Christianity was made the law of Maryland, but to no man was denied religious freedom or civil liberty. The Colony was exempted forever from taxation by England; provision was made for representative government; and emigrants were offered an independent share in the legislation of the country, the statutes of which were to be established by the advice and approbation of its freemen or their deputies. So absolute was the freedom, that there should be no recourse to the King of England for confirmation of legislative acts; nor was it required that when enacted they should await "the king's pleasure" to become operative.

Prosperity smiled upon the young Colony in its early days; but it had not reached the tenth year of its existence ere Clairborne, the evil-genius of Virginia, fomented disturbance among the Puritans whom Baltimore had invited to Maryland. Clairborne invaded Maryland, drove out the Governor, looted the plantations, expelled the Jesuits, and thus tried to crush Catholicism. His treachery, however, was short-lived; for, towards the end of the year, 1646, the Governor of Maryland raised a small force, reëntered St. Mary's, and gained possession of the Colony. Once again Maryland was at peace.

Relieved to some extent from fears of immediate disturbance, the Colony struggled on for a few years, the Governor endeavoring to promote its welfare by encouraging useful legislation which should safeguard and extend the principle

of religious liberty. Chief among the enactments passed by the Colonial Government was the "Act of Toleration," by which it was evidenced that no feeling of vindictiveness against the promoters or the abettors of the recently-quelled disturbance had been, or would be, allowed to interfere with the principle of civil and religious liberty on which the Colony had been established.

"No man under their rule (Baltimore's and the Governor's) ever complained that he was deprived by their agency of the smallest right of citizen or Christian. Possessed of hereditary wealth, they chose to use it in honorable enterprise in carrying civilization and Christianity into a savage wilderness. The one was willing, at vast expense, to send, the other—with personal privation, toils, and danger—to lead a colony across three thousand miles of ocean to seek a home on a shore almost unknown. The one at a distance watched over the interests of the rising Colony and strove to ward off from it the consequences at home; the other devoted his energies to the preservation of domestic peace and to the defence of the infant settlement from savage foes, to the enactment of wholesome laws, and the administration of justice."⁶

Paradoxical as it seems, serious difficulties were arising for the Catholics and the Proprietary of Maryland, from the operation of the very principle of civil and religious liberty of which they were the authors and steadfast defenders.

Maryland had become an asylum for the persecuted New England Episcopalian and the Virginia Puritan. Both were welcome in Maryland, and each was free to worship God in his own way, assured of the protection of just laws and the free exercise of his religion. Yet the Puritans were destitute of the commonest feelings of gratitude towards the government of the Colony which had given them a refuge in the day of their distress. As early as the year 1651 we find indications of their disaffection towards the established government of their newly-found home in their refusal to send representatives to the House of Assembly. Numerous, fanatical, and overbearing, they "scrupled to burden their consciences" with the oaths of fidelity to a "Popish Proprietary" into whose territory they had entered of their own free will. Matters reached a crisis

⁶ *Life of Leonard Calvert*, vol. ix., in *Library of American Biography*, edited by Sparks, Boston, 1846.

in 1652; and the years which intervened between that date and the death of Cromwell (1658) were years of anxiety, harassment, and distress to the Catholics of Maryland.

Four different claimants now contended for the possession of the Colony, the most dangerous of these was the fanatical Clairborne, who had been named, with Bennett, as a Commissioner to reduce the provinces bordering on the Chesapeake to the allegiance of the English Parliament. Clairborne and Bennett invaded Maryland, deprived Stone, the Governor, of his commission and intrusted the administration of the Colony to a board of Ten Commissioners appointed by their warrant.

It soon became evident that, however zealous the Puritans might be in fighting for religious liberty for themselves, they had not the least notion of granting liberty to others. A New Assembly, composed exclusively of Protestants, was soon convened; and their sentiments towards the Catholic settlers were embodied in an "Act Concerning Religion" which, among other infamous clauses, set forth: "It is hereby enacted and declared that none who profess and exercise the Popish (commonly called Roman Catholic) religion can be protected in this province, but to be restrained from the exercise thereof."¹

On the restoration of the Stuarts, Maryland entered upon another brief period of peace under the presidency of Philip Calvert, brother of the Proprietary. Freedom of conscience again prevailed, and, as in former times, Protestants once more were the gainers. Strangers who were persecuted at home on account of their religious beliefs came to Maryland, and were admitted to free citizenship and full equality in the Colony. When Philip Calvert retired from the governorship, Charles, third Lord Baltimore, came out to Maryland as governor; and from the first his relations with the Maryland settlers were marked by earnest consideration for their welfare. His administration should have won unstinted praise and admiration; but not so; for, like his forbears, he found himself from the beginning an object of religious hatred, "was placed in the pillory of public opinion and called upon to answer charges preferred against him by fanaticism and cupidity." In the Colony and in the neighboring territory fiendish efforts were made to destroy his authority; and in England the common people as well as the gentry were regaled by wierd tales

¹ Bacon, *Laws*, i., p. 341.

of "Popish plots in the pest-house of iniquity" on the banks of the Chesapeake. There arose a persistent clamor for the destruction of Catholicism in Maryland; and serious charges were made against Baltimore's administration. These charges—baseless though they were—culminated in the issuance of an order by the English Government, in 1681, that none but Protestants should hold office in the Colony. It was hoped that when the Catholic King James came to the throne, the religious liberties of Maryland would be restored; but the vacillating James gave a deaf ear to the Catholic protests. The attitude of the Stuart King towards Maryland is thus expressed by one who cannot be accused of Catholic leanings: "In the whole story of American colonization, there is nothing more preposterous and absurd than the outcry of lying Protestants in Maryland to a Catholic King, and his readiness to listen."⁸ James ordered a writ against the Charter of Baltimore in April, 1687.

On the accession of William and Mary, in 1689, a pall of gloom fell upon Catholic Maryland. It became a Royal Province: the Episcopal Church was by law established; and one crushing blow after another fell upon the Catholic Colonists. Several statutes were passed which conferred privileges upon the Establishment; and Catholics were shackled with intolerable disabilities. The English Acts of Toleration were put in force; but toleration existed only for Protestant dissent. The Catholics of the Colony whose fathers had established an asylum for freedom on its shores were now penalized; their churches were closed; and their priests were hunted like outlaws from place to place.

Coincident with the Protestant ascendancy in Maryland, the seat of government was transferred from St. Mary's, mainly because it was the stronghold of Catholicism, and Anne Arundell Town (later, Annapolis) was made the capital. It was to the interest of Maryland's new masters to destroy the ancient settlement of St. Mary's, which had been hallowed by the landing of the Catholic Colonists who had laid there the foundations of civil and religious liberty. Protestant intolerance had one redeeming feature, however: it created a feeling of discontent among the people and sowed the seeds of a reaction which culminated in the American Revolution. As an illustration of iniquitous legislation, we summarize an Act

⁸ Cobb, *Rise of Religious Liberty in America*, p. 383, New York, 1904.

passed at Anne Arundell Town during the administration of Governor Seymour (1704): A fine of fifty pounds with six months' imprisonment was the penalty enacted against a priest who baptized a child of non-Catholic parents, or who ventured to exercise publicly any ecclesiastical function. A similar penalty was decreed against any Catholic keeping school, or educating, or boarding children. The Act further set forth that every Catholic young man should take the oath of allegiance on attaining his majority, or be debarred from holding lands by descent; failing therein his next of kin, if Protestant, should succeed to the possession thereof. Catholics were moreover debarred from purchasing real property; and Catholic parents who sent their children abroad to be educated were mulcted with a fine of one hundred pounds.

Discussing toleration in Maryland, Browne, one of its best known historians, says: "We may now place side by side the three tolerations of Maryland. The toleration of the Proprietaries lasted fifty years, and under it all believers in Christ were equal before the law, and all support to church or ministers was voluntary; the Puritan toleration lasted six years, and included all but Papists, Prelatists, and those who held objectionable doctrines; the Anglican toleration lasted eighty years and has glebes and churches for the Establishment, connivance for dissenters and penal laws for Catholics."⁹

The apostasy of Benedict Calvert, in 1713 (he had bartered his faith for the restoration of proprietary rights) dealt a heavy blow to Catholicism in Maryland; and for the next half-century the history of Maryland is the history of conflict between the people and Episcopal ministers abetted by Tory officialdom, whose exactions were intolerable. In 1770 two particular local grievances were agitating the Province of Maryland. One was a demand for an increase in the tithes exacted by the Established Church; the other (which involved a far-reaching principle of political freedom) was "the settling by proclamation of fees to civil officials." In the agitation which arose in opposition to these grievances there came into prominence one who subsequently was destined to play an important part in the liberation of the American Colonies from the despotism of English rule. This was a disfranchised Catholic, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who became the cham-

⁹ *Maryland: The History of a Palatinate*, p. 186, Boston, 1884.

pion of the people's rights, and wrested from a Protestant oligarchy freedom for the very people who had denied civic rights to himself and his co-religionists.

His eloquent and persistent denunciation of the monstrous exactions of the Establishment and Toryism established for him an influence in Maryland which later made him a leader in the consummation of American Independence. His leadership was made manifest in the colonial elections of 1773 and in the "Peggy Stewart" episode of which, by the way, our histories say but little, while the Boston Tea Party is magnified unduly. The Annapolis incident was a greater act of patriotism than was the Boston event, for the former was carried out in open defiance of British regulations and in open daylight, while the later transpired under cover of darkness, and was consummated by "disguised men."

The boldness of the "Peggy Stewart" act—decided by the advice of Carroll—established Charles Carroll as a bold and fearless leader. It was doubtless in recognition of his patriotism that Carroll, in November, 1774, was elected a member of The Committee of Forty to enforce the resolution of Congress regarding British importations. As events progressed towards the Revolution, Carroll took a leading part in shaping the American Union. When the Maryland Convention instructed its delegates "to disavow all designs of the Colonies for independence," Carroll of Carrollton had already decided that there was no hope of reconciliation with the British King and Parliament, for he said: "Whatever we get we must fight for." In preparation for the struggle he was already busy collecting "the sinews of war" in Anne Arundell County, and devising "ways and means for the manufacture of powder."

The next step in Carroll's career marked him as a national patriot. In February, 1776, the Continental Congress named him as co-delegate with Chase and Franklin to visit Canada "to promote a union between Canada and the American Colonies." Though this mission failed in its objective, Carroll was not discouraged, for on June 28th he introduced into the Maryland Assembly a resolution which was the first step in the Declaration of Independence. He was chosen, on July 4, 1776, a delegate to the Continental Congress; and on August 2d, this erstwhile disfranchised Catholic (but ever the champion of freedom) affixed in bold round hand his signature to the

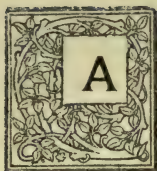
Declaration of Independence. It was Carroll's patriotism, as a Catholic, epitomized in this noble act, that doubtless inspired the deeds of the thousands of Catholic citizens whose sufferings and sacrifices helped so largely in the final victory of the War of Independence. To quote another member of the great Carroll family—John Carroll, the first Bishop, and later Archbishop of Baltimore: "Their blood flowed as freely, in proportion to their numbers, to cement the fabric of Independence as that of any of their fellow citizens. They concurred with perhaps greater unanimity than any other body of men in commending and promoting that government from whose influence America anticipates all the blessings of justice, peace, plenty, good order, and civil and religious liberty."

"*We remember and we forgive,*" wrote Carroll of Carrollton in a reply to an envenomed attack made upon his patriotism by a renegade in the *Maryland Gazette* of January 7, 1773. We, too, should remember the noble men who laid the foundations of civil and religious liberty in this fair land, and forgive the sowers of religious strife and disseminators of fanaticism who would bury in oblivion the names of those Maryland pilgrims who abandoned the comforts of civilization and crossed the Atlantic to secure the enjoyment of liberty mid the privations of the wilderness. Fortunately their number grows smaller. More and more are Americans learning to appreciate the value of that tribute of Davis: "Let not the Protestant give grudgingly. Let him testify with a warm heart; and pay with gladness the tribute so richly due to the memory of our early forefathers. Let their deeds be enshrined in our hearts, and their names be repeated in our households. Let them be canonized in the grateful hearts of the American, and handed down through the lips of a living tradition to the most remote posterity. In an age of cruelty, like true men with heroic hearts, they fought the first great battle of religious liberty. And their fame, without reference to their faith, is now the inheritance, not only of Maryland, but also of America."¹⁰

¹⁰ Davis. *The Day Star of American Freedom*, p. 259.

AMERICAN MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

BY F. JOSEPH KELLY, MUS.D.



AMERICAN music as a characteristic national achievement has as yet no real distinction. Yet we look for eventual development of a national music, as there has been a gradual development of national unity. It is fallacy to turn to the primitive melodies of the American Indian or to the plantation songs of the negro, and consider them the nucleus of our racial expression. The determining influence is from within and not from without. In our attempt to find something which we may classify as typically American, we are led to the consideration of our popular music. Yet can we say that it is a real, vital expression of a growing American temperament? The true musician scorns considering it seriously, because he sees the absence of intellect in its composition, and because plagiarism and commercialism play so large a part in determining it.

Mr. Elson says: "It is possible that a newer school of folk-music may yet arise in the United States out of the free and unrestrained ranch life of the West. There is much in such an existence to inspire music, but as yet this life has not been shared by a music-producing race. It may be, that in the future the descendants of the miners, the cowboys, the farmers of this section of our country will create a music that shall reflect the bold, untrammelled life of the West, and add it to our scant repertory, and it is not too much to hope, that out of our own typical music, there shall eventually grow a great symphony, and a school of advanced composition, that shall be known as definitely American."

The swiftly increasing group of American composers of the present generation has tasted of the regenerative sunlight flooding the wide stretches of our land, has seen that justice must be done at last to the myriad sights and sounds of our own country. Europe will never respect America artistically until she sees the results of this rebirth. And American composers are pressing to the mark. Every year sees them more numerous, fearless, energetic, prolific. Their compositions are

sounding less European, and more untrammelled and redolent of a new composite spirit, insistent, yet still undefined. And this we must bear in mind: that their shelves are already laden with a number of completed manuscripts of all degrees of size and value, the very existence of which will not be generally known until their authors feel that they are equal to the best.

Cannot American composers find musical ideas to define the characteristic traits of the American people? It is true they have written good music, but it has been for the most part patterned after European models. What is this thing that we call Americanism? The great difference between the European and the American is, that the former dreams always, and sometimes does things, while the latter spends a minimum amount of time in dreaming and builds while his brain is hot with inspiration. In American music, then, we naturally expect that brevity should be the one thing to aim for, and strength of individuality expressed in clean-cut phrases, propelled with the energy and force of a meteor. We are bound to produce great men in music, and establish a strong and individual school of composition, which will indeed be American in every fibre.

American music is a coming certainty. We shall have ripe American music when we have ripe American life. Our composers should strive after originality but not strain after it. Far-fetched newness is likely to be mere oddity. Americanism in our music, there is in abundance, but a ripened art, not yet. There is no mistaking the encouraging flushes of dawn which the coming American music is sending before it. American musical life is in much the same heterogeneous state as American society. Here is a nation, no longer a country but an empire, which contains every climate of the globe, every nation of the human race, and keeps its citizens in every possible degree of varied circumstance. Is it not a strange thing that such a people should demand the best there is in music, and patronize the great artists of the world of music, and at the same time tolerate the most outrageous parodies on music in religious and civil life?

It is an undeniable fact that we have no national American music properly so called. Yet it cannot be denied that the American people desire what is best in the art. Why is it that

in music we have made little progress, comparatively speaking? Why is it that we have so few great native composers, conductors, pianists and singers? Is it because we have no musical ability? Far from it. A nation is but an aggregation of men and women, and its character as a whole is but their individual characters taken as a whole. If the greater number of a nation have developed their musical natures, one at a time, they have developed the whole nation and have earned it its name and reputation. The unmusical would feel the effect of the artistic natures about them and would almost unconsciously adapt themselves to this prevailing spirit. Thus the national development would be forwarded by the development of these heretofore unmusical individuals.

Only by being reasonably independent in forwarding our growth, can we acquire sufficient national strength and courage to be able to take our place before the nations of the world as their equal in this great art. We cannot claim to be their equal until we can produce works that are equal to theirs, not only in average merit but also in originality. Our music must find its source in our natures. We must develop a music which will express our own American natures fully and completely. To do this we must be reasonably independent and do our work, to a certain extent, in our own way and in strict accordance with the best elements in our natures as men and as a nation. The emotional nature, being in part inherited and in part developed, the development in both cases being dependent upon external conditions and forces, it is readily observable that in order to produce music that shall express deep emotions, the individuals of a nation must be brought in contact with, and under the influence of, those powers which will produce this development. We must, therefore, develop in all possible ways, popular musical education and appreciation, creating and increasing popular interest in the production of an American school of musical art, by teaching the people to like and to demand only the best, whether in performers or in compositions, and to take pride in every success scored by an American, feeling that they, too, share justly in his honors. Works by Americans must be produced at public performances, carefully rehearsed by competent artists, and then received by the American people with the greatest pride and admiration.

American music cannot grow out of any ethnographic conditions as has been the case with the music of many of the Europeans. Americans lack folk-melodies. Manifestly, folk-melodies must be created first. Instead of Gothic, Byzantine, Roman, and other styles, we must look for lines of our own origin. The American strives upward towards the light, and does not grovel before ancient traditions as do other nations. For that reason an American melody is dynamic and active. It may be crude and inartistic for an ear accustomed to traditional sounds, but it is impulsive. America has no such thing as a real folk-song. Neither the Indian nor the negro melodies are distinctly American, as they do not belong to the people at large.

Nor can we look to England for the American folk-song. We are not by any means Anglo-Saxons, but a new cosmic race. For that reason our music must have a cosmic foundation. We have no ethnographic records to utilize for our musical structures, but we have social-psychological facts of an entirely different nature, from which we can crystallize our racial melodies. We need not look to the past, but to the present and the future. America's new music will depict an alert, optimistic and adventure-loving people. Such music does not need to be woven or cut after foreign fashions. It should suggest the silhouetted outlines of our cities, our ranches, the scintillating colors of our prairies, our changeable climate. We do not care for moods, but for impressions. We shall not follow the Oriental symbolism of meditation, but our own, of action. The most elementary factors in a typical form of American music lie in psychologic figures. We have nothing in our past to use as a standard sample for the creative spirit, but we have the immediate present and rosy future. In place of traditions we have aspirations.

There are various reasons why we have no folk-songs properly so called. When this country was settled, music everywhere was in its infancy. Great music was being composed, but appreciation was slumbering. Despite the fact that America has not created in music what other nations have, appreciation has been her greatest asset. The very first music in this country was in the singing of psalms to melodies brought from Europe. Hence it is that our church hymn books contain the old tunes of the old European nations. These

tunes became favorites and no hymn book was complete without them. This is because of their dignified harmony and musical worth. With them were many others taken from the wonderful themes of Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and others. At a later date tunes written by Americans began to be sung in our churches, but their very inferiority gave rise to a movement to purge the hymn books of them.

"As soon as our composers conclude to learn all they can from European art without imitating its forms of thought and subjects of musical portrayal, they will come to realize that in our national history there are some grand inspirations for the native artist. We shall behold the American composer who has not acquired all the necessary musical erudition, but who has also the heart and spirit to give musical expression to that which excites generous and loyal emotion on this side of the Atlantic. Is there no inspiration in the idea of the young American Colonies groaning for a time under oppression, but at length catching a spark from the torch of freedom, and bursting their bonds? Some day we shall hear the tone epic of the birth of our nation. There will be no dearth of themes and subjects here. A grateful nation will applaud him for clothing its dearest sentiments with adequate expression. It is in this direction that our native composers may hope to give American music a distinctive position in Europe without waiting until our native artists can contend with the Europeans on their own ground and with their own weapons. American compositions of certain grades, already bear comparison with the best that is produced anywhere. It may be that before long we can say as much for our home-made symphonies and larger works. But for that purpose we must protect and nurture our native art germs."

THE CZECHO-SLOVAK REPUBLIC AND RELIGION.

BY HEBERT F. WRIGHT, PH.D.



O those who knew the artificial structure of the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and the many racial and linguistic elements entering into its composition, it was apparent, even apart from the consideration of the possibility or outcome of a world war, that this very multiplicity of its constituent elements spelled eventual ruin. It is morally impossible to weld many races living in well-defined groups with individual languages, institutions and traditions into a composite nation with a single language, a single group of institutions and a single tradition. Such was the problem faced by Austria-Hungary with the Czechs, Slovaks and Poles in the north, the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes in the south, the Germans in the west, the Rumanians in the east, and the Magyars in the centre; and such a problem inevitably led to dismemberment. The World War was merely the occasion.

One of the largest of the four independent States emerging from the ruins of the decadent monarchy is the Czecho-Slovak Republic, a racially homogeneous State, if we count the Czechs and Slovaks as one nation, as indeed they really are. More than three-fourths of the entire population of Czecho-Slovakia are Czecho-Slovaks. The national minorities, composed of Germans and Magyars and numbering about three millions, will be granted full linguistic and civil rights. The Ruthenians living in the eastern part of Slovakia, were assigned, at their own request, by the Paris Peace Conference, to the Czecho-Slovak State, and will be granted a local autonomy. The Czechs and Slovaks, by their resistance without the imperial frontiers and by their bloodless revolution within, helped materially in bringing about the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary. Out of the Czech countries (the former Kingdom of Bohemia, Margravate of Moravia and Duchy of Silesia) and a part of old Hungary (Slovakia and Sub-Carpathian Russia) has been formed a democratic and independent Republic, headed by an elected president, thereby nobly

avenging the great defeat at the White Mountain nearly three hundred years ago.

Lest it be thought that Czecho-Slovakia is a sort of George Barr McCutcheon European principality, it must be remarked that, as regards area and population, it is a medium-sized State, if we count, for example, France and Great Britain as great Powers and Greece and Bulgaria as small States. It has a larger area than Denmark, Belgium, Netherlands, Switzerland, Portugal, Greece, Bulgaria and German Austria; and a larger population than Norway, Finland, Sweden, Jugo-Slavia, Magyar-Hungary and the States just mentioned. Its area is approximately the same as England and Wales combined, or New York and New Jersey combined, covering more than 55,000 square miles or 140,000 square kilometres. Its population, according to the last census (Austro-Hungarian census of 1910), totals 13,811,655 inhabitants, or nearly as many as the combined populations of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and New York. The lot of 545,409 inhabitants (chiefly of part of Silesia and the Teschen district) is to be decided by plebiscite.

Czecho-Slovakia, extending from the Carpathian Mountains to the Danube, forms the western advance-guard of Slavs, jutting as it were into a Germanic mass. The Germans who dwell on the northwest, the west and the southwest, and the Magyars who flank it on the southeast have penetrated deeply into Czecho-Slovak territory, especially in the frontier zone; it is only on the northeast and the east that the Republic is in contact with friendly States, Poland and Rumania. The Republic is remarkably lengthly in form, especially since Carpathian Russia is now incorporated in it, and it lies like a barrier on the way from Berlin to Bagdad or from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf. Direct communication between London and Belgrade-Constantinople, between Paris and Warsaw-Petrograd, between Berlin and Vienna-Budapest (the line of Constantinople and Saloniki) and between Petrograd-Warsaw and Vienna-southern Europe (Adriatic Sea) are made by way of Prague and Czecho-Slovakia.

The Czecho-Slovak Republic, therefore, is the natural centre of Europe, not only from the point of view of transports by railroads and waterways, but also by reason of its political and economic importance. Thanks to its natural resources

and to the moral force of its people, it is not far from being able to compete economically with the most advanced states. From a political point of view, it pursues peaceful ends abroad, enterprise and general development at home. That its main desire is aid in the well-ordered development of central Europe, seems to be evident from the retention of Dr. Eduard Benes as Minister for Foreign Affairs. This well-known Revolutionary Foreign Minister was in charge of foreign affairs in the first Cabinet, and his retention in the second Cabinet is proof that the foreign policy will continue to be pro-Ally.

English-speaking Catholics will be surprised to learn that the land of John Hus and the Bohemian Brethren is nearly ninety per cent Catholic, the percentage of religious affiliations among the population being divided approximately as follows:

- 85.6 Roman Catholics,
- 4.3 Uniats (United Greek Catholics),
- 4.5 Lutherans,
- 2.5 Calvinists,
- 2.7 Jews.

It is natural, therefore, that English-speaking Catholics should be interested in the treatment of religion by this new-old State.

The Treaty of Peace signed at Saint-Germain-en-Laye on September 10, 1919, required the protection of national, religious and racial minorities by the new Republic. By the terms of this treaty:

Czecho-Slovakia undertakes to assure full and complete protection of life and liberty to all inhabitants of Czecho-Slovakia without distinction of birth, nationality, language, race or religion.

All inhabitants of Czecho-Slovakia shall be entitled to the free exercise, whether public or private, of any creed, religion or belief, whose practices are not inconsistent with public order or public morals. (Article 2.)

All Czecho-Slovak nationals shall be equal before the law and shall enjoy the same civil and political rights without distinction as to race, language or religion.

Differences of religion, creed or confession shall not prejudice any Czecho-Slovak national in matters relating to the enjoyment of civil or political rights, as, for instance, admission to public employments, functions and honors, or the exercise of professions and industries.

No restriction shall be imposed on the free use by any Czecho-Slovak national of any language in private intercourse, in commerce, in religion, in the press or publications of any kind, or at public meetings. (Article 7.)

Czecho-Slovak nationals who belong to racial, religious or linguistic minorities shall enjoy the same treatment and security in law and in fact as the other Czecho-Slovak nationals. In particular they shall have an equal right to establish, manage and control at their own expense charitable, religious and social institutions, schools and other educational establishments, with the right to use their own language and to exercise their religion freely therein. (Article 8.)

In towns and districts where there is a considerable proportion of Czecho-Slovak nationals belonging to racial, religious or linguistic minorities, these minorities shall be assured an equitable share in the enjoyment and application of the sums which may be provided out of public funds under the State, municipal or other budget, for educational, religious or charitable purposes. (Article 9.)

Czecho-Slovakia undertakes that the stipulations contained in Articles 2 to 8 of this Chapter shall be recognized as fundamental laws and that no law, regulation or official action shall conflict or interfere with these stipulations, nor shall any law, regulation or official action prevail over them. (Article 1.)

These provisions of the Treaty of Peace were incorporated in the Constitution adopted by the National Assembly on February 29, 1920. This document, which is one of the most democratic Constitutions in the world, is the result of endeavors to embody the best features of all the republics from Plato's time to our own, excluding features which experience has proved to be undesirable and including special provisions to meet peculiar needs. Not only is provision made for the right to assemble peacefully, to form associations and to petition, along with the inviolability of domicile, the secrecy of correspondence and the freedom of press and conscience, but woman suffrage, the right to form labor and economic unions, the principle of proportional representation, and similar features tend to the establishment of *real* government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," and make the document a veritable landmark in the history of free government.

According to the terms of this Constitution, all inhabitants of the Czecho-Slovak Republic enjoy, equally with the citizens of the Republic, in its territory full and complete protection of race and religion, and exceptions to this principle are admissible only as far as is compatible with international law (Article 106). The establishment of private schools is permitted only within the limits of the law, and the State administration shall have the supreme conduct and oversight of all instruction and education (Article 120). Liberty of conscience and profession is guaranteed (Article 121), and all religious confessions are equal before the law (Article 123). No one may be compelled directly or indirectly to participate in any religious act (this does not apply to the authority of fathers and guardians) (Article 122), although the performance of definite religious acts may be forbidden if they violate good order or public morality (Article 124). All inhabitants have the same right as citizens to practise in public or private any confession, religion or faith, as long as the practice is not in conflict with public order or good morals (Article 122). Marriage, the family and motherhood are under the special protection of laws (Article 125).

These are the chief provisions of the Constitution of Czecho-Slovakia in matters touching directly upon religion. Let us see how these provisions work out in practice. The first election for the National Assembly took place in April of this year. The principle of proportional representation gave rise to sixteen parties: eight Czecho-Slovak, five German, and three Magyar. If the Republic had not introduced the system of proportional representation, so common in Europe but so little known in this country, the smaller parties would have failed to secure any representation. The election gives such an accurate picture of the composition of the population and such a clear idea of the opportunity for all the component parts to collaborate in the consolidation of the State, that its results are appended here in full:

<i>Name of Party</i>	<i>Seats in Chamber</i>	<i>Seats in Senate</i>
<i>Czecho-Slovak Parties—</i>		
1. Social Democrats	74	41
2. Socialists	24	10
3. Progressive Socialists	3	0
4. National Democrats	19	10
5. Agrarians	28	14

<i>Name of Party</i>	<i>Seats in Chamber</i>	<i>Seats in Senate</i>
6. Slovak National Peasants.....	12	6
7. Popular (Catholic)	33	18
8. Tradesmen's	6	3
<i>German Parties—</i>		
9. Social Democrats	31	16
10. Bourgeois	15	8
11. Farmers	11	6
12. Christian Socialists (Catholic)	10	4
13. Freethinkers	5	3
<i>Magyar Parties—</i>		
14. Socialists	4	0
15. Farmers	1	1
16. Christian Socialists	5	2
Total.....	281	142

The Catholics seem to be the most poorly organized of the parties, for, although the population is over eighty-five per cent Catholic, the Socialistic parties obtained over fifty per cent of the available seats, while the Catholic parties obtained only seventeen per cent. This indicates that the vast majority of Catholic voters in Czecho-Slovakia are affiliated with parties other than the expressly designated Catholic parties. It may be that the small percentage of seats obtained will be increased when the remaining nineteen deputies and eight senators are elected to complete the required membership of the National Assembly. Moreover, the Catholic parties obtained only one representative (Dr. Hruban) in the first Cabinet, which was appointed by the National Assembly on November 14, 1918, and no representative at all in the second Cabinet, which was appointed by President Masaryk some seven months later. The ministers of these two "governments," as they are called, were divided among the parties as follows:

<i>Name of Party</i>	<i>First Gov't</i>	<i>Second Gov't</i>
Social Democrats	3	4 ¹
National Democrats	3 ²	0
Agrarians	4	4
Socialists	3	4
Slovaks	2	2
Popular (Catholic)	1	0
Non-party	1 ³	1 ³

¹ Including Premier Tusar.² Including Premier Kramar.³ Dr. Benes, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

It is not surprising then that, with the National Assembly and Government frankly Socialistic, anti-Catholic measures should be the order of the day. The surprising part of it all is the rôle which women are playing in the anti-Catholic activity. The women obtained thirteen seats in the Chamber and three in the Senate in the April elections. They are responsible for such proposals as the taking over by the State of schools and educational institutions hitherto conducted by monasteries, convents or other Church organizations and the general secularization of educational and charitable institutions. It is significant that it was the Socialist women members in particular who were the most active in the National Assembly, and actually succeeded in passing some laws decidedly anti-Catholic in tone. Among these might be included the law passed May 22, 1919, abolishing the indissolubility of marriage and providing for divorce for a number of reasons.

It was not long after the April elections before the Socialists and Social Democrats appeared in their true colors. A drastic bill was introduced for the more absolute separation of Church and State. The main points of the bill, as reported in *America* a few weeks ago, are: The Republic will not recognize hereafter and will not give support to any religious organization. All expense items in the public budget for religious work must be eliminated. All property held by the Church is declared State property and must be registered as such within six months. The members of various denominations may form private religious organizations, and the State will give them the use of buildings free of charge for religious services. (This is a sop to the disgruntled minority of the Czech clergy.) All birth, marriage and death records shall be kept by State officials and all marriages shall be performed by civil authorities. Religious instruction shall not be tolerated either as an obligatory or private subject in the schools. Private, *i. e.*, parish schools, can not be maintained. Of course, it is not conceivable that a bill containing such provisions will ever become a law, for that would be directly contrary to the stipulations of Article 1 of the Treaty of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, as well as to the known wishes of the vast majority of the people, but it shows only too well the trend of the present Government and should be a warning to the Catholic voter.

By way of contrast, the treatment of national minorities

appears very magnanimous. The "revolutionary" National Assembly was purely Czech. The Germans and Magyars at that time, although fellow-citizens, were in revolt against the Republic; they refused to recognize it and even proclaimed certain districts as independent; the Magyars indeed went so far as to take up arms against the Republic. And yet the Czecho-Slovak Constitution, in keeping with the assurances contained in the Treaty of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, has given equal rights to all. By taking part in the recent elections they have acknowledged their citizenship in the Czecho-Slovak Republic.

It will be interesting, indeed, to watch the career of this modern Republic, better known to us, perhaps, by its Dvorak, its Kubelik and its Emma Destinova than by its Palacky, its Hruban and its Masaryk, and to discover whether the noble ideals of its Constitution be merely the high-sounding, empty phrases of a shadowy pretence at popular rule or the genuine expression of a real Christian democracy.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

THE sweetest music that was ever heard,
More glorious than human voice or bird,
Was caroled long ago,
While cold, wild winds did blow,
Within a stable 'mid rude straw and kine—
'Twas silvery laughter of a Babe divine.

A PLAN OF INDUSTRIAL EQUITY.

BY FRANCIS J. YEALY, S.J.



O the thoughtful historical student there are discernible in the affairs of men the inexorable workings of moral law. The theme of the ancient tragedian and the conclusion of the modern critic of the late War are alike: that the great principles of right may not be violated on a large scale with impunity. What we know as nemesis or sanction may often, no doubt, be successfully evaded for a while. Individuals and groups of them may often defraud and oppress without feeling the sting of retribution's scourge. Yet the institutions they establish on the foundations of injustice, are apparently doomed by that very fact. A long period of real or apparent success may often attend or follow injustice; but ultimately, so history seems to attest, injustice must submit to defeat. The Great War, like other gigantic upheavals, has given us many instances of this. Mighty and seemingly impregnable institutions, builded strong upon foundations of unfair dealing, and rulers who have inherited a dishonorable greatness, were alike brought low precisely because this germ of decay was in them.

In the industrial and commercial order the chance of escaping retribution is perhaps somewhat greater. Yet even here, when whole industrial systems are founded on unfairness and inequity, a nemesis is sure to overtake them. Hence, to be involved in such systems, especially at critical periods of history, seems beyond question to expose one to the imminent risk of complete disaster.

That our industrial system at the present crisis involves very much fundamental unfairness can hardly be seriously questioned. Unskilled labor is frequently employed with little or no regard to the most essential rights of men. The Industrial Relations Commission reported only a few years ago that a family living wage was not being received by fully one half the wage-earners employed in industry, and that a large percentage of them were working more hours per day than their physical well-being and recreational needs would permit. At

the present time, day and night shifts and seven day schedules are imposed on men for whom it is morally impossible to seek other employment, until for want of recreation and religion and hope, they sink into a state of sodden brutish stupidity. Apparent improvements in wage conditions have brought no real relief, since in almost every case the advance in the cost of living has far outstripped all advance in wages.

At any rate the discontent that prevails today is undoubtedly real and, to a very large extent, justified. When the worker hears so much of the rapidly growing wealth of the country, yet finds that he has not enough to feed and support his family, need we be surprised if unrest and discontent are engendered? Efforts have indeed been made to allay this discontent, but unfortunately many of them do not come to the point. Welfare work may in some cases prove acceptable to the workingman, but in many others it only aggravates resentment because it does not meet the worker's most vital need. For it is not precisely present prosperity, protection, and comfort that the worker desires, but rather that breadth of horizon and that comforting hope that come with real liberty. Give a man all the material conveniences, all the clubs and free entertainment you will, but as long as he is not free to determine his own status, to change his employment, to provide for at least the immediate future, he necessarily feels that you are merely paying him for being a contented slave.

The present agitation of Labor is a struggle for liberty. It is part of a world-old struggle. For centuries men have striven for liberty, so that now most of the world enjoys a large measure of personal, and at least some measure of political, liberty. But industrial liberty is a no less precious boon than these, since it is the condition of their full enjoyment. Yet such is the conservatism of most of us who have for years listened to capitalistic propaganda, that so innocent a phrase as "industrial democracy" still begets in us a movement of pained surprise. We instinctively and invariably think of the losses that Capital would suffer if it were to make any considerable concessions to Labor's demands. We perseveringly invoke the inalienable right of private property, even when there is question of limiting large fortunes. And in our insistence on the right of private property, we close our eyes to the rather obvious fact that no principle which results in so

much hardship to the masses and so little enjoyment to the owner, as does the application of the right of private property to excessively large fortunes, could possibly be founded on the positive will of a beneficent Creator or on the fundamental nature and needs of men.

The acuteness of the present crisis, to say nothing of other considerations, demands that whatever changes are made towards a transformation of the capitalistic system, be rather radical. In our reforms we must keep in mind the fact that the bribes offered to Labor in the shape of paternalistic schemes have failed to produce substantial results, just as the policy of benevolent despotism in the political order failed to prevent the liberation of the peoples.

What men want in industry as elsewhere is not a multiplication of unsubstantial comforts and pleasures nor, on the other hand, absolute industrial anarchy, but only a proper livelihood and a reasonable measure of freedom. And that this measure of freedom may be freedom indeed, the laborer must not be allowed to feel that we are making him concessions merely for the sake of more extensively and safely exploiting him. Like their prototypes the benevolent despots, many employers are in the habit of demanding a tangible equivalent for every concession. The employer's profit is the motive, the sum, the scope, the criterion of every extension of privilege, every raise in salary, every improvement in conditions. Now, naturally, very few business men undertake large ventures on a basis of pure altruism or supernatural charity. But even abstracting from obligations toward employees, mere policy and foresight should dictate that the conduct of business should be carried out in a generous and uncalculating spirit. At least one might invoke the distinction of the moralists and expect that though the *motive of the agent* may be only his own interest, the *object of the act done* should also include the good of the employees. Thus only, it would seem, can a feeling of genuine and permanent confidence be established; and thus only can a wholesome and enduring blend of contentment and efficiency be secured.

Perhaps the best concrete exemplification of the principles here stated will be some application of the profit sharing idea. This arrangement is, in the minds of its earliest exponents, based on the principle that Capital and Labor both contribute

to the common task and are, therefore, entitled to a proportionate recompense. For it is clear that the directors of industry are fully as dependent on the manual skill, the strength, and the endurance of Labor, as Labor is on the purchasing, organizing, and directing power of Capital. And the fact that a system has grown up whereby Capital is able effectively to coerce Labor does not essentially alter their relation of mutual dependence. Although this does not seem to prove the laborer's right in strict justice to anything beyond a liberally computed living wage, yet it does show that some further consideration is due him as a matter of general equity. Its desirability as a matter of business policy is the purport of the opening paragraphs of this article, and is further shown by the experience of many profit sharing institutions.

The concession here made on the point of justice should dispose of our opposition to profit sharing on the grounds of private ownership rights. Large as the rights of private property may be, owing to the vastly enlarged productivity of Capital, yet as we have pointed out there are limits frequently reached in our day beyond which the reason for the existence of this right ceases to be operative.

And since our plan proposes to go beyond the limits of strict justice, it assumes a living wage as a prerequisite. For surely Capital cannot justify on moral grounds the taking of an interest return, before all its workmen have received wages that will insure for themselves and their families at least a decent livelihood. And if we believe that an opportunity for "the pursuit of happiness" is one of the basic rights of humanity, then this decent livelihood should not be so narrowly construed as to exclude a measure of comfort, of personal freedom and of the power of self-betterment.

This living wage, however, being the minimum of just recompense, is hardly capable of producing that feeling of contentment and good will among employees which will result in increased efficiency and whatever of intelligent coöperation lies in their power to render. The additional element necessary to secure this is the first of the essential components of our plan, the sharing of profits. This means that the employer enters into a previous agreement with his employees to divide with them, at the expiration of a certain period, the net profits of the business on a definite, fixed basis. When the

basis of division is left to the discretion of the Board of Directors at the time of division, the psychological value of the plan is necessarily lost.

The first sums to be deducted from the gross earnings are, of course, the expense of conducting the business, depreciation costs, the wages of workmen and the salaries of officials. Next, according to the plan here suggested, the investors should be entitled to a dividend of six per cent on the value of their stock at par. After this, ten per cent of the remaining profits should be set aside as part of a fund to replace the profit sharing dividend in slack years, and to provide the expenses of other projects affecting the common welfare. Whatever surplus profits remain after deduction of all these items is to be divided—on a prearranged basis, of course—between employers and laborers in proportion to the earning power of their contribution to the year's business. The earning power of Capital is measured, not by the amount of capital invested, but by the rate of interest this investment is capable of drawing. The earning power of Labor is simply the full amount of the annual wage paid in the establishment. Thus if the concern is capitalized at two million dollars and pays an annual wage of eighty thousand, the earning power of Capital is one hundred and twenty thousand dollars and that of Labor eighty thousand. The surplus profits are then shared by the two in the ratio of twelve to eight; Capital receives sixty per cent and Labor forty.

To secure the interest of the concern against labor turnover, it may be found advisable not to issue the worker's dividends on profits in the form of cash payments. In this case he is given instead a profit sharing stock certificate. This is issued at the end of his first profit sharing year and entitles him to a dividend at the end of the following year. If, however, he leaves the employ of the company before the end of the second year, his certificate becomes void. Death, of course, should not nullify these certificates. According to this arrangement a workman whose share in the profits of the year 1919 is \$50, is, at the close of the year, given a profit sharing stock certificate which represents no investment, but has a face value of \$500 and bears a dividend of ten per cent. At the end of 1920 his dividend of \$50 is paid and his stock certificate expires.

The second element of our plan provides for some representation of the workers in the management of the company. The experience of numerous firms has shown that to give the workers a voice in some of the business affairs of the establishment, begets great good feeling between them and the directors, and actually diminishes insubordination and extravagant demands. An attractive and simple method of representation is now in use in some twenty large industrial concerns throughout the country. It is, in fact, the leading feature in the plan of Mr. John Leitch, and is fully explained in his book, *Man To Man*. It begins with a definite "business policy" presented to both management and workers and voluntarily agreed to, point by point. After an understanding has been reached on this matter, the government of the whole establishment is organized on the model of the government of the United States.

The Cabinet, a non-elective body, consists of the executive officers of the company with the president as chairman. It deals with the larger and more intimate problems of management, it may, by suggestions to the Senate and the House of Representatives, initiate legislation, and it has the power to veto their bills. It has before it the bills that have passed both houses and also the minutes of their proceedings, and thus it keeps in touch with the state of mind of the employees. The Senate is made up of the foremen and heads of departments, who naturally hold their positions by appointment. The House of Representatives is elected by the whole body of workers, from twenty to forty persons being entitled to one representative. The representative receives complaints and suggestions from his fellow workers and, in turn, acquaints them with the doings of the legislative bodies. Questions affecting wages, working conditions and such matters are voted on by the three bodies in turn; and no change becomes law until it has been approved by all three bodies.

Among the changes thus introduced into one plant, the Demuth Pipe Factory, was the reduction of working hours per week from fifty-three to fifty. The production of the plant was by this change increased by eight per cent. The Cabinet suggested a further reduction to forty-eight hours; and this also was accomplished with no loss of production.

The plan here detailed was drawn up with special refer-

ence to large industrial concerns. Practically every one of its features has already been successfully applied in some such plant. It may be found feasible, with modifications, in other forms of business. It may, at least, prove suggestive of other lines of liberally conceived experimentation in the direction of industrial equity and freedom. The chief value of all such schemes depends, not so much on their certainty to bring in a calculable equivalent as on their power to establish a better feeling by properly estimating the dignity of the human being.

The workers of the world, whom we are so prone to consider monsters of cupidity and vindictiveness, are as a class men of sanity and good faith. Their shows of violence and fanaticism are, for the most part, passions aroused by hunger and wrong, acting out the theories of shallow *doctrinaires* who are honored and encouraged from outside the working class. In the long run, the working class is neither more nor less inconsistent than the rest of mankind. I know that instances of arbitrary and shameful demands on the public can be quoted against certain bodies of organized Labor. But the passions of industrial war and the disgraceful example of the profiteer are more responsible for these than anything that is characteristic and inherent in the workingman's state of mind. The low-browed foreigner is a man more sinned against than sinning. The experiences of men like Whiting Williams and the conversations that any man may have with his workingman neighbor, go a long way toward showing that the average laborer in America is not a radical. They go a great deal farther toward proving that he has not given up the position and point of view of a *man*. This is a thing that cannot always be said of those at the opposite pole of the economic world.

In watching the operation of his Industrial Democracy in more than a dozen large plants, Mr. Leitch has not seen one instance where the workmen have taken unfair advantage of their new-found strength. The two failures of his arrangement thus far recorded, arose from the inability of employers to repress their lust for autocratic power, even when their business ideas were actually being applied by the employees' part of the government in their plants. The experience of democratic institutions has shown their directors that all the

apathy and intractability of the workman may be overcome by the exercise of a little patience and that, even when saving in the cost of production can not be definitely shown, the improvement of the mutual relations between employers and workers is an asset of the greatest value.

We cannot remind ourselves too often that the way to greater industrial efficiency is the way of industrial democracy, and that the worker's productivity will be increased, not by striving to escape detection while we exploit his energies to the utmost, but by according him generous treatment and seeing beneath the humble and begrimed exterior of the toiler "the splendor of humanity."

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

BY LILIAN E. SELLECK.

THE winds were hushed. To all the earth
A wondrous calm was given;
There was a softness on the sea,
There was a light from Heaven;

The little leaves scarce dared to lift
Their blades above the sod,
And all the trees were angels' harps,
When Mary walked with God!

CATHOLIC WOMEN IN ITALY.

BY F. A. PALMIERI, O.S.A., PH.D., D.D.



If we were to take seriously the forebodings of a certain type of review or newspaper, aiming to discredit Catholic countries, such as Poland, France, Spain and Italy, the last named would have to be regarded positively as on the verge of ruin, and saturated with the spirit of revolution. Economic unrest, and the latent propaganda of Bolshevism are alleged to have made an inglorious tomb for united Italy. As soon as the revolutionary spirit reaches the army, we are told, like the Russia of the Tsars, the Italian kingdom will be a thing of the past. A republic will supersede the monarchy. The excesses of the French Revolution and Russian Bolshevism, the mournful prophets tell us, will spread terror throughout the towns of Italy and spill rivers of blood. And, as has happened before in Europe, we are told that, in the person of her clergy, the Catholic Church will be the chief victim of the pioneers of communistic principles.

The writer does not share the sombre pessimism of the foreign press. This article is written in the calm, sympathetic and deeply religious town of Piedmont, Vercelli. Each street boasts its church, and each church keeps, with jealous care, the artistic inheritance of the past, the splendid frescoes of Gaudenzio Ferrari, and the admirable pictures of Lanini and Giovenone. In the Cathedral, the relics of St. Eusebius Vercellensis, the champion of Catholic faith against Arianism, remind us of the glorious past of the city. A large congregation of faithful repeat with the zealous Bishop of Vercelli, Giovanni Gamberoni, the act of consecration of Italy to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The prayer sounds at times like a cry of victory. Its tones reveal that, despite the clouds heaped upon her horizon, Italy is still a nursery of Catholic souls, and Catholic are the beatings of her heart. Doubtless the sporadic rumble of revolution shakes the great cities from time to time. As a consequence of the War the working classes are overwhelmed with poverty, and foreign gold spreads hatred against religion,

patriotism and the *borghesia*. But, as they say, the Italians have *il buon senso*, good common sense. They will not be submerged in the waves of Leninism. They are organizing their forces against the revolutionary hordes. And what the Italian Catholics have done to mobilize the friends of peace in Italy, deserves the sincerest admiration.

The best results have been obtained in the organization of Catholic women. Women, in Italy, are the strongest support of the moral foundations of society. So far they stand as an invincible citadel against the assaults of the foes of both Church and country. The vilest literature of perverse feminism, the writings of Babel, Tolstoi, Schopenhauer, Max Nordau, although widely circulated in Italy by Socialism, have not poisoned their minds nor dulled their hearts. The Italian women have in their blood the love of family and the duty of life-long fidelity to their husbands. Divorce never will find responsive souls in Italy. An Italian woman replied to the question, "Have you been divorced?" in an official inquiry from the Government of the United States. "Shame! . . . We have not such filth in Italy!"

Up to 1908, the religious feeling of Italian women had not been utilized in the Catholic renaissance in Italy. The term feminism was a sort of scarecrow to even the most broad minded women. They limited their social and Catholic activity to religious, charitable societies. True there existed the *National Association of Women*. This organization, however, was rather the vanguard of an Italian feminism. It paid no attention to creed or beliefs. Religious principles were relegated to the background. The *Association* professed the strictest neutrality. It could not be called a Catholic association. Few younger women had joined it, and yet Italian girls especially were needed to devote their energies to social reconstruction along Catholic lines. By its neutrality the *Association*, instead of defending Christ, arrayed its members against Him.

This was evident in the Congress of Italian Women, held in Rome in 1908. Italian Catholics were much surprised and grieved to hear that the Congress had adopted a resolution unfavorable to the teaching of religion in the primary schools. They did not conceal their feeling of dismay at the failure of the Catholic women in the Congress to raise a voice of protest

against a decision inspired by hatred of the Catholic Faith. The chiefs of the *Association* had deceived them by representing the primary schools as unfitted for the religious education of children. "These schools," they insinuated, "are not under the control of the Church. The teachers, upon whom the responsibility for teaching the catechism has to rest would turn into ridicule both the Biblical stories and the truths of Holy Faith. Instead of imbuing them with Christian doctrines, they would inoculate them with the poison of incredulity." This specious reasoning was accepted by the Catholic women of the *National Association*, and they voted against the teaching of religion in the primary schools.

A reaction followed against the religious neutrality of the *Association*. The protest was headed by Princess Cristina Giustiniani Bandini, a distinguished and pious lady of the Roman aristocracy. She proposed to Pius X. the foundation of women's clubs which would build up the faith of Italian Catholic womanhood. Pius X. approved and expanded the plans of Princess Giustiniani. He foresaw at once the grandeur of the task to be fulfilled by Italian women in defence of Catholic Faith. He suggested a new national association, which, under the name of "*Union of the Catholic Women of Italy*" (*Unione fra le Donne Cattoliche d'Italia*, familiarly known as the U. D. C. I.) would enroll all Italian women over eighteen under the banner of Christ. The *Unione* placed itself outside the domain of politics. Its purpose was exclusively religious, cultural and social. It was divided into three sections to facilitate the triple activities assigned to its members.

Princess Giustiniani gave herself unremittingly and patiently to the development of the *Unione*. Her heart was fired with undying enthusiasm, convinced that she followed the inspiration of God, Who had summoned Italian women to save Italy under the leadership of Christ. Due to her activity, hundreds of committees were established. All the committees were directly responsible to the President, who spent her time traveling and writing letters. She considered neither health nor sleep, but "fought the good fight" of Faith, and wrote the first chapter of the Catholic Women's Organization in Italy. When her physical energies were exhausted, and she was obliged to withdraw from the battlefield, the *Unione* counted 350 committees and 46,000 members.

Benedict XV. has shown the same sympathy with the *Unione* as his predecessor. Marchioness Maddalena Patrizi, also of the Roman nobility, succeeded Princess Giustiniani as President. The *Unione* showed great activity during the War. All that the heart of a noble and Catholic woman can devise to alleviate human sorrows, was made effective by the members of the *Unione* for the Italian soldiers and their families.

In 1918 "a new flower opened on the stem of the *Unione*." Young women had not enrolled themselves under its flag. While the young men had their flourishing organization, Italian girls had not been summoned to take an active part in the social reconstruction of Italy on a purely Catholic basis. That year something occurred at Milan. At a secondary school frequented by boys and girls, an atheist teacher said to his pupils: "None of you, I suppose, is so stupid as to continue going to Mass on Sunday." This invective was followed by profound silence. Then five boys rose, and answered boldly: "We belong to the army of stupids, Professor." The five students were members of a Catholic organization, and were able to defend their religious convictions. The girls were silent.

This episode of religious intolerance was published by the press, and seriously affected the Italian Catholics. A Milanese who has become the soul of the Catholic feminine movement of Italy, Miss Armida Barelli, conceived the idea of organizing the young women of Italy. She began her work in the diocese of Milan: "My programme," she writes, "was audacious. I dreamed of mobilizing all the girls of the diocese, that they might fight against evil. I intended to educate a great and beautiful Catholic family, that would be able to infuse Catholic spirit into the whole diocese and insure new and deeply religious families. It was necessary to begin with the religious education of each girl, and this purpose could not be realized without founding in all the parishes, schools, meeting-houses, and clubs of young women. The clubs had to become, with the home and the church, the guiding stars for our young women. In them, under the direction of their pastors, they had to give a new impetus to parish life, by promoting its plans, by finding means to develop their religious, moral, intellectual and social culture, by grouping themselves around the diocesan Presi-

dent, by obedient action under single leadership. The novelty of the movement consisted in the social preparation of the youth to be achieved by themselves. Hence the urgent need of a school, invested with the mission of drilling spiritually and technically the young apostles of the movement.

"The school was organized. By patient and admirable labor it succeeded in training some girls, who looked upon their propaganda as a missionary work. Humble working girls, teachers of the public schools, and clerks, willingly renounced their Sunday rest and well-earned recreation, in order to preach the new crusade to their fellow-girls living in the towns and villages. Success crowned their earliest efforts. They entered the lists, either to defend the religious character of some orphan-asylums, or the freedom of the schools, or to condemn the excesses of fashion, or to express their veneration for and fidelity to the Pope, whenever a lurid Socialism vilified his lofty dignity."¹

The movement of Catholic young women in Italy was welcomed by the President of the *Unione*, encouraged and fostered. It was, however, limited to the diocese of Milan, where, under the energetic direction of Miss Armida Barelli, it had enjoyed a marvelous development. Marchioness Patrizi was not slow to understand its importance. She explained to Pope Benedict XV. the plans of the Association of the Young Women in Milan, and the Pope not only approved it, but requested that the movement be extended throughout all the dioceses of Italy. Thus, he laid the foundation of a new and powerful association, the so-called "*Italian Catholic Young Women*" (*Gioventù femminile Cattolica Italiana*, known as the G. F. C. I.). Miss Armida Barelli was appointed Vice-President of the Association, which was attached to the *Unione* as a branch. The growth of the *Gioventù* exceeded all expectations. At the beginning of October, 1919, it existed in seventy-eight Italian dioceses, and numbered 700 clubs (*circoli*) with 50,000 members. In the same month a Congress of all the Catholic women in Italy was held in Rome at the suggestion, and under the supervision, of the Holy Father. The *Unione* and the *Gioventù* sent 600 delegates to represent their 120,000 members. The Congress was not an empty show. Benedict

¹ *L'organizzazione femminile cattolica in Italia. Rivista del clero italiano*, 1920, vol. 1., pp. 26, 27.

XV. called it to coördinate the efforts of both associations and to organize them into a powerful army.

On October 21, 1919, the members of the Congress were received in solemn audience by the Pope in the Consistorial Hall. The President set forth the purpose of the Association:

We fervently hope that woman, on whom is based the cornerstone of all civil society—the family—may derive from the pure doctrine of the Church an even balance between her new rights and her unalterable duties, and a greater force in resisting attempts, often masked and, therefore, more formidable, made against morals, the indissolubility of matrimony, and the right to liberty in the education of children. We hope there may be awakened in the conscience of every woman the desire to know better the work of the Church, not only throughout history, but, likewise, in this very hour in which God has called us to live and labor.

The Pope answered in a touching allocution, tracing the main lines of the programme of the Catholic Women's Movement. He pointed out that the changed conditions of our age had broadened the field of activity for woman:

Had attributed to woman, functions and rights which the preceding ages did not concede her. But no change in human opinion and no novelty of things or events can ever withdraw the woman, conscious of her mission, from her natural centre, which is the family. In the home she is queen; and even when far from the domestic hearth, she must direct thither, not alone maternal affection, but also the solicitude of a wise ruler. She must act as does a sovereign outside the bounds of his kingdom, who still does not neglect its interests but gives his best thought and his deepest concern to it. Rightly, therefore, can it be said that the changed conditions of the times have broadened the field of woman's activity. An apostolate in the world has been added to that more intimate and restricted action which woman formerly exercised within the domestic walls. This apostolate must be so conducted as to show clearly that woman within, as well as without, the home, is ever mindful that her first obligation is to her family.

The Pope praised the numerous activities of the members of both associations. He urged them to raise the standard of

education, to improve the conditions of family and school, to cultivate upright and modest living. He expressed special pleasure in the Young Women's Association, hoping that in a short time the organization of Catholic Women might spread throughout Italy.²

The Holy Father did far more than praise and encourage. He participated actively in the organization of the movement. Due to his initiative, the by-laws of the association were revised and modified. In a letter addressed to Marchioness Patrizi in the name of the Pope, Cardinal Gasparri dwelt upon the necessity of gathering the members of the *Unione* and of the *Gioventù* under a single leadership that they might obtain uniformity of action and unity of purpose. To execute his plans, the Pope instituted the "*Italian Catholic Women's Union*" (*Unione femminile Cattolica Italiana*.)

This new organization comprises two sections: the Catholic Women and the Catholic Young Women. The former includes married women and single women who have reached the age of thirty-five years. The second section is composed of girls of all classes and conditions. Girls from the age of twelve years and unmarried women to the age of thirty-five may be enrolled in clubs. Till the age of sixteen, girls are classed as "aspirants" and have no vote. At sixteen years they become active members. The Catholic Women are divided into parochial associations or *groups* (*gruppi parrocchiali*), under the direction of a Diocesan Council; the Catholic Young Women are formed into clubs, under the direction of the Diocesan Council of Young Women. By this arrangement, the whole movement is directed by the Bishops, but has its chief source in Rome. In fact, Rome is considered as the seat of the Vice-Presidents of the *Unione* and of the *Gioventù*. Both operate under the jurisdiction of the President-General of the *Italian Catholic Women's Union* and of the Superior Council. The President and the Assistant General are appointed directly by the Pope, the Vice-President is elected by the delegates of the respective branches of the Union. Paragraph 20 of the articles of the Constitution states that the *Unione* will humbly follow the direction of the Holy See and its respective Church authorities, and that its members will coöperate generously with their

² L'allocuzione del S. Padre alle rappresentanti dell'Unione Femminile Cattolica Italiana. Grottaferrata, 1920.

Bishops and Pastors in the defence and development of the Kingdom of God on earth.

Thanks to the revision of the Constitution, and the energetic efforts of Miss Barelli and her collaborators, the section of the Catholic Young Women now counts 207,000 members; the movement has won a footing in more than 200 dioceses. It increases daily. There are 22,000 parish churches in Italy, and the chiefs of the movement hope that every one will have its group of Catholic Women and its club of Catholic Young Women.

The Young Women's Section is placed under the Patronage of the Immaculate Conception, and venerates as special patrons, St. Agnes, St. Rose of Viterbo, and St. Joan of Arc. The purposes of this branch are as follows: (a) The intellectual, moral, and social education of girls, in order that in the life of family and country they may think and act in accordance with Catholic principles and the needs of our age; (b) To prepare the girls for the noble mission of motherhood and the sacrifices required today by the religious and social apostleship; (c) To train the girls openly to profess and defend their Catholic Faith, and to be firm in obedience and devotion to the Holy See, to cultivate filial love for the Vicar of Jesus Christ; (d) To encourage young women to engage in apostolic work in the economic and social life of Italy. In a word, "the young women are invested with the mission of placing Jesus Christ in Italian hearts, of training the coming generations in the way of Our Lord, of preparing a better future, a future worthy of the noble historic traditions of the Italian race."

It cannot be denied that the present conditions in Italy are critical. But I do not believe that revolution will triumph. The War has shaken, undoubtedly, the old foundations of social life. Peaceful villages have become nests of vipers. Italian Socialism is even worse than Russian Bolshevism. It is stamped with hatred of religion, of civilization, of woman, of all the glories and traditions of Italy. Italian Socialists, if they were masters of the situation, would not hesitate to destroy the marvelous cathedrals and monuments built up by their Catholic ancestors. Even in the eyes of children of eight years of age I have seen hatred for the clergy, and heard on their lips the most horrid blasphemies against Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin.

The War has left a canker in the hearts of many Italians, especially the laborers, in whom Anarchist and Socialist propagandists and pamphleteers have instilled the slander that priests and capitalists are responsible for the War. The efforts of Socialism are bent on uprooting the Catholic Faith, and its adepts feel that first of all they must ruin the character and soul of Italian women. In the factories they succeed unfortunately in their propaganda and some villages, especially in the province of Novara, have lost all contact with the clergy and are practically apostate. The young women are imbued in the schools with the positivism of De Dominicis, or the godless idealism of Lombardo Radice and Gentile. Every weapon is used, and when the press, the school, and blasphemy fail to accomplish their end, violence is freely resorted to by the Socialists to wrest Catholic women from the arms of the Church.

In the midst of this chaos, the Association of the Italian Young Women is organizing its army. The task is extremely difficult. Some of the members of the Association are confessors of the Faith. Tomorrow they may be its martyrs, enriching with their blood the sterile soil of some provinces of Italy. I know some girls in the province of Novara that have been expelled from the factories because of their devotion to Catholic principles; others that have been struck and beaten, insulted, ostracised in their villages, forced to go each morning to another village to receive Holy Communion and, without perhaps being aware of the precedent, to receive, like the early martyrs, the Blood of the Saviour to strengthen their souls unto battle. And these girls, who are legion in number, do not cease their fearless apostolate. They give of their scanty resources to the heads of the movement. They organize their clubs. They circulate pamphlets. To be acquainted with their heroism, one needs to read the official organs of the *Gioventù*, the *Bolletino dell' Unione fra le Donne Cattoliche d'Italia*, and *Le Nostre Battaglie*. In the columns of these journals, we can follow step by step the growing development of the Italian Catholic Woman's Movement, one certain to affect every phase of the social life of Italy, and to clear the lowering horizon.

The story of the activities of the Italian Catholic Young Women's Association is one of the most brilliant pages of Italian Catholicism. They show that in spite of all short-

comings, Italy is still a nation of great Catholic heroism and virtue. With regard to the religious education of the Italian children, the girls have already begun to replace the clergy, who are prevented by the spread of Socialism from as active work as they would wish in this field.

These women will carry out the programme of their Association. And we have no better words with which to close this article than those of Rev. Francesco Olgiati, a pioneer guide of the movement, closing a chapter of his book, *The New Horizon of Young Women*:

"In vain will fierce and shameless barbarians rush with destructive onslaught against this new association, which sings of the eternal youth of Christianity. In vain will the satanic madness of corrupt souls assail the living temple of God, the sanctuary of great genius. Human hands will not overthrow our own cathedral, where in the midst of the flowers of love and garlands of lilies the holy Host shines forth, while the Supreme Pontiff raises up his pure hand, and blesses the faithful, while above, crowned with glory, the flags of our army, the banners of all noble ideals wave in the air. Around the temple we hear the outcry of irreligious madness, as in the earliest days of nascent Christianity, Rome heard the cry: 'The Christians to the lions!' But, as before, even today, a choir of harmonious silvery voices will spread its song everywhere. Men may be able to raze to the ground the marble cathedral; yet they will never destroy the cathedral, whose stones are the hearts of young Catholic womanhood."³

³ *I nuovi orizzonti della gioventù femminile*, Milano, 1920, p. 252. I. Rosa, *Il femminismo cristiano*, Rome, 1900. L. Anzoletti, *La donna nuova*, Milan, 1898. G. Biederlack, *La questione femminista*, Rome, 1910. L. Caissotti di Chiusano, *Femminismo cristiano*, Turin, 1912. A. Bettazzi, *La protezione della giovine*, Turin, 1912. G. Alberione, *La donna associata allo zelo sacerdotale*, Alba, 1915. A. Serafini, *L'apostolato catechistico della donna nell' ora presente*, Rome, 1920.

JEHOVAH!

BY JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

I.

ANCIENT of Days! here mid these lofty hills,
These rugged rocks, that dark as thunder frown
Here mid the mighty voice of roaring rills
That leap and sweep the noble mountain down,
Thou leavest large, magnificent and grand
The awful impress of Thy Mighty Hand!

II.

Ancient of Days! Upon this rugged height,
Thine awful Footprints on the rock I see!
And on the mountain-wall Thou didst indite
Deep trenched the Records of Eternity!
Yea, on the precipice mid seam and scar
Thy Name is written luminous as the star!

III.

Ancient of Days, deep in the forest-glooms
Thine Awful Shadow on my spirit falls!
And in the cataract that roars and booms
I hear the Voice that through creation calls,
The solemn Voice, that through the Vaults of Time
Rolls and reverberates with tone sublime!

IV.

Thou livest yet, though Science knows Thee not!
Thou reignest yet, and from the fiery cloud
Speakest to nations that have long forgot
The Laws Thou gavest in the thunder loud!
Yea, by the Voice of Terror and of Night
Thou speakest to the heart bowed down in fright!

V.

Still Thy great Trumpet on the tempest blows!
Thy wrath is felt when the volcano wakes!
Thy Glory glitters in the Sunset-Rose;
Thy Power is seen when the proud city shakes;
Beneath Thy thunder-stroke, and town and tower
Crumbling to dust, vanish in an hour!

VI.

Thou strikest still upon Thine anvil vast,
The myriad stars that flame along the sky
Thou ridest yet upon the roaring blast
As when the prophets heard Thee rushing by!
Earth, Sun, and all the stellar worlds of light
Confess and own Thy Majesty and Might!

VII.

Ancient of Days, upon Thy harp of rain
The poet sees Thy Golden Fingers fly
And harking, hears the beautiful refrain
Thou flingest to the winds that wander by,
Till with a look of gladness and surprise,
The Rainbow lifts his head into the skies!

VIII.

How different, O Lord, that Harp of Light
To the loud thunder-trump that Thou shalt blow,
When, clad in all Thy Terror and Thy Might
Thou shalt to Judgment call the world below;
And at Thy dreadful Words, "Wake, Earth, Awake!"
The graves shall open, and the mountains quake!

THE LOYALIST.

BY JAMES FRANCIS BARRETT.

CHAPTER VI.



ATHER! Father! Where are you? Arnold has betrayed! He has betrayed his country!"

Breathless, Marjorie rushed into the hallway. It was late afternoon of a September day. The air was soft and hazy, tempered with the chill that comes just before sundown.

More than two months had passed; months crowded with happiness. Her engagement to Captain Meagher had been announced; their marriage was to take place in the fall, a bare month distant.

On this September afternoon, while she was visiting the shops in search of tempting and choice bits of feminine finery, she heard the blast of a trumpet coming from the direction of the old Governor's mansion. The sound recalled instantly to mind a former occasion when the news of the battle of Monmouth was brought to the city by courier and announced to the public in this way. Quickening her steps, she hurried towards the venerable building. A man was addressing the people who had congregated beneath the balcony. Straining every faculty she had caught the awful news.

Straightway she sped homewards, running as often as her panting breath would allow. She did not wait to open the door, but burst through it.

"What was that, child?" her father asked quickly as he met her in the dining room.

"Arnold . . . Arnold . . .," she repeated trying to catch her breath.

"Has betrayed, you say?"

"West Point."

"My God! We are lost."

He threw his hands heavenwards and started across the floor.

"What is it, Marjorie?" asked her mother who now stood in the passage way, a corner of her apron held in both hands, wonder and suspicion in her eyes.

"No, father!" the girl replied, apparently heedless of her mother's presence, "West Point is saved. Arnold has gone."

"Let him go. West Point is still ours? Thank God! He is with the British, I suppose?"

"So they say. The plot was discovered in the nick of time. His accomplice was captured and the papers found upon him."

"When did this happen?"

"Only a few days ago. The courier was dispatched at once to the members of Congress. The message was delivered today."

"And General Arnold tried to sell West Point to the British?" commented Mrs. Allison, who had listened as long as possible to the disconnected story. "A scoundrel of a man."

"Three Americans arrested a suspicious man in the neighborhood of Tarrytown. Upon searching him they discovered some papers in the handwriting of Arnold containing descriptions of the fortress. They took him for a spy."

"I thought as much," said Mrs. Allison. "Didn't I tell you that Arnold would do something like that? I knew it. I knew it."

"Thank God he is not one of us," was Mr. Allison's grave reply. "His act would serve to fan into fury the dormant flames of Pope Day."

"This is an act of vengeance," Marjorie reflected. "He never forgot his Court-martial, and evidently sought his country's ruin in revenge. Adversities he could contend with; humiliation he could not endure."

The little group presented strong contrasts. An under-current of excitement thrilled the young girl's entire frame, flushing her cheeks and sparkling in her eyes. Her youth and inexperience, her guileless mind and frank open manner had not prepared her for the enormity of the crime which had flashed full upon her. At first she sensed only the magnitude of the tragedy without its atrocious and more insidious details. To her father, composed and imperturbable, the disclosure of this scheme of blackest treason was but another chapter added to the year of disasters now drawing to a close. His more astute mind, schooled by long experience, had taught him to view the transit of events with a certain philosophy, a sort of pragmatic philosophy, which looked to the causes and the results of events and how they bore on the practical utility of all concerned. Her mother, in her devout and pious way, saw only the Holy Will of God working in all things for His own praise and glory.

"And they found the dispatches in his own writing?" the father asked slowly.

"In his stockings, beneath the soles of his feet."

Again there was silence.

"He is a prisoner?"

"Of course. He was arrested for a spy. They say he is an adjutant in the British Army. He was in full disguise."

"Hm!"

Mr. Allison set his lips.

"I think," continued Marjorie, "that it was the effect of a stroke of good fortune. He was taken by three men who were lying in wait for robbers. Otherwise he might have continued his journey in safety and the plot would have succeeded."

"Thank God and His Blessed Mother!" breathed Mrs. Allison as she clasped her hands together before her in an attitude of prayer.

"And Arnold?" methodically asked Mr. Allison.

"He escaped to the British lines. I do not know how, but it seems that he has departed. The one important item, which pleased and interested the people was the capture of the spy and the Frustration of the plot."

Her father rose and began to pace the room, his hands behind him.

"It is a bad blow. Too bad! Too bad!" he repeated. "I do not like it, for it will destroy the courage and confidence of our people. Arnold was the idol of the army, and I fear that his defection will create a great change of heart."

"The army will be better off without him," said Mrs. Allison.

"I agree with you," was the reply. "But the people may decide in a different manner. There is reason for worry."

"What was the effect of Lee's attempted treason?" spoke up Marjorie. "The people loathe him, and he will die an outcast."

"There is no punishment too severe for Lee. He has been from the start nothing but a selfish adventurer. But the cases are not parallel. Lee was never popular with the army. Arnold, you must remember, was the most successful leader in the field and the officer most prized by the Commander-in-Chief."

"Nevertheless, he will sink as fast as he rose, I think. The country must not tolerate a traitor."

"Must not! But will not the circumstances alter the case? I say that unless the proofs of Arnold's treason are irrefutable, the people will be slow to believe. I don't like it. I don't."

There was some logic in his argument which began to impress Marjorie. Arnold could exercise a tremendous amount of influence over the army. Whether the strings of loyalty which had united their hearts with his, would be snapped by his act of perfidy was the mooted question. As a matter of fact a spirit of mutiny was already manifest. The following January, the

soldiers of Pennsylvania encamped on the heights of Morristown, marched out of camp and set out for Philadelphia. They were rebuked by Washington, who sent a letter by General Wayne. Thereupon they returned to their posts. Later in the same month another mutiny occurred among the New Jersey troops, but this, too, was quickly suppressed. Just how much responsibility for these uprisings might be traced to Arnold's treason cannot be estimated. Unquestionably, his act was not wholly unproductive of its psychological effects.

"I feel so sorry for Peggy," Marjorie sighed.

"The young wife has a sore burden thrown upon her. A sorry day it was when she met him," was Mrs. Allison's comment.

"Strange, I never suspected Peggy for a moment," Marjorie said. "I had been raised with her, and thought we knew one another. I am sorry, very sorry."

"We do not know how much she is concerned in this," announced Mr. Allison, "her ambition knew no restraint or limitation. She has her peerage now."

"And her husband?"

"The grave of a traitor, the sole immortality of degraded ambition, religious prejudice, treason and infamy."

"God help him!" exclaimed Mrs. Allison.

In July, 1780, General Arnold had been placed in command of West Point; two months later he was safe on board the British sloop-of-war *Vulture*. He had attempted to betray his country; he received in exchange six thousand pounds sterling together with a brigadiership in the British Army.

From the time he left Philadelphia until the morning of his flight he had kept up a continual correspondence with John Anderson. Information was at length conveyed to him that Sir Henry Clinton was in possession of advices that the American Commander-in-Chief contemplated an advance on New York by way of Kingsbridge. Clinton's scheme would allow the army of General Washington to move upon the city, having collected all his magazines at the fortification at West Point, but at a given moment Arnold was expected to surrender the fort and garrison and compel the army of Washington to retire immediately or else suffer capture.

Still Arnold felt that everything was not quite settled between Sir Henry and himself, and wrote accordingly, advising that a written guarantee be forwarded or delivered in person to him by an officer of Sir Henry's staff of his own mensuration. He was informed in reply that the necessary meeting might be

arranged, and that the emissary would be the Adjutant General of the British Army.

Accordingly the British sloop, *Vulture*, moved up the river as far as Stony Point, bearing the Adjutant General. Arnold had fixed on the house of Joshua Smith as the place of meeting. On the night of the twenty-first of September, he sent a boat to the *Vulture*, which brought the emissary ashore. In a thick grove of cedars, under cover of night, Arnold waited the return of the row boat, its oars muffled with sheepskins, its passenger on board. The latter sprang lightly to the shore, his large blue watchcoat and high boots alone visible. As he climbed the bank and approached the grove, he threw back his cloak and revealed the full British uniform of a general officer.

"Anderson?" Arnold exclaimed. "You?"

"No! André, Major André," was the reply.

"Hm! I thought as much. I suspected you from the moment I met you in Philadelphia."

"Come. Let us finish. I must return before daybreak."

"Where is your disguise? I advised you to come in disguise."

He understood the piercing glance.

"I have come thus under General Clinton's orders," was the reply. "My safety lies in open uniform."

"Let it go at that. Here! I have with me the plans of West Point, with a full inventory of its armament and stores and a roster of its garrison."

André took the papers and glanced at them as best he could by means of the lantern light.

"But I do not see here a written promise to surrender the fortress?"

"No! Nor, by Heaven, shall you receive it," Arnold snapped.

"I have given my word. That is enough. I have already placed myself in your hands by these plans and inventories made in my own handwriting. This is all . . . No more."

"General Washington visits here on Saturday?"

"Yes."

"The surrender must take place that night."

Arnold looked fiercely at him. This was intolerable. To betray his country was treason; to betray his friend and benefactor was something for which he found no adequate word in the English language. He refused absolutely. André insisted, and the discussion became violent.

Neither was conscious of the dawn breaking through the thicket of fir trees which bounded the opposite bank of the Hudson. The details were not yet arranged; Arnold's reward was

still unsettled. There had been various promises of compensation, maintenance of military rank, a peerage or a viceroyalty in one of the Colonies, but André was not empowered to offer more than compensation and military rank. With the dawning light, the boatmen became alarmed and refused to take André back to his ship, so the two conspirators were obliged to remain in the house of Joshua Smith until the next night.

That day occurred an unforeseen accident. Livingston, the Colonel of "Congress' Own," in command of the batteries on the opposite side of the river at Verplanck's Point, opened fire upon the *Vulture*, compelling her to drop down the river. Major André was, therefore, obliged to proceed by land down the opposite shore to meet with his vessel. Late at night he departed, his uniform and coat exchanged for a disguise, the six papers in Arnold's handwriting crammed between his stockings and feet.

It also happened, by a strange irony of fate, that a party of American soldiers had set out that very morning to intercept a band of robbers who had infested the roadways of this neighborhood, and who had rendered the highways impassable because of their depredations. Near Tarrytown, three of this party confronted a passing traveler, and leveling their muskets at him, ordered him to halt. They were obeyed on the instant, and because of the suspicious manner of the stranger, a complete search of him was made. The papers were found and he was placed under arrest and sent to North Castle. There the papers were examined, and, instead of being sent to General Arnold, were forwarded to his Excellency, who was known to be lodged at West Point. A complementary letter was sent to General Arnold informing him of what had taken place.

He was at breakfast when the news was brought him. The letter was crumpled in his hand as he hastily arose from the table and rushed to Peggy's room to acquaint her of his fate. She screamed and fainted. He stooped to kiss his sleeping child; then rushed from the house, mounted, and was soon on his way to the place where he knew a barge had been anchored. Jumping aboard, he ordered the oarsmen to take him to the *Vulture*, eighteen miles down the river. Next morning he was safe within the enemy's lines at New York.

The minute details of the attempted plot had not filtered into Philadelphia when a demonstration began to celebrate its frustration. Spontaneously and exuberantly, the citizens of the city gathered in the public square, and for several hours the joy-making continued with unabated energy and enthusiasm. The

full realization of what this news meant broke like a rushing tide upon their consciousness. The country had been threatened; the danger had been averted.

In a few hours the streets were mad with hundreds of people singing and shouting and marching in unrestrained glee. Bulletins posted in the public square acquainting the people of the great facts, paled before the news relayed from mouth to mouth, growing in detail and magnitude as it went. Chains, trays, broken iron were dragged in rattling bundles up and down the streets amid the laughs and cheers of the mass of humanity swarming upon the roadways and sidewalks.

Marjorie and her father were among the early arrivals on Market Street. Little by little, items of information came to them as they talked with their many acquaintances. Out of many and varied accounts one or two points stood out prominently—Arnold had attempted to surrender the fortress while Washington was lodged there in the hope that complete disaster would befall the American cause; he had completed negotiations with the British emissary, known as Major André, but whom the people of Philadelphia had known as John Anderson, a frequent visitor of the Arnolds during their stay in the city. This officer had been taken prisoner by the American forces and the papers found upon him: while Arnold and his wife had escaped to the British forces in the city of New York.

When the gayety seemed to have attained its climax, a procession began to wend its way through the howling crowd. There was no attempt at regular formation, the multitude trailing along in whatever order pleased them. In the midst of the line of march, two gaunt figures towered aloft over the heads of the marchers, the one bearing a placard upon which was scrawled the name, "Arnold the traitor," the other, "André the spy." These were carried, with great acclaim, several times around the city, and finally burned in the square amid cheers and huzzas. Thus satisfied, the crowd gradually began to disperse. It was late when Marjorie and her father turned homewards. The watchman at the corner announced the hour: "Eleven o'clock and Arnold is burned."

The frenzy of the mob was responsible for the violence of the celebration, nevertheless many sober and composed individuals looked on in silent acquiescence during the riotous proceedings. Arnold had fallen to the lowest ebb of infamy and contempt; his past services were entirely forgotten.

Mount Pleasant was not permitted to remain idle. It was seized by the city authorities and rented to Baron Steuben, the

disciplinarian of the American Army and the author of its first *Manual of Arms*. The household furniture was removed and offered for sale at public auction, while the coach and four was bought by a trader at the Coffee House. Arnold's presence in the city was no more than a memory—a memory, and a sad one.

"He would never escape the fury of that crowd," Mr. Allison observed to his daughter as they journeyed homewards.

"They would surely put him to death."

"If they ever lay hands on him—they might, perhaps, cut off his wounded leg, but the rest of him they would burn."

She considered.

"I can scarce believe it—it seems too awful."

"Well! I never could see much good in a bigot. A man with a truly broad and charitable soul has no room in him for base designs. Arnold would crucify us if he could, yet we have lived to see him repudiated by his own."

"After all God takes care of His own. Even the sparrow does not fall to the ground."

Plainly the spirit of the evening had awakened a serious vein of thought in the two. It was a tragedy intimately interwoven with pity and compassion. The fate of the two principal actors, the courageous Arnold and the ambitious André, could not fail to touch their hearts. Their lot was not enviable; but it was lamentable.

"And John Anderson, too," said Marjorie, "I cannot believe it."

"When the truth is known I am of the opinion that he will be more pitied and less condemned. Arnold was the chief actor. André a mere pawn."

"How brilliant he was! You remember his visits? The afternoon at the piano?"

"Yes. He was talented. But to what purpose?"

"I am sorry."

And so were many.

CHAPTER VII.

"Stephen, wilt thou take Marjorie here present for thy lawful wife, according to the rite of our Holy Mother, the Church?"

Audibly and distinctly resounded the voice of Father Farmer throughout the little church as he read from the *Roman Ritual* the form of the sacrament of matrimony.

"I will," answered Stephen deliberately.

"Marjorie, wilt thou take Stephen here present for thy law-

ful husband, according to the rite of our Holy Mother, the Church?"

"I will," was the soft response.

The two then joined their right hands and repeated one after the other the pledge by which they took one another for man and wife; Stephen first, then Marjorie.

"I, Stephen, take thee, Marjorie, for my lawful wife to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part."

Solemnly and reverently the priest raised his right hand over them as he pronounced the blessing.

"Ego conjungo vos in matrimonium, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Amen."

The ring having been blessed before them, Stephen placed it on Marjorie's finger, saying the prescribed words, after which they awaited the prayers of the priest. Father Farmer turned to the altar and at once began the Nuptial Mass, according to the ceremony of the Catholic Church, and pronounced over them the Nuptial Blessing.

Thus ended the marriage ceremony.

It would be difficult to describe the feelings of Marjorie as she turned from the sanctuary and made her way down the aisle of the little church. Her hand lay on Stephen's arm, but it seemed to her as if she were hanging from it. She was happy; but she was extremely nervous, and felt extremely self-conscious.

It had been intended that the affair should be charmingly simple, both on account of the sad and melancholy days through which the country was passing and the desire of the parties concerned to avoid display. Their names had been published at three public Masses; the Catholic Church required that. They had been married by Father Farmer with a nuptial high Mass. The wedding breakfast would be served at the home of the bride. But the number of invited guests would be limited strictly to the members of the family and one or two intimate friends, so as to include Jim Cadwalader and Sergeant Griffin. There would be no honeymoon on account of the uncertainty regarding Stephen's movements.

Only when the little party, Marjorie and Stephen's sister, her maid of honor, and Stephen and Sergeant Griffin, his best man, had settled down into the coach, did Marjorie become composed. A great sigh of relief escaped her as she sat back, her bouquet in her hand, and looked at the dispersing crowd. She could not tell

yet whether she was happy or not; the excitement had not subsided enough to allow her to regain her self-possession and equanimity. Stephen was by her side. That was about all she knew—or cared.

Stephen was in his characteristically reticent mood. He had already observed that he would have endured another Valley Forge with greater pleasure than the ordeal of a wedding ceremony. He was wearing for the first time a new full dress uniform of buff and blue. The interested spectator might have discerned, too, that he wore also a new insignia of rank. He was now a Major of the Continental Army, having received that promotion, for distinguished service, upon the recommendation of His Excellency, who accompanied it with a warm message of congratulation upon his approaching marriage. Nevertheless, he was unmoved, betraying but one concern: the most trivial wants of his blushing and timid bride.

Even in this moment of joy, pure and unalloyed, he could not banish from his mind the memories of the past two years, years crowded with events in his life and that of his beloved. There was, indeed, much to be thankful for, and a prayer of praise rose from his heart to the Giver of every best and perfect gift.

The American Revolution had unfolded a wonderful story, a story of anti-Catholicism, of persecution and prejudice, which had yielded, step by step, to complete freedom of action and religious liberty. The Church was at length free, free to gather her children into congregations where she might speak to them and instruct them without any fear. Now she was at liberty to fulfill her mission of winning souls to Christ. True, her children were widely scattered, a bare twenty-five thousand out of a population of about three million, whose wants were administered to by no more than twenty-five priests. Yet out of this little body there emerged a people, honorable, respectable, and of such consequence as to deserve commendation from the First President for "the patriotic part taken in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of your government," and to cause to be inserted in the Constitution of the new Republic the clause that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for any office or public trust under the United States." There was much still to be desired; but the foundations had been laid, and the prospect for the future was auspicious.

And so they rode through the city streets joyfully, merrily, light-heartedly. Conversation, interspersed with laughter and jocularity, literally ran riot, so impatiently did each attempt to re-

late what was uppermost in his or her mind. The ceremony, the music, the procession, the crowd obtained their due amount of comment, until the arrival of the coach at the Allison home.

"A health, ladies and gentlemen, to the bride. May she live long and never form the acquaintanceship of sorrow!"

Stephen's father had arisen from his chair and with his goblet held before him addressed the company.

The toast was drunk with evident pleasure. Then Mr. Allison arose.

"To Major Meagher, that his brilliant career be only the commencement of a life of extraordinary achievement!"

This was followed by a round of applause. Stephen smiled and bowed his head, but it was plain to be seen that his father's chest had expanded more than an appreciable trifle. Marjorie was happy and whispered a word to her sister-in-law seated by her side. Of the jolly group, all bent on doing honor to the happy couple, none were more so than Jim Cadwalader and his wife.

"I tell you," said Jim, "they're a right fine pair."

"I am afraid, Jim, you have not forgiven me quite for excluding you from that meeting," Stephen suggested.

"I'm the proudest man this side o' the river t' think I gave you me clothes. You'd never got on widout me."

There was an outburst of laughter.

"You would have been captured, had you gone in there. I saved you."

"Yes, an' the girl, there, did it. Don't ye furgit that either. I'll tell on y'," replied Jim, nodding his head emphatically. "She got me caught."

"Jim!" Marjorie exclaimed loudly.

"Now do not lay the blame on her," Stephen cautioned with a smile. "You yourself were only too anxious to get there. You wanted to see yourself in a new uniform."

"I did, then. I was terr'bly anxious to see meself in a red suit, wasn't I?"

The company enjoyed this exchange of repartee and laughed continually. And so they talked far into the morning. They sat in groups of two and three long after the table had been cleared.

As the guests departed one after the other, leaving behind them many benedictions and choice wishes for the bride and groom, the house settled down to its accustomed quietude. The immediate family, Jim and his wife alone remaining. Jim, like every recognized master in his own household, sat with his one leg across the other, enjoying his tobacco, while his helpmate

turned her attention to the kitchen. Everyone betook themselves to their accustomed occupations. The festivities were at an end and the practical things of life again asserted themselves with stern reality.

At length Stephen and Marjorie were alone, alone in their own little world of fancies and dreams. They were standing by the upstairs window looking out at the little fence where they had stood together more than two years before on the afternoon of his arrest. Stephen recalled his impressions of her then, yet she was more beautiful now, he thought. She had changed her gown of white for one of pink, and as she stood there, her lips a little parted in a tiny smile, her color heightened, her bright eyes looking out into the memories of the past, she seemed for all the world to Stephen like an enchanted being.

"What are you thinking of, girly?" he asked as he stood behind her, his arm about her waist.

There was no response.

"Tell me, won't you?" he pleaded.

She continued to gaze into the roadway.

"Aren't you happy?"

"Oh! Yes. . . Yes. . . I was never so happy. I . . . I . . ."

"What is it? Please, tell me. I fear that you are disturbed over something."

She did not answer, but turned and seized the lapels of his coat with both her hands. Then she raised her face to his and looked straight into his eyes.

"I was thinking how much I have really cared for you without ever knowing it."

"Is that all?" he laughed, as he folded his arms about her.

"And how unkind I have been to you all the while."

"There! There! You must not say that again. Promise me you will not so much as think it."

Again there was silence, but only for a moment.

"But I must have hurt you often. And to think that I never realized it."

"You are happy now, aren't you?"

She looked up again with only love in her eyes.

"Stephen!" she whispered.

She was lost in his embrace and felt only his breath against her cheek.

The world lived in them.

[THE END.]

New Books.

POINTS OF FRICTION. By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.75.

Always Miss Repplier's writing has been characterized by a substantial intellectual quality on which the mind may lay satisfying hold, and through her pages blow the cool and invigorating airs of common sense. Her gift is not so much subtlety or sparkling cleverness as a certain mental robustness which hardily faces the facts, however disagreeable, and offers sane, and saving, comments upon them. Her poised intelligence rejects alike the flabby consolations of the sentimentalist and the sardonic delights of the cynic. This latest book of hers is no exception to its predecessors in the possession of those qualities which have made her work distinctive—but with a difference. For the years of war and horror and upheaval have had a telling effect upon her. In one of the present essays Miss Repplier, referring to Stevenson, Johnson and Lamb, speaks of "the combination of a sad heart and a gay temper, which is the most charming and lovable thing the world has got to show;" and while it would not be precisely correct to say that the sad heart is evident in these pages to the extinction of the gay temper, still the phrase points us to the truth, namely, that Miss Repplier's judgments are here given a graver utterance and her humor has a less buoyant and pervasive air than is usual with her. Nor is this to be wondered at, since, as she says herself, "the world of thought is not one whit more tranquil than the world of action. The man whose 'mind to him a kingdom is' wears his crown with as much uneasiness as does a reigning monarch."

Miss Repplier is no friend of the hackneyed idea or the worn expression, and here, as always, she gives us fresh thought and exercises her command of the apt phrase, as where she says: "If belief in the perfectibility of man is the inspiration of liberalism, of radicalism, . . . sympathy with man and with his work . . . is the keynote of conservatism;" or in this acute observation on Burke's conservatism: "It was Burke's passionate delight in life's expression, rather than in life's adventure, that made him alive to its values. He was not averse to change: change is the law of the universe; but he changed in order to preserve;" or this telling stroke: "The intensely British desire to have a moral and, if possible, a religious foundation for a political creed would

command our deepest respect, were the human mind capable of accommodating its convictions to morality and religion, instead of accommodating morality and religion to its convictions." Nor is there wanting that sly and pleasant acridity which escapes the charge of ill humor by its liberal presentation of truth, as in the remark that "reforming optimists, who, ten years ago, bade us rejoice over the elimination of war—'save on the outskirts of civilization'—now bid us rejoice over the elimination of alcohol—save on the tables of the rich."

Miss Repplier upholds many wholesome truths which in these days seem in danger of oblivion, and her ironic shaft pierces many a sham notion high in popular esteem. Her personal reactions to men and events are set down clearly and delightfully, and the noble art of the essay suffers at her hands neither diminution nor dishonor. *Points of Friction* is a stimulating and eminently readable book.

THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF GRACE. By G. H. Joyce, S.J.
New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00.

Father Joyce believes that there is a widespread desire to possess a clear knowledge of what the Church teaches regarding the Faith. "It is to meet the need of such readers, who constitute, I am inclined to believe, no inconsiderable body, that the present work has been written. In it I have sought to set forth the Church's teaching on Grace, avoiding as far as possible the technical terminology and the citations of authorities which are customary in works on divinity, but which mean little or nothing to those who are not already grounded in that science."

It is no mean praise to take the author's ideals as the statement of his achievement. In the present instance this can be done, in all truth and justice. The matter of Grace is difficult and filled with many things that the unwary wrest to their own destruction. Yet under Father Joyce's skillful touch, the way seems ever clear and easy. The difficulties are not absent—they cannot be. But the issues are set forth clearly, and the reader finds neither confusion nor difficulty in penetrating as deeply as may be into the things of God.

One point is notable, and may be recommended even to those who have labored "through the mills of theological schools." Father Joyce does not picture Grace as a nebulous metaphysical abstraction. It is not a mysterious thing defined only by negations. Rather, he sets forth the doctrine in the positive terms used by the Fathers of the Church—as an actual reality, mysterious, yet capable of clear conception; unfathomable, yet definite in

conception. It is adoption by God, incorporation into Christ, co-heirship with Christ, a participation in the divine nature. To understand this life with God is to penetrate into the living spirit of the Gospels and Epistles—to regain the personal union with God and with Christ which is the soul of religion. It was the loss of this that brought the world of our day into its present throes of pure naturalism.

THE MAKING OF AMERICA. By F. C. de Sumichrast. London: P. S. King & Son.

Mr. F. C. de Sumichrast, who identifies himself as a one-time associate professor of Harvard and an officer in an English cadet regiment, has written his *Making of America* with the expressed purpose of bringing about not merely better relations between England and America, but the essential reunion of the two countries. In a word it is British propaganda of the post-war type.

Decrying the prejudice, passion, distortion of the past with the resultant bitterness engendered, the writer rejoices that a new American, or rather a new school, is teaching an Anglo-Saxon conception of history. What true Briton should not rejoice? This shifting of the emphasis is all very well to a certain extent, but if one fears to emphasize the causes and events of the American Revolution, the Second War for Independence, the trying Anglo-American relations in the roaring forties, the British aid to the Confederate States, the Venezuela episode, the Behring Sea and Alaskan disputes, one is not teaching a virile Americanism. On the other hand, historical students do not sing the old song of hate, holding up England as the hereditary enemy ever ready to destroy American liberties.

Some writers in a laudatory attempt at historical impartiality, in a desire to appear detached and free from the limitations of mere nationalism, have gone to the extreme in glorifying the Anglo-Saxon element in our history, belittling the causes of colonial opposition, questioning the motives of the patriots, lauding the loyalists, urging tawdry economic motives on the part of the framers of the Constitution, passing lightly over the autocratic leanings of the Federalists, charging radicals and the West with forcing the War of 1812, overlooking the treasonable Hartford Convention, finding political intrigue and pulling of the lion's tail in the national period, cautiously blaming England's attitude in 1861, hesitating to assert our full boundary claims, questioning the value of immigration, stressing English friendship in 1898, and accepting as deeply sincere the hands across the sea policy, which German aggression forced. Today there are those who

read our past in terms of imperial federation and who would teach a new internationalism.

Mr. Sumichrast is urging this philosophy of Anglo-American relations in an appeal to his English readers. With this in mind, "facts" are stated and evidence is marshaled most plausibly. His method is skillful, yet his motive is plain. Englishmen are to be taught that the best minds of the United States are not narrowly American, but willing to minimize the ideals of 1776, throw overboard the time-honored policy of isolation and the Monroe Doctrine, and overlook two wars and two threatened wars. Then the concluding essays on the "Hundred Years' Peace," and "Traditions and Ideals" are artfully compiled to round out the general conclusion, that America should stand unhesitatingly with the British Empire.

THE ART OF INTERESTING: ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE.

By Rev. Francis Donnelly, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.75.

The topic is a live one and essential to every writer or speaker who has a message. But the author of such a book as this must prove himself before he merits the right to formulate precepts. Unlike Horace in his office of critic, the author who presumes to tell how to be interesting, must, by all means, spare his own reader the slightest ennui. In this, as in his preceding books, Father Donnelly stands the test well. He presents his thoughts in a brisk and energetic style, and approaches nearest, amongst our Catholic writers, to the ideal of making the written word equal the spoken in intensity. He is, moreover, well qualified to write on this subject, for he is a rhetorician of wide experience, who bases his literary conclusions on sound reasoning. He has a delicate appreciation of the best in literature and a genius for penetrating beneath the polished work of art to discover the artistry.

The book is cast into a series of essays, connected in greater or less degree with the main topic of how to secure attention. After some chapters on the need of gaining an interested audience, and the nature of the general principles that beget attention, he studies the methods of some authors who have been successfully interesting. St. Paul, Newman and Pardow are chosen as types for pulpit oratory. Macaulay and Chesterton are analyzed for their essay style, and Father Tabb for poetry. The purpose of these chapters is quite evident, but the conclusions might have been bound closer to the main topic of the book. The greatest single aid in securing interest is the Imagination, and so the later chapters are devoted to a discussion of this faculty and its de-

velopment. The appeal of the book is general to any who wish to attract and hold attention. Perhaps the success of this volume may lead the author to advance a step and prepare a manual devoted to the development and practice of effective pulpit eloquence.

THE CHRONICLES OF AMERICA. Edited by Dr. Allen Johnson, Professor of American History in Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press. Fifty volumes at \$3.50 per volume by the set.

Fight for a Free Sea, by Ralph D. Paine. Professor Paine recounts the story of the War of 1812, its land campaigns, well illustrated with charts, its sea engagements, its successes and failures. There is a recognition that in the last analysis the war was in a large sense an enduring victory, a valiant contest for endangered freedom, a declaration of defiance to Great Britain on the high seas, and a vitalizing of American nationalism. Generals Hull, Dearborn and Wilkinson may have been inefficient, even to the point of cowardice in the first named, but the frontiersmen in the ranks fought with characteristic courage. Mr. Paine emphasizes, as General Wood has done so thoroughly, the lesson in unpreparedness which the nation in its pride of strength failed to learn. Commanders were decrepit Revolutionary veterans sunk in sloth or intemperance, or political appointees; enlistments were short; authority was confused; discipline was lacking. Hence the fiasco in which the invasion of Canada resulted. He condemns unhesitatingly the Federalist treasonable opposition to the war, "Mr. Madison's War," and notes the refusal of Massachusetts and Connecticut to contribute their militia, as also actual aid given the enemy by the border farmers and contractors who gladly sold supplies and munitions. Nor does Mr. Paine pass over without heed the Westerners' charges that the war was in part caused by British aggression on the frontier, if not by Indian raids planned by British agents and factors, as much as by violations at sea of free trade and sailors' rights.

It is of Perry on Lake Erie, of Macdonough on Lake Champlain, of Captain Bainbridge and of Captain Isaac Hull that Mr. Paine writes charmingly, gloriously. Their brilliant deeds arouse his instinct for the sea, his hero-worship of sea-faring men. With them this writer of delightful sea stories is at home.

The Agrarian Crusade, by Solon J. Buck. This volume will disappoint the student who is familiar with Dr. Buck's scholarly *Granger Movement*, published several years ago as an Harvard

dissertation. It is doubtful if this essay contributes anything in the way of added information or new interpretation. It is obviously a hurried piece of work, well enough written, but with a tendency to triteness and wordiness.

The first chapters dwell upon the rise and fall of the Granges, their opposition to railroads and middlemen, their failure to do more than arouse class consciousness in the farmer and direct attention to certain real railroad abuses in the maze of imaginary grievances. In a chapter on the Greenback Party there is passing reference to the Liberal Republican episode of 1872. Suggestive, but not original is the consideration of the farmers' plight in the hard years of the seventies and Democratic nineties, due to over-expansion, land speculation, oppressive mortgages, high transportation rates, and declining prices. Appreciating the full significance of this cycle, the reader will understand the agrarian discontent expressed in the Farmers' Alliance, Populist Party, and finally in the Western revolt under Bryan in 1896. Untutored in economic principles, the farmer chased the sunbeam of cheap, inflated money through the greenback and free silver epochs, allowing socialistic hatred of Wall Street and bond holders to sway him from his true salvation, bigger crops and better transportation facilities. Populism naturally appealed to the Kansas farmer who, forced by the high price of coal to burn his unmarketable corn, read Eastern market quotations of high priced corn. Agrarian discontent was justified. Yet bumper crops soon caused grievances to be forgotten, just as Alaskan gold discoveries made the sixteen to one free silver issue an idle shibboleth.

An account of the present radical, socialistic Non-Partisan League should be included in this essay. Certainly it is an agrarian movement, although some of its followers are drawn more by pro-German, anti-military leanings. Possibly political pressure in a strongly Scandinavian section might prevent one associated with the Minnesota Historical Society from writing the whole truth of history.

Many interesting radicals and lovable idealists mentioned in connection with the various leveling movements might well have been characterized at some length. For instance, the rich, philanthropist, Peter Cooper, Horace Greeley and his old white hat, William R. Taylor, Granger-Governor of Wisconsin, and the natural radical, Ignatius Donnelly, bolter from several parties and supporter of Bacon versus Shakespeare, yet one whom fellow Catholics should remember for his successful attacks against A. P. A. ism in Minnesota. Then there was Denny Kearney of the California sand lots who led the crusade against the Oriental, James

Buchanan, the laborite, General James Weaver of Iowa, the unconventional "Sockless Jerry" Simpson of Kansas, Susan Anthony, pioneer in a recently won cause, Henry George, Mary Lease of Kansas, first female campaigner, Senator Peffer of Kansas, whose flowing beard amused an earlier generation, Governor Altgeld of Illinois, who loved the gentle Haymarket anarchists, General Coxey, who like another Wat Tyler led a motley crew to Washington, and the peerless veteran of Nebraska. Picturesque figures, every one of them, challenging a writer to draw their portraits.

The Canadian Dominion, by Oscar D. Skelton. Wisdom marked the selection of Mr. Skelton as the interpreter of Canada to an American audience. Known as a student of the Dominion history through his *Life and Times of Sir A. T. Galt* and *The Day of Sir Wilfrid Laurier*, Mr. Skelton has written an illuminating study of Canadian development from its English acquisition, when Voltaire could part so lightly with "the few arpents of snow" to the Great War, when 400,000 men offered themselves without conscription. It is not easy reading, its compactness and length of chapter prevent that. However, it is never confusing, difficult as it must have been to entwine the provincial sketches with the story of the Dominion as a whole. While thoroughly Canadian and more intensely patriotic than the self-styled scientific historians may favor, Mr. Skelton is broad visioned, never provincial, featuring neither the West nor the Maritime Provinces, nor Ontario to the loss of Quebec, nor eulogizing Anglo-Saxon to the discredit of the French, not underestimating Mr. Borden in comparison with his own Liberals, MacDonald and Laurier, and not attacking Nationalists because of his own conviction in favor of Imperial Federation with Canadian safeguards. To write impartially of Quebec Nationalists and Ontario Orangemen and of the language and separate school questions, required the restraint of a scholar. Emphasis is laid upon the economic side, immigration, land grants, railroad construction, but not on labor.

In the early period, one sees the failure of the Anglicization policy, that attempted to re-make French Catholic *habitants* into Englishmen, and Churchmen, through the rule of a few hundred corrupt "carpet-baggers." Fortunately for Canada, General Murray, who as governor associated with the aristocratic and cultured seigneurs and priests because of his dislike of the fanatical Tory element, urged upon the Lords of Trade: "Little, very little will content the New Subjects, but nothing will satisfy the Licentious Fanatics trading here but the expulsion of the Canadians, who are

perhaps the bravest and best race upon the Globe, a Race who could they be indulged with a few privileges, which the Laws of England deny the Roman Catholics at home, would soon get the better of every National Antipathy to their Conquerors and become the most faithful and useful set of men in this American Empire." Murray was withdrawn in favor of General Guy Carleton, who also detested the new "Yankee notions" and successfully urged like counsel upon Lord North. Bishop Briand, consecrated in Paris, was permitted to take charge of his diocese and the tolerant Quebec Act was enacted. This Quebec Act, roundly condemned in New England pulpits as a compact with the devil and a blow at Puritan democracy, made the province of Quebec British, even if less English. One has but to suggest the cold reception, which the Revolutionary commission received even though associated with Chase and Franklin were Carroll and the young Jesuit priest, later Bishop Carroll, or the cooler reception the appeal of Admiral d'Estaing met. One might cite the courageous defence of Lower Canada in the War of 1812, the loyalty accorded England in the Napoleonic Wars, the failure of the Church to support Papineau in the 1837 Revolt, and the French repugnance to the Annexionists' programme in 1849. Indeed, the Quebec Act and the excesses of the French Revolution made of the French in Canada a new people, a *nation canadienne*. The author has no sympathy for the Yankee Loyalist and Anglo-Saxon attempt to bedevil Quebec, realizing that it was this movement, commencing about 1806, which forged the issue, "*notre langue, nos institutions, et nos lois*." But then, did not Derby and Carson teach the Sinn Fein? There is a secret boast of Canadian valor in 1812, though the author is more inclined to feature the Rush-Bagot Convention of 1818, which made possible our unfortified border of three thousand miles.

The "Fight for Self-Government" is the caption of the second chapter dealing with the period up to the Federation. It was a time of heavy British and Irish immigration, forced by: "Corn laws and poor laws and famine, power-driven looms that starved the weaver, peace that threw an army on a crowded and callous labor market, landlords who rack-rented the Connaughtman's last potato or cleared the Highland glens of folks to make way for sheep, rulers who persisted in denying the masses any voice in their own government." Of education, we are informed that the primitive schools of Upper Canada, while well financed, were manned by broken-down pensioners and clerical tipplers, whereas, "In Lower Canada there was an excellent system of classical schools for the priests and professional classes, and there were

numerous convents which taught the girls, but the *habitants* were for the most part quite untouched by book learning." The Revolt of 1837 is treated briefly as important in forcing the ministry to consider grievances and the necessity of granting more self-government, leading to something finite in Lord Durham's Report. Between the years 1840-1855 the various provinces won the struggle for local self-government with responsible Cabinets and the complete separation of the Anglican Church from the State. In considering the Canadian attitude toward our Civil War, the writer, in his desire to advance the English-speaking community of interests idea, urges with dubious accuracy: "In Britain as in Canada, opinion, as far as it found open expression, was at first not unfriendly to the North."

In the "Day of Trial" there is narrated the success of the federation movement under Sir Etienne Taché, "John A." Macdonald, the Premier of a generation, Galt, Cartier, McDougal, and D'Arcy McGee. In this connection Bishop Taché is accredited with quieting the Indians and half-breeds of the Red River region, which entered the Dominion as Manitoba. The concluding chapter sums up the Laurier ministry, the vast economic expansion, railroad construction, the opening of the West, immigration problems, Asiatic exclusion, the victory of Sir Robert Borden, and the Canadian wavering between nationalism and imperialism. Americans can agree with the author's proud account of the Canadians at St. Julien, Ypres, Givenchy, St. Eloi, Vimy Ridge, and Lens.

THE RESCUE. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.00 net.

A new book by Joseph Conrad, especially a new full-length novel, is a literary event of the first significance, for Conrad is not merely a fine artist; it becomes increasingly clear that for depth and beauty of emotion, and nobility in the utterance of it; for profound insight into human motives and moods and unfailing skill in the analysis of them, there is no living writer of English who can enter into comparison with him. *The Rescue* is characterized by that extraordinary grasp of reality and breadth of outlook for which Mr. Conrad is famous. It is full of his passion for humanity, his friendly irony, his thoroughgoing consciousness of the dramatic relationships of man amid the large and awful forces of nature, the wonderful imaginative glamour with which he is wont to invest all his scenes and characters. This novel is unique among its author's books in that it was first begun many years ago and only recently finished, about half of it—the first half—belonging to the *Nigger of the Narcissus* period. In

The Rescue there is the finish and precision of style which come into his work about the time he wrote *Chance*, and there is, as well, the opulent glow of his writing in the earlier tropical tales. No one ever succeeded in summarizing the contents or telling the story of a Conrad novel, and we do not propose to attempt it here. To do justice to one of Conrad's novels requires the amplitude of space of a long critical article rather than the reviewer's brief paragraph. Confirmed Conrad "adicts" will not need to be tempted to buy a new work of the master. To those who have not yet entered this enchanted land of real romance and romantic reality, it will be sufficient to say that these pages are as rich wine unto the brackish water of nine-tenths of the fiction imposed upon the public since Joseph Conrad published *The Arrow of Gold*, the novel which preceded *The Rescue*.

CARLETON'S STORIES OF IRISH LIFE. With an introduction by Darrell Figgis.

MARIA EDGEWORTH. Selections. With an introduction by Sir Malcolm Seton, K.C.B.

THE COLLEGIANS. By Gerald Griffin. With an introduction by Padraic Colum. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

These three volumes are American editions of that interesting series, published in Dublin, entitled *Every Irishman's Library*. All three are adequately, the Griffin book brilliantly, introduced by the editors, and one hopes for a wide sale for them in America. Of these three writers of fiction, perhaps Carleton wears best. His *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry* remain, after all, the most artistic performance in what may loosely be called Anglo-Irish prose fiction; and it is almost true to declare, as Mr. Darrell Figgis roundly does, that Carleton's *Fardorongha* "remains yet without a greater amongst Irish novels." (But one wonders if the editor has not overlooked that great novel, *The Threshold of Quiet*, published within the last couple of years by Daniel Corkery.) We may note that the late D. J. O'Donoghue, who knew more than anyone else in the world about the Irish literature that has been written in English, and who wrote a splendid biography of Carleton, shared Mr. Figgis' opinion.

Sir Walter Scott himself laid particular stress on the fidelity of Miss Edgeworth's drawing of Irish character, and welcomed the appearance of her work as an antidote to the caricatures of Irish life even then prevalent. At its best that work has value, but it must never be forgotten, as Mr. Stephen Gwynn has pointed out, that "she wrote of the Celtic Irish with the keen and not

unkindly insight that a good mistress possesses into the virtues and foibles of her servants . . . For all that gave significance and value to the history of the Irish Celt she . . . cared nothing." In other words, she wrote always from the standpoint of the "English garrison" in Ireland. Illuminating as are her occasional notations, she remained always an outsider looking in.

It is, after all, by *The Collegians* that Gerald Griffin's name survives in the history of letters. It is a minor Irish classic. But by no artistic standard can it be praised as a novel. "We move," says Mr. Colum, "through Munster and are shown Munster life and character in such variety that we feel for a while that the story has the spaciousness of the old national novels of England and Spain." It is a wonderful series of shifting scenes, but there is no unity. The dramatic quality of certain episodes has long been recognized and portions of the book have appeared in play form as Boucicault's *Colleen Bawn*, and in the form of opera as Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*. Griffin had a most vivid imagination, a considerable gift of style, a keen dramatic sense, and an ardent love for the traditions of Ireland and of his native Munster in particular; but he possessed little or no sense of form and his work suffers accordingly.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IRELAND. By Ruth Russell.
New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$1.75 net.

The author of this little volume presents vivid pictures of present-day Ireland. She visited that stormy country, lived with the poor, both in city and country, talked with its leaders, and saw its sufferings and oppressions.

She succeeds in rousing our sympathy for the poor working girls of Dublin, and the other unfortunate people of the city and the bog-field. But when she takes up the political, she seems unable to do justice to her subject. What is worse, she gives the impression that the efforts to free Ireland are the efforts of those seeking to set up a Sovietized, Russianized Ireland, and that their work to erect a republic is but a Marxian means to establish a Soviet government later. She states that she found "a Soviet supported by the Catholic Church" in Limerick. Perhaps this is all innocently given under a loose use of the word, "communism," but even this can hardly be an excuse.

There is no doubt Miss Russell's intentions are good, but it is doubtful if such books as this will help Ireland's cause. Eamon De Valera has written a foreword of praise. It may be well deserved, though it is not apparent in a reading of the book with the exception, possibly, of the first chapter.

THE CAIRN OF STARS. Poems by Francis Carlin. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

Francis Carlin's first poetic volume, *My Ireland*, won many friends who will gladly give a Christmas welcome to this second vintage of his work. And they will find it all very tuneful and pleasurable and wholesome, even if the more rare and mysterious promise of certain earlier poems is not entirely fulfilled. That is to say—if it be not “to consider too curiously!”—they will find less of what we understand by *Celtic* inspiration in the present book, although it is almost wholly *Irish* in matter and manner, too.

But if Mr. Carlin makes slight attempt to interpret the age-old mysticism, and the old yet frightfully contemporaneous tragedy of his race, he does so with artistic wisdom, since undoubtedly his greatest felicity is reached in simple songs of peasant life such as “The Beggar’s Blessing,” or the ironic “Holiday,” or “The Newsmonger,” with its tale of

A simple man who yet may be
Conspicuous in eternity . . .

And here and there one welcomes flashes of rich and unique fancy, as when Mr. Carlin gives the brief surprise of “Ferns:”

Fire o’ the Turf,
You had little to do
When you withered the ferns
In the frost on the pane;
For dead are the flowers,
Once yellow like you,
That warmed the lane!

THE ODES AND PSALMS OF SOLOMON. By Rendel Harris and Alphonse Mingana. Vol. II. The translation with introductory notes. Manchester: The University Press.

The second volume of this work contains the translation and interpretation of the Odes and Psalms of Solomon. The text was published in a previous volume. A critical introduction deals with the main questions of the time, the place, the original tongue in which the Odes and Psalms were written. The translated text, with copious notes and exhaustive interpretation, forms the main part of the work. The Odes and Psalms were originally not one work; they were written by different authors and in different languages. The Odes are, however, probably derived from one source; the entire collection is the work of one man or at least of one school of thought; the unity of thought is clearly evident in them. In the opinion of the authors, the Odes were probably written originally in Syriac. Many scholars do not accept this view. The arguments advanced are nevertheless

cogent, if not entirely conclusive. The Psalms were composed originally in the Greek. The Odes were written very likely at Antioch in the first century. The Odes were bound up with certain Greek Bibles and probably grouped with other writings attributed to Solomon; the strong influence of Sapiential books furnished an additional reason to suspect that their author attempted to continue the Solomonic tradition. In the main outlines the New Testament teaching regarding Christ is followed. Christ is frequently the chief speaker in the Odes, still the Christology is not always strictly orthodox. In two Odes (21 and 36) Christ is spoken of as one of the "Divine Neighbors" or again, Christ is called "one of these that are near to God." The Holy Ghost is said to be subordinated to Christ.

The Odes and Psalms were frequently quoted by the early Fathers; and it is the opinion of the authors of this volume that the text of these writings was used in the churches, or in devotional meetings of the Western Syrians. Most of these compositions are very beautiful, deeply religious and highly poetic.

The authors of this volume have given the reader a scholarly study of this rather important series of ecclesiastical songs of the first century. The work shows a wide and intimate acquaintance with the literature of the first centuries of the Christian era.

JOAN OF ARC, SOLDIER AND SAINT. By I. A. Taylor. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.60.

This excellently written Life of the Soldier-Saint is comprehensive in its appeal. Its style is sufficiently mature to hold the attention of grown-ups, yet lively enough to interest the boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen. The author has made good use of the historical material at command and has woven it into a fascinating narrative. A list of the authorities consulted would have given it the touch of exactness required in any treatment, however popular, of such a subject. The illustrations, by W. Graham Robertson, are charming, but the dress in which the book appears is dowdy. It is a pity that our Catholic publishers sometimes lag behind others in the important matter of cover design.

BOBBINS OF BELGIUM. By Charlotte Kellogg. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$2.00 net.

Bobbins of Belgium is a well illustrated and well written book of three hundred pages, telling interesting facts about lace and the lace industry in Belgium and France. It concerns itself with the technique of lace making to an extent that rouses the interest of the ordinary reader, and the facts about the working

conditions, wages, and schools for lace makers will be of special value to students of economics and social sciences. The author, as a member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, has much to say of the destruction wrought in the lace making towns by the German forces and of the heroic work of the women who formed the Lace Committee, which managed the importing of thread, the exporting of the finished product, and the rationing and general care for the lace makers—many of them little children, ignorant farm wives and old women. The diagrams of various types of lace will be of interest to all who buy this “product of patience,” and the human troubles throughout the account will appeal to everyone.

AMERICAN WORLD POLICIES. By David Jayne Hill. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The reader's judgment of the present volume will doubtless depend largely upon his sympathy with or hostility to the League of Nations. Unhappily the question of American participation in the League has been dragged into the arena of partisan politics, and instead of being considered on its merits, it is in large part being defended or attacked with predetermined convictions. Two chief issues are presented: is it expedient for the nations to undertake the establishment of any form of international organization which shall subject the member States, when disputes arise between them, to the decisions of an international council or tribunal; and secondly, does the existing League of Nations amount to the establishment of such a super-government?

Dr. Hill answers the first question in the negative. He believes that the development of international law should be brought about by the voluntary engagements of the contracting parties, and that the treaty-making power is competent to accomplish this without resort to an international legislative body. In a chapter entitled “The Nations and the Law,” the issue is presented as a choice between “a union of Powers strong enough to impose its will upon other States” and the free coöperation of nations “disposed to bind themselves to the acceptance and observance of definite legal principles.” The question naturally arises, however, why it was that international law failed in the past to develop into an adequate body of law by such processes, and what reason is there to think that the course of development will be different in the future under a similar system? International legislative and judicial bodies, competent to make and enforce common rules for the nations, present, indeed, serious difficulties, and they must, as an actual fact, encroach upon the time-honored

sovereignty of the States, but the experience of the past twenty years would seem to show that nothing less than some inchoative form of international government will be able to stem the rising tide of modern nationalism.

The second question is answered by Dr. Hill in the affirmative. The League of Nations, he thinks, amounts to the establishment of a super-state, and thus comes into conflict with the Constitution of the United States. Not only did the President's method of handling the Treaty encroach upon the constitutional functions of the Senate, but the provisions of the League itself encroach upon the powers of Congress. The argument is based chiefly upon Article X. of the Covenant which pledges the United States to defend the territorial integrity of the members of the League, and which, it is claimed, thereby takes the decision to make war out of the hands of Congress and places it in the hands of the Council of the League, upon which the United States is represented by an appointee of the President, not of Congress.

Dr. Hill's argument is presented with all the skill of an experienced political writer, but the impression is conveyed that he is putting a microscope upon the Covenant of the League and is looking for trouble in every line, without offering anything more constructive than the old order in return.

DEMOCRACY AND IDEALS. By John Erskine. New York: George H. Doran Co.

In this collection of addresses and papers, several of which were prepared for the American Expeditionary Forces in France in 1918-1919, the author attempts to define the character of American democracy and the ideals which it seeks to attain. He points out that America, being made up of peoples from many lands, is lacking in that bond of tradition which holds the people of France or of England together; and, in consequence, if America is to become and remain a nation, it is necessary that its citizens should have a definite conception of the objects of their democracy and should work together for the attainment of that common end. Education is stressed as the chief means by which the coming generation can be made to realize the problems of the community as a whole, so as to create in the individual citizen an understanding of, and sympathy with, his neighbor's needs, which must be the bond of union of American democracy. Scattered here and there through the volume are observations showing a thoughtful understanding of American problems, but the generalizations suitable to public addresses seem somewhat commonplace in their published form, when the inspiration of the occasion is past.

MEXICO IN REVOLUTION. By V. Blasco Ibañez. Translated by Arthur Livingstone and José Padin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The various articles—ten in all—in this volume were written for the *New York Times*, the *Chicago Tribune* and other important newspapers in the United States on the author's return from a flying trip to Mexico. They give us the Spanish novelist's impressions of the late revolution in Mexico in which Carranza lost his life and Obregon came into power. Ibañez must have deceived his Mexican friends very cleverly, for had they had any suspicion of the unflattering portraits he was to paint of them, they would certainly have had him face the firing line. The volume is a bitter denunciation of the militarists who have made Mexico a byword among the nations, and a strong indictment of the cruelty and ignorance of the simpleton, Carranza, the tortuous Gonzalez, the megalomaniac Obregon, the murderous cattle thief Villa, the obscure nonentity Bonillas.

The cause of the last revolution was the uprising of Obregon and Gonzalez, two generals aspiring to the Presidency, against a stubborn President, Carranza, bent on imposing by violent means a civilian candidate, Bonillas, upon the people. The author well says: "Carranza may have been an evil influence, but his conquerors are men of the same school, without perhaps his vigor and persistence of personality. It is useless to expect anything now from men like Obregon and Gonzalez. You might as well try to make a new suit of clothes out of the cloth already rotting and moth eaten."

CAUGHT BY THE TURKS. By Francis Yeats-Brown. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

This is a thrilling tale told by a captain in the British Aërial Force, then operating along the River Tigris below Bagdad. With a pilot, he started out to cut the telegraph lines west and north of Bagdad with the intention of intercepting communication between Nur-ed-Din, the commander-in-chief defending Bagdad, and Von der Goltz, who was hastening with reënforcements for the defence of Ctesiphon, which site the British were on the point of attacking. The machine that they used was an old Maurice Farman biplane in which the aviators had little confidence. After cutting the wires, the daring aviators attempted to rise from the ground in their biplane upon the approach of Turkish troops, when, to their dismay, they found that the engine would not work. They were immediately captured and brought to Bagdad. Then followed their long term of suffering and pri-

vation as prisoners of the Turks. After making a daring escape, Captain Brown was recaptured, but with great skill and no little courage, he made another attempt and finally succeeded--this time by boldly walking out of the prison town.

The book reads like a novel written by Louis Tracy or E. Phillips Oppenheim, and makes one feel that truth sometimes is stranger than fiction.

HIGH COMPANY. By Harry Lee. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

One does not need to turn many pages of Captain Lee's little book to realize that its author sings of the things whereof he knows. To one whose daily walks have led through the halls of the "Base," and whose daily converse has been with the brave lads who tenanted its bare, clean wards, these pages breathe of intimate experiences still fresh in memory.

A good deal has been written of the trenches; much less of the operating-room and the hospital bed. Yet the latter made their special demands quite as difficult to meet as the former—though less spectacular, which is as it should be. So *High Company* fills a niche all its own, and those who read it will love and laugh and cry with its boys in khaki. For most of us the poem called "Trees," will have particular interest, since it has to do with "McGovern of the old Sixty-Ninth," to which Joyce Kilmer belonged. Says McGovern, quite simply, "He was me Friend—y' know." It is splendidly dramatic.

INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMICS. By John Roscoe Turner, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

Professor Turner is so successful in the art of introducing that his *Introduction to Economics* imparts a delight that is closely akin to the grasp of a welcome hand. The work contains the substance of lectures on economics given at Cornell and New York Universities. He aims to impart a knowledge of fundamentals in a manner that will rivet the attention to the matter under discussion. Questions at the end of each chapter serve as powerful thought-stimulants.

From a brief historical sketch the writer passes to a pleasingly panoramic exposition of what he considers basic in the present-day workings of production, banking and allied subjects. Normally dry discussions spring to life through illustrations so fascinating that the reader repeatedly finds them as valuable as experience and as enjoyable as cartoons.

The author would seem to be anxious to prescind from moral

implications, and to be one with Yves Guyot in regarding economics as unmoral, and consequently as having nothing to do with ethics. To declare that "private property today rests upon the one ground of social expediency," and to contend that "ideas continually change as to what is right," is not only involving ethics, but also throwing open the doorway of human action to pragmatism. In the chapter on "Population and the Supply of Labor," one sees, with sadness, at least considerable prognostic ruin to be wrought by the canon of convenience in such a passage as this: "Our state knows no durable system of caste: 'wide stairways are opened between social levels, and men are exhorted to climb if they can.' If children impede the climbers, prudence will take care that children are not born." Would it not be a better brand of prudence to plan a greater and a more equitable distribution of supplies for the greatly dreaded giant called population, rather than to devise insidious schemes whereby to starve and shrivel his powerful proportions, to meet the exigencies of a wily distribution that may be both inadequate and unfair because of the exercise of individual and social injustice?

THE ADVANCING HOUR. By Norman Hapgood. New York: Boni & Liveright.

This is Norman Hapgood's message to the youth of America. In it he preaches the gospel of liberalism. He is strong in his denunciation of reactionary capitalism and its subservient press. He feels sure that Marxian Socialism has not and cannot succeed. He points to the beneficence of a liberalism in our social, industrial and international relations as the means of preventing the abuses of unconscionable Capital and making unnecessary any attempts at a Socialist state.

Mr. Hapgood condemns the attempts by other nations to defeat the Sovietism of Russia. Instead of crushing it, he holds that their actions have merely given the Soviet leaders an excuse for the failure of their government, whereas the Soviet régime, if left alone, would have failed because of its inherent weaknesses.

The author admires the efforts of President Wilson, and is a strong advocate of the League of Nations. He feels that war is brutal and unnecessary. He condemns the work of the propagandists in the late War, and speaks harshly of the press because of its suppression of the truth and its opposition to an intelligent liberalism.

Mr. Hapgood is not a Socialist so-called. He examines the merits of that party, and finds that it is strong only when pointing out the weakness and injustice of the present system. Its

weakness lies in the inherent evils of a vast bureaucracy; he holds the cure lies rather in the coöperative movement. As examples of each he cites the Coöperatives of Russia and the Non-Partisan League in the Western States.

Mr. Hapgood always writes interestingly even though his words may not be based upon the soundest philosophy. At times it is very difficult to believe him when he disavows that he is a Socialist, for a great many of the remedies he recommends would inevitably lead to a state not far removed from that invisioned by the most ardent Socialist.

THE COBBLER IN WILLOW STREET, AND OTHER POEMS.

By George O'Neil. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.25.

For its sheer absorption in beauty and its snaring again and again of that fair fugitive, *The Cobbler in Willow Street*, would at any time be notable. As the work of a poet barely in his twenty-second year, it becomes outstanding. Poems such as "The Blossoming Dogwood" ring with the authentic lyric ecstasy; and equally lovely, although in complete contrast, is the delicate word painting and shy psychology of the free-verse vignette, "La Petite Naïve." Mr. O'Neil is as yet unburdened with a "message" or interpretation of life, and not particularly touched by introspection. He is, in fact, a rather detached young artist, singing the beauty of life's pageant, not probing its pain, and scarcely seeking the truth which may underlie it. What the future will do to him and to his muse is a thing one feels tempted to watch with almost tremulous interest, for his possibilities are unusual. One may at least hope without presumption, on the external side, that a poet so capable at his best of that "last rub which polishes the mirror," will not be unduly captured by the present day illusion of the ellipse . . . the eloquence, for instance, of such serviceable but somewhat overworked phenomena as the Three Dubious Dots!

THOUGHT BLOSSOMS. By "Mariæ." West Chester, Pa.: Horace Temple. \$1.00.

It is improbable that any American nun is writing verse of more real vitality and originality than she who prefers to be known simply as "Mariæ" of the Immaculate Heart. The present little volume contains many apt religious meditations, but it deserves particular attention because of the fresh insight, the mingling of human and divine reaction in its nature poems: "Our Lady of the Harvest Time," for instance, or that charming fantasy, "Ghosts of the Corn." And to see that "Mariæ" is more than ordinarily successful in the quatrain, one need look no further than "Star Flowers."

POLAND AND THE MINORITY RACES. By Arthur L. Goodhart.
New York: Brentano's.

The title is a bit pretentious for what is scarcely more than a series of impressions made upon the counsel to the Mission appointed by President Wilson to investigate the killing of Jews in Poland. The formal report of the Mission, covering a nine weeks' visit to that country in 1919, is on file with the State Department at Washington.

Captain Goodhart's diary holds the reader's attention from the first page to the last. Occasional humorous anecdotes enliven an otherwise rather sordid recital. While preferring to hold that a much longer first-hand acquaintance than one of nine weeks is necessary to an adequate understanding of any nation's problems, we are nevertheless prepared to admit that the picture presented for our inspection is not a pretty one. The root of the racial antagonisms it depicts lies far back in the centuries, and it is hard to forecast how slow or how swift will be the process of reconciliation. On the whole, the chronicler is fair to the Church, and in more than one passage he pays tribute to the vitality of the ancient Faith as visibly manifested in the land of Our Lady and St. Casimir.

A PATRIOT PRIEST. By Rev. D. Riordan, C.C. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd.

In this little book of sixty-four pages there is compressed the matter of a great biography; but although one may regret that the life story of an Irish priest, whose patriotism was only second to his religion, has not been done at full length, yet the short sketch is so meaty and so interesting in itself as to deserve warm commendation and a wide reading. It is especially valuable just now in that it will give American readers an opportunity to come close to the soul of Ireland, and thus be in a better position to understand the apparent complexities of the troubled situation in Ireland at the present time. The little book tells the story of Father Casey, the parish priest of Abbeyfeale, in County Limerick, who died in 1907. For nearly forty years Father Casey not only attended to the spiritual duties of a large parish with scrupulous care, but he also regulated the public affairs of Abbeyfeale, and became a great protagonist in that many-sided effort of the Irish people to reunite their forces and to oppose the native Gaelic culture and ancient civilization to the alien flood of Anglicization. Materialism, Landlordism, and especially Protestantism, were the three weapons used by the invaders, and against these Father Casey opposed the Catholic Faith and the traditions and spiritual

fervor that were the dearest treasures of his oppressed people. It was against Landlordism in particular that Father Casey struggled; triumphing in the end, at least so far as Abbeyfeale was concerned. His labors in this field and in many others are vividly narrated; and although the portrait of this patriot priest may be only a miniature, it is life-like, and a revelation of the true source of that power which the Irish priest possesses with the people to whom he is such a true and faithful leader and friend.

A TANKARD OF ALE. By Theodore Maynard. New York: Robert McBride & Co.

Mr. Maynard's latest publication is "an anthology of drinking-songs from the fifteenth century to the present day," and is, as the publishers sub-acidly note, "offered to American readers in the hope that it will provide a spiritual carousal for those to whom is denied a spirituous one." There are no American drinking-songs in this volume. With the exceptions noted, all the great praises of the vine are here: all the old favorites, all the alcoholic classics. We are grateful for the late Cecil Chesterton's superb "Ballade of Professional Pride," for E. C. Bentley's "Last night we started with some dry vermouth," for Mr. Maynard's own immortal, "I would not sell my noble thirst." Two there are of Hilaire Belloc's drinking songs, but where is his "Wine is the drink for Catholic men, *Benedicamus Domino!*" from *The Path to Rome*?

THE THREAD OF FLAME. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00 net.

The power of Mr. King is suggestive rather than descriptive. He indicates the story of a soul's rebirth, and it is for us either to enter into this renaissance or to content ourselves with the rather interesting externals of the situation. In discussing the loss of memory, Mr. King touches on a subject of which we have read before, yet not with sufficient frequency to stifle interest. There is a something altogether baffling about the thing, a mystery pregnant with possibility. We feel once more the spell of the interest which in *Dear Brutus* held us fast: Will a man who suddenly beholds his past in the light of true perspective continue his old existence in new fashion, or will he, insight forgotten, tread heavily once again the old path and dull? In Billy's case it is unnecessary for Mr. King to tell us that the vagabond days have left their mark of deeper perception. We who have known his experiences need no written assurance. Billy returns to the old environment only because Vio at last

forgets all save her love for him, and because of her final realization that the man whom she has spurned is yet her life. She will certainly lose nothing through her subjugation, for meanwhile her husband had faced in utter misery unsuspected depths of life, attaining a development both unusual and satisfying. He had experienced the dependence of his own nothingness upon an all sustaining power—his Creator. Ever an idealist, he had learned at last that love, the basis of life, is also the leaven of human nature.

Basil King has made very real the experiences of Billy's inner self—and of his mind clever enough for all its lack of brilliance. We should perhaps be grateful that he has given us but the average son of a noble tradition as he discovers himself, not the light of a small group, but one of a great, hurrying multitude of men.

ANNE. By Olga Hartley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.90.

Anne isn't like anybody we ever knew, in fact or fiction. Perhaps it is this unusualness which makes her at first seem unreal, more like spirit than flesh—a sprite full of odd caprices, who provokes us who desire to love her to disappointment and disapproval. But through all her shortcomings she holds our interest, and we condone her faults in reverence for her extraordinary purity, a purity which is a touchstone for the purity of others, a purity which makes us sure she is going to find herself, and that the self will be one worth finding. This is brought to pass in a chapter which we could wish might be the last, for the one which follows is something of a come-down.

The author's handling of the heights and depths of the story towards its climax deserves high praise for restraint, for absence of sensationalism while it yet holds and thrills.

The dialogue is good, and the minor characters, even those who play the smallest parts, are well portrayed. Catholics will like the glimpse of the old priest, Father Meredith, who comes and goes in less than two pages. They will like the other glimpse of the profundity of the Catholic doctrine of the Atonement. Catholics who are converts will enjoy the confession of the awkward self-consciousness of the convert in making the announcement that he is one. If this is Miss Hartley's first book it has won a welcome beforehand for her next.

SONGS AND SONNETS, by Alida Chanler (Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.25), is a slender sheaf of serious and graceful verses, many of them connected directly or indirectly with episodes of the late War.

PLAYS, by Susan Glaspell (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.). This volume is made up mostly of one-act plays, which are interesting to read but are not remarkable for dramatic quality. The theme of "The People" is that vague idealism which, having nothing more solid than yearning behind it, leads nowhere. "Close the Book" is broadly comic, but in theme and treatment is unmistakably Shavian. "Woman's Honor" is comedy which threatens now and then to have a "purpose" but succeeds in avoiding the rocks, and emerges into a healthy and farcical *finale*. Two of the plays are written in collaboration with George Cram Cook; Miss Glaspell, however, gains nothing by the alliance, and the only remarkable play in the volume, "Trifles," is her unaided work. It is strongly reminiscent of Alice Brown's tale, *Told in the Poorhouse*, and is indeed an excellent short story cast in dramatic—or rather dialogue—form. Miss Glaspell has command of crisp and forceful dialogue, but this volume, indeed, indicates clearly that her gifts are literary rather than dramatic.

LILULI, by Romain Rolland (New York: Boni & Liveright). This is a play which attacks war as the purely factitious artifice by which greed, intrigue, and duplicity attain their sordid ends. Idealism is pressed into their service and when noble youths heed her call they perish in battle, not knowing that Idealism is really Illusion, the fairy-witch, Liluli. The text is accompanied, we cannot say adorned, by wood cuts of the near-cubic type. The play is a farce and a savage satire all in one. It is Aristophanic in its conception and working out, now bitter, now blatant, now indecent, and at times blasphemous. It would have been entirely possible to satirize hypocrisy and venality as playing potent parts in the stirring up of war without insulting religion and its God. In his *Jean Christophe*, Rolland wrote: "A noble, healthy soul, overflowing with life and strength, has a thousand better things to do than to trouble about the existence or non-existence of the Deity." We are supposed to accept this stupid and insulting nonsense as the product of genius. It would be truer to call it the product of a corroding egotism and a flaunting decadence.

"MORE blessed to give than to receive," the dictum of St. Paul, and true of moral things as well as material, finds an application in *Leerie*, by Ruth Sawyer (New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.75 net).

Sheila O'Leary, a trained nurse, who is known in the sanitarium as "Leerie," embodies all the qualities of love and sacrifice. She spends herself and is spent in bringing happiness to others. She nurses Peter Brooks back to health, and later falls in love with him. Putting aside the prospect of a happy marriage, because she feels her work is not yet done, she goes overseas to minister to the wounded soldier boys. Peter goes over too. After a record characterized by nobleness and sacrifice, she finally stumbles upon the man whom she loves, who has been mortally wounded. When consciousness returns, he finds her

bending over him, and his happiness is complete. They are married by the company chaplain.

The writer has drawn a most wholesome picture in the character of Sheila O'Leary; has painted a healthy picture of the War by showing that suffering and honor beget heroism and sacrifice. The book contains the correct philosophy of life throughout, showing that happiness comes from making others happy, from giving freely.

POLITICAL ECONOMY, by E. J. Burke, S.J. (New York: American Book Co.). This volume is written by a professor of Fordham University, and is the result of many years' teaching in the class-room. It is designed to reach the minds of young people yet in a formative state. The work is of special value not only to a college class, but also to that much larger body of educated individuals, who desire to understand the merits of debatable questions—a class that will necessarily grow more numerous, now that the franchise is fully extended. In this connection the close relation between a very detailed Table of Contents and the subdivision headings of each chapter will be found of great assistance. Besides there is an excellent Index. The book treats concisely of the more important schools of Political Economy, the Mercantile, Socialist, Catholic, Historical, Liberal—indicating where the views of some of these ignore either the fundamental dignity or the inalienable rights of man. Then follow chapters on questions of Economics that cover a very wide field. The volume is calmly weighed and reasoned, and presents a fair and just discussion of this science.

RACHEL, by Angelina W. Grimke (Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.25). This is a "play of protest," that is to say, it is a play in three acts all of whose characters are colored, and it aims to present in a dramatic way the wrongs which innocent men, women, and even children are compelled to suffer through the stupidity and brutality of the whites. As a piece of literature, the play is done with vigor and certainty; its dialogue is crisp; its tenderness and its pathos ring true. As a protest against white prejudice it makes its mark, and its closing scene rises to the dignity of a masterly (and pathetic) climax. Miss Grimke has sustained her indictment and scored heavily.

MONOGRAPHS, by William Frederick Allen (Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$1.25 net) is a slight little book—less than seventy-five pages—but its poems touch, albeit fragmentarily, upon almost every phase of this life and the next. Mr. Allen speaks from a Catholic soul, and from an imagination intrigued by Pan of the furry ears: moreover, he speaks with vigor and virility. One will watch his further work with interest, hoping it may gain in lucidity by the elimination of certain archaic (and not particularly beautiful) words for which he now shows a fondness. For its spirit is intensely modern—and poems such as "The Unasleep" are not easily forgotten.

IN no department of medicine has so great an advance been made as in heart disease during the last ten years. 1908 might be said to have been the first date in modern cardiology, beginning with the revolutionary experiments of Sir James Mackenzie. *Heart Troubles, Their Prevention and Relief*, by Louis Faugères Bishop, M.D. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$3.50 net), is written by a professor of Fordham University in attractive popular style, and is designed especially as a guide for the layman suffering from heart trouble, or for those nursing such sufferers.

IN the small volume entitled *Ulster Songs and Ballads*, the first published by Padriac Gregory since 1912 (Dublin: The Talbot Press. 2 s. 6 d.), we find a charming collection of verses, some original, some adaptations, and some anonymous old Ulster folk songs, "too good to be permitted to be forgotten."

Throughout the entire group, a certain genuine feeling of love and reverence for God and nature prevails, whether it be in the prayer of the "Mother o' Six," well worth a second reading, or "An Irish Blessing," which contains every possible good wish, or "The Fairy's Tune," which literally sings itself to the reader.

Where the poet bases his songs on ancient Ulster fragments, the treatment of the humorous incidents is delightful. Throughout the dialect used is smooth and natural.

WE wish to call special attention to the three recent publications from the House of William H. Sadlier.

The first is entitled *Studies in American History* with a supplement on Civics. The book is brought up to date by a brief history of the Great War by Maurice Francis Egan and Frank X. Sadlier.

The other two publications are *Sadlier's Excelsior Geography*, one elementary and intermediate, and the other for seniors.

THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL for 1921 (New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents) offers, with the Church Calendar for the year, its annual sheaf of interesting and well illustrated articles. It will prove a useful and companionable addition to the household.

THE Mission Press of Techny, Illinois, also puts out an excellent Almanac for 1921. *St. Michael's Almanac* (35 cents) will provide refreshing entertainment for many a leisure moment. The illustrations add much to its worth and its attractions.

Recent Events.

Russia.

After a series of defeats and withdrawals throughout the month, the campaign of General Wrangel against the Bolsheviks has ended in disaster. Beginning with the repulse of Wrangel's attack on the Kahkovka bridgehead towards the end of October the Bolshevik forces began a violent offensive with an attack on two points, crossing the Dneiper River opposite Nikopol and branching out from Khakovka. Troops from the Polish front, as well as masses of Siberian soldiers, were used in the offensive, and heavy reinforcements were rushed up to break through Wrangel's lines. General Wrangel's troops were first thrown back into the Taurida area, behind the Dneiper, and then were obliged to retreat to Perikop and Salkovo, the key to the isthmus leading from the Crimea to the Russian mainland. Hope was entertained for a time that he would be able to hold these key-positions, but the Bolsheviks, supported by heavy artillery, succeeded in crossing the frozen Sivash Sea and attacked on both wings and the centre, finally dislodging Wrangel's army from its last line of defence and capturing Perikop.

According to late dispatches, General Wrangel and the members of his Government, have arrived in Constantinople on board the Russian cruiser *Korniloff*, and his forces in the Crimea are reported in a desperate situation, as the Bolsheviks, having broken through all the lines of defence, are now attacking in the rear. The evacuation of Sebastopol is being effected, and foreign ships are hurriedly taking refugees aboard. The American Red Cross is removing its supplies. The number of refugees awaiting passage exceeds 100,000, and French and British squadrons are making strenuous efforts to load as many of them as possible, together with their effects. Considerable looting is reported throughout the Crimea. The Bolsheviks have advanced well beyond Perikop, advices show, while the remnants of Wrangel's army, thoroughly beaten and pursued by a well-commanded Bolshevik army of twenty-seven divisions, continue to retreat southward.

Some weeks before his final defeat it is reliably reported that General Wrangel had sent urgent appeals to France and other Allied Powers, telling of his critical situation and requesting more aid. France, however, contrary to last month's advices, seemed to feel that it was too late to send further assistance, and held that any further support would have to come from the other

Allied Powers, among whom there seemed to be no disposition to act. It is stated that, at the request of the French representative attached to Wrangel's headquarters, eight days have been granted for the evacuation of the Crimea, which is proceeding under great difficulties.

Ratification of the preliminary peace treaty between Poland and Bolshevik Russia was voted by the All-Russian Soviet on October 26th. Hostilities between Poland and Lithuania, however, continued throughout the month. Offensive operations by the irregular forces under General Zellgouski, which seized Vilna last month, have been successfully undertaken on the northeastern Lithuanian front, after a severe repulse early in November by a combined force of Lithuanians and Prussians. No less than 50,000 German soldiers, with officers and a great amount of material, are reported to have crossed over the east Prussian border into Lithuania in the last three weeks. Representations have been made to the Berlin Government, which disavows all responsibility for the acts of the invaders. A commission of the League of Nations has proceeded to Kovno to investigate the situation, and to endeavor to prevent further clashes between the Lithuanians and General Zellgouski's forces. To a joint Franco-British note calling for a clear disavowal of General Zellgouski's raid on Vilna, the Polish Government has replied expressing surprise that Great Britain and France should consider it their duty to enforce possession of Vilna by Lithuania and protesting against the giving up of that city. Meanwhile General Zellgouski has ordered elections on January 9th next for a Constituent Assembly to take the place of the provisional government set up by him in Vilna.

The Poles and the authorities of Danzig have reached an agreement regarding the convention which was in dispute between them. Last month the Poles refused to sign the convention, holding that it did not fulfill the promise made them of free access to the sea and the control of customs, as specified in the Treaty of Versailles. Modifications to the convention by the Council of Ambassadors at Paris, now provide that a part of the port shall be reserved entirely for the use of the Poles, and shall have immediate connection with railway lines under Polish control, so that all customs difficulties are removed. The right of the city to fly its own flag at sea is maintained, however, and its sovereignty is in no way affected by the modifications.

According to an agreement between the Russian Soviet Government and the British Government, all British nationals, including those in prison, will be immediately repatriated. This removes the greatest obstacle to a resumption of trade between

Great Britain and the Soviets, in the opinion of British official circles, though there are still some important points to be cleared up. These comprise chiefly questions of Russian activity in the Near East and India, and Bolshevik propaganda, which is contrary to the proposed trade arrangement. The British hold that, despite the guarantees given by the Moscow Government, agitation is still being carried on.

News of increasing hostility in Russia to the Soviet Government continues to come from many different sources, and beside sporadic peasant revolts throughout the country, disturbances in Moscow have of late become especially menacing to the present régime. Although these persistent rumors have been just as persistently denied by Soviet officials, a little volume recently published by the Bolsheviks goes far to invalidate their denial. The book was written by M. I. Latzis, one of the chief figures of the Extraordinary Commission, and contains information concerning the activities of the Commission in suppressing opposition to Bolshevik rule. According to Commissioner Latzis, the number of insurrections in Russia during the years 1918 and 1919 was 344. The number of counter-revolutionary organizations uncovered was 412. The number of persons driven into concentration camps was 9,096. Those imprisoned numbered 34,344. In addition, the Bolsheviks took 13,111 hostages. The total number of arrests for political reasons was 56,541. Among the counter-revolutionary organizations discovered, it is significant that eighteen were Menshevik, *i. e.*, moderate Socialists, twenty-eight were Constitutional Democratic, thirty-four were Social Revolutionist of the Right, and fifty Social Revolutionist of the Left, *i. e.*, of the party which, until the assassination of Count Mirbach, the German Ambassador to Moscow, following the conclusion of the Brest-Litovsk peace, was an ally of the Bolsheviks and was represented in the Soviet Government. Of the 8,419 persons executed, according to Latzis, for counter-revolutionary activity, 3,082 were put to death for insurrection, 2,024 for "participating in counter-revolutionary organizations," and 455 for "inciting to insurrection." These figures are for twenty provinces only.

As further evidence of Russian discontent with their present government may be cited the supplementary data published in the *Izvestia*, official organ of the Bolsheviks, for July 30, 1920. According to the *Izvestia*, for the month beginning June 23d, up to July 22, 1920, Bolshevik tribunals pronounced 828 death sentences, of which 517 were "mutiny in the army" and 251 for "desertion."

Figures which are regarded as clearly revealing the desperate condition of Soviet finances have also recently reached this country, based on an article appearing in *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn*, or "Economic Life," published in Moscow, on September 28th. According to this paper, the Soviet budget for 1920 shows an income of from 150 to 160 billion rubles, and expenditures of from one trillion one hundred billion to one trillion one hundred and fifty billion rubles. This is the credited showing, with estimates from two departments missing, and reports received from fifty different commissariats. In other words, there is an annual deficit in the neighborhood of one trillion rubles. A notable feature of the budget is the amount set aside for propaganda and educational purposes, amounting to one hundred million rubles, equal to the combined expenditure for the Department of Agriculture and the Department of the Interior.

British policy towards Germany was the chief topic of the month in the French press, and on several occasions there seemed to be serious danger of a definite break between France and England on the question of German reparations, the English being in favor of a direction conference of the Reparations Commission with German representatives, and the French strongly opposed to such a conference. After prolonged negotiations and much diplomatic jockeying, an agreement has finally been reached mapping out the procedure to be followed in determining the German indemnity. This procedure will have four stages: a meeting of German and Allied technical experts at Brussels, a conference between Allied foreign ministers and representatives of Germany at Geneva, a session of the Reparations Commission to consider the result of the first two meetings, and finally a meeting of the Supreme Council to take action on recommendations made by the Reparations Commission. The British insistence that a plebiscite be held in Upper Silesia before the amount of Germany's bill be fixed was acceded to by France, and on the other hand, Great Britain agreed to support French opposition to the admission of Germany to the League of Nations until Germany has fulfilled all the requirements laid down by the Reparations Commission.

The Supreme Council of the League of Nations closed its sessions in Brussels on October 28th. Its most important actions were the approval of the plan for a permanent court of international justice as adopted by the Hague Committee of Jurists, and the decision for a plebiscite to determine the territorial dis-

pute between Poland and Lithuania. The Council also ratified the report on the Malmedy-Eupen settlement, against which Germany had protested, the repatriation of prisoners, and the status of Armenia.

The first meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations took place at Geneva on November 15th, with representatives of forty-one nations present. Austria and Bulgaria have made formal application for admission to the League, with a good prospect of success. On the contrary, Germany, which desires admission but has not made application, is expected to meet with rebuff, should she apply, as the French threaten to withdraw from the Assembly altogether if Germany is admitted before the indemnity is fixed. The general opinion outside of French circles seems to be that the League cannot hope to stand without the inclusion both of Germany and the United States. The first meetings of the Assembly discussed arrangements for the financial conference to be held next spring and questions of minorities, mandates, Danzig, and the Polish-Lithuanian dispute.

A tripartite agreement between France, Great Britain, and Italy, in which they undertake to support each other in maintaining their respective "spheres of influence" in Turkey, and which was signed on August 10th, has just been made public. Under its own terms the document was to come into force at the same time the Turkish Peace Treaty should go into effect. This date is still an uncertainty, however, and the Turkish Government has recently addressed a note to the Powers in which it is declared that the present time is inopportune for the ratification of the Treaty.

As a result of a sharp note addressed last month by the Allies to the Hungarian Government demanding action on the Treaty signed by Hungary and the Allied and Associated Powers at Versailles on June 4th last, the Hungarian National Assembly has voted for ratification. Another Treaty recently acted upon has been one signed by representatives of Rumania, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan, definitely handing over to Rumania the former Russian province of Bessarabia.

The preliminary commercial Treaty between France and Czecho-Slovakia, which has been signed at Paris, is the first of a number of similar compacts which France intends negotiating with the various nations. The Franco-Czecho-Slovakia Treaty is a barter-and-trade agreement, with virtually no financial clauses. In it France and Czecho-Slovakia have made mutual tariff concessions on articles which are largely exchanged between the two countries. Barter and trade will probably be the chief features of

all the French commercial treaties. Through such means France hopes to obtain the material she needs, and at the same time develop markets for domestic products. The treaties are to form part of the plan to reëstablish the pre-war commerce of France. It is understood that compacts similar to that with Czecho-Slovakia are now being negotiated with Belgium and Italy, but that most of France's treaties will be delayed until the European economic situation improves.

That there is room for serious economic disquiet in France is evidenced by the decline in the value of the franc, which has been continuing for five months with increasing velocity. On November 9th was reached the low exchange record of 17 francs 85 centimes for the dollar and 59 francs for sterling. Several reasons are given for the decline, foremost of which is the delay over the settlement of the reparation problem. In order to meet the 20,000,000 francs expenditure for reparations and pensions, no part of which is covered by the revenue but which Germany is pledged eventually to pay back, France has had to resort to inflation—direct inflation by the increase of paper currency and indirect inflation by national loans. The obvious result is a further depreciation of the franc. Another reason given is the tightness of American money, which has led to the calling of loans made by American houses to French clients. And finally there is the influence of speculation.

In addition to the adverse financial situation France is menaced by an industrial crisis. In the great manufacturing city of Lyons, 25,000 men are reported out of work. At Limoges, one of the shoe manufacturing towns of France, some 8,000 shoemakers have been dismissed. In the automobile industry more than 30 per cent of the men are without work, and at Roubaix, the centre of the cloth-making industry, while the factories are working only three or four days a week, there are many men and women who cannot find any work at all. The luxury trades, such as those dealing in furs and perfumery, are in the same position, and in the leather industry nearly 70 per cent of the men have been dismissed. At a recent meeting of workers' unions some of the unemployment figures in the Paris area were given as follows: metal workers, 35 per cent; tailors, 40 per cent; stonemasons, 20 per cent; shoemakers, 60 per cent; military tailors, 80 per cent.

Despite these conditions, however, France has put forth heroic efforts for recovery. The railways and bridges of the devastated regions have been entirely reconstructed. Three-quarters of the destroyed industrial establishments have entirely

or partly resumed work. Fifty per cent of the ground laid waste has been re-sown, and the harvest of 1920 in these districts supplied more than sufficient for their needs. The mines of the north, from which no output was expected for several years because they had been burned and flooded by the enemy, produced more than 2,000,000 tons of coal in the first eight months of the year. With increased production France's commercial balance is gradually readjusting itself, and the deficit, which was sixteen milliards of francs in the first few months of 1919, fell in the corresponding period of 1920 to ten milliards. Imports still are suffering from the need of reconstituting the stocks of raw materials, but purchases of manufactured articles remain stationary and the importation of provisions is lessening considerably. As compared with last year's figures, exports have increased 148 per cent in value and 395 per cent in weight.

The French Department of Agriculture has compiled figures giving the progress of France's efforts to feed herself, which show that in 1920 6,270,627,000 pounds of wheat were produced, against 4,965,370,000 pounds in 1919; mixed grain, 107,614,000 pounds in 1920, against 96,794,000 pounds in 1919; rye, 842,660,000 pounds in 1920, while in 1919 there were 729,937,000 pounds; barley, 770,731,000 pounds in 1920, and in 1919, 499,984,000 pounds; and oats, 4,222,801,000 pounds in 1920, against 2,493,584,000 pounds in 1919. Considering that rye and barley are used for breadmaking in France, it is reckoned that the crop situation practically insures complete success in feeding the nation with home-grown cereals. The improvement means a national saving in money, and an agricultural restoration which brings a measure of prosperity to a large part of the population which had previously been deprived of the means of livelihood.

Italy.

What will apparently prove the final solution of the Fiume problem was reached on November 12th, when a Treaty between Italy and Jugo-Slavia was signed by representatives of the two countries. The Treaty is almost wholly an Italian success. The Jugo-Slavs are understood to have acceded to its terms in view of economic concessions which the Italian delegates agreed to make in return for territorial grants. These economic concessions are to be taken up immediately by a commission of technical experts. Following in much of its detail the terms of the secret pact of London, which the French and British Governments signed in 1915 to induce Italy to enter the War as an Ally, the

new Treaty gives Italy a strong defensive frontier on the east. On two important points the Italians yielded on the terms of the London Treaty, ceding to the Jugo-Slavs the Konganatieo district, which is inhabited largely by Jugo-Slavs, and surrendering all claims to Dalmatia and to most of the islands off the east coast of the Adriatic.

The Treaty means a net territorial gain to Italy of more than 3,500 square miles on the eastern frontier alone. Under the Treaty of London Italy would have received seven large islands off Fiume and seventeen more off the Dalmatian coast, whereas under the new Treaty Italy gets only three off Fiume—Cherso, Lussin and Unie—and only two off Dalmatia. The mercury mines of Idria go to Italy. From Predil Pass, in the Julian Alps, to Volosca, the western suburb of Fiume, the frontier follows almost exactly the Treaty of London line. The Dalmatian city of Zara goes to Italy, but all Italian claims to Sebenico are renounced. Fiume itself is to be an independent city, connected to Italy by a coastal strip of land running through Volosca. All railways entering Fiume are put under Italian control, thereby preventing Jugo-Slav interference with Fiume's communications.

The Treaty has evoked almost unanimous approval from all classes in Italy, the exceptions being a small group of nationalists and imperialists. With regard to d'Annunzio and Fiume itself, the provisional government there has issued a proclamation declaring the Treaty is absolutely unacceptable, and stating that the regency of Quarnero recently constituted was established simply as a preliminary step towards annexation by Italy. The Italian press generally manifests sharp irritation at this new instance of fantastic recklessness on the part of d'Annunzio.

Statistics of the 6,488 municipal elections held throughout Italy, show that 3,425 communes have been won by the Constitutional parties, 1,799 by the Socialists, and 1,264 by the Catholic Popular Party. The result discloses that the proportion of Socialist votes remains about the same as last year—one-third of the total. The chief towns won by the Socialists were Milan and Turin, while the Liberals with large majorities won Rome, Naples, Genoa, Florence, Venice, Palermo, and Pisa.

A general feeling is finding expression throughout Italy in favor of drastic action to put an end to the strikes, disturbances, and anarchistic plots which of late have been particularly numerous. The chief centre of trouble has been Milan, where there has been considerable disorder and where several raids have recently been conducted by the Government against the radical element. Enrico Malatesta, the notorious anarchist agitator, and his

editorial staff have been arrested on the charge of inciting the fatal riots in Milan last month. Later the police succeeded in gathering evidence demonstrating that the anarchists have been planning a series of terroristic attacks, and on the strength of this evidence about one hundred and eighty of the anarchists have been imprisoned.

The communistic propaganda from Russia has also contributed to the prevalent unrest, and in industry labor agents cause continual friction between the workmen and the directing body of every factory. The automobile trade has reflected the unsettled condition more than any other industry and the output is very low, although Italian motor cars and camions are very much in demand in England, and more orders are coming in now than ever before. The mercantile marine, as well as the steel trade, felt the bad effects of labor troubles, and must wait for the many new boats now under construction, consequently delaying its dream of capturing trade in the East, on account of the obstructionist policy of labor leaders. Italy in the last year has put down more keels than any other European country except England. Work has been undertaken on fifty-seven steel ships of a total tonnage of 413,727, but has met with considerable delays because of socialistic propaganda. This propaganda was unsuccessful during the War, when patriotism ran high; but after the War, when returned soldiers expected so much and were disappointed (nowhere were they treated so casually as in Italy), the Socialists found ready soil on which to work.

Germany.

The most significant fact concerning Germany during the past month is the number and magnitude of trusts formed in that country. Of these, the most important, and the biggest industrial combination in the history of German business, is the community-of-interest agreement between the Rhine-Elbe Union and the Siemens-Schuckert Electrical Company, with a combined capital of more than 500,000,000 marks. The amalgamation was the work of Hugo Stinnes, coal baron, who has been the leading spirit of the Rhine-Elbe Union for months. Last summer he effected a union of the Deutsch-Luxemburg Coal and Iron Company with the Gelsen-Kirchner Mining Company, after both these companies had lost valuable branch establishments in Lorraine and Luxemburg. This combination took the name of the Rhine-Elbe Union. In October it annexed the Bochumer Grisstahl Company of Bochum, which is one of the best-paying steel companies in the

Ruhr district. The Siemens-Schuckert Company was a combination of the old Siemens-Halske Company of Berlin and the Schuckert Company of Nuremberg.

The important feature of the combination is the fact that the first-mentioned companies, which are in the Stinnes group with a joint capital of 260,000,000 marks, will bring coal, iron, copper, aluminum and all Herr Stinnes' ships to the great Siemens trio of companies, which form the second biggest concern in Germany and one of the biggest in the world for the manufacture of electrical machinery and commodities. Thus this vast trust will be absolutely self-supporting.

Other combinations, hardly less stupendous, have also been effected. Thus the General Electricity Company, the largest company of its kind, had linked up with Messrs. Felton and Guil-link, large makers of half manufactured articles for machines of all kinds. The Augsburg and Nuremberg Machine Factory, one of the biggest of the South German companies, with a capital of 100,000,000 marks and about to double it, has entered into negotiations with the Good Hope Coal and Iron Company of Upper Silesia, which in turn recently came to a trust-like arrangement with the big Esslingen Machinery Factory Company.

Two other great firms, the Leuna and Oppau Ammoniak Works, are in process of amalgamation with a view to supplying Germany's requirements in chemical manufactures. Another trust is to be formed between the wealthy Lothringer Iron and Coal Association, the Hasper Iron and Steel Works, and the Kofis-borg Coal Mining Company. A great starch combine has been formed with a capital of 7,000,000 marks, and it will control 90 per cent of Germany's whole output. The cigarette factory of Adramicos & Company of Dusseldorf has bought up the Quell and Wittig Company, and it is raising its capital from 2,000,000 to 8,500,000 marks. Even the breweries are not behind. The big concerns of Schultzeiss and Engelhardt are negotiating union, and the Leipzig brewery of Reibeck & Company, with a capital of 7,000,000 marks, has swallowed up the Brueckner Brewery in Erfurt, which has a capital of 2,000,000. These groups in turn, it is rumored, may be linked up. A notable feature of this general situation is that all these combinations took place within the space of a few weeks.

In financial circles, also, combination is the order of the day, and by a recent increase of its capital from 275,000,000 to 400,000,000 marks, the Deutsche Bank again becomes the bank with the biggest capital in Germany. The additional capital will consist mainly of shares given in exchange for those of three other

banking concerns, the Hanoverian Bank, a Brunswick private bank, and a private bank of Gotha. In addition working arrangements will be concluded with a Württemberg banking company and the Hildesheim Bank. What gives especial interest to this combination outside its financial aspect, is that the Deutsche Bank in old pre-war days represented more than any other single institution old Imperial Germany. It built the Bagdad Railway, and its interests in England and France, Argentina and Tsarist Russia were alike enormous.

Control of the keys of German industry—the coal mines—will constitute the subject of the biggest political and industrial battle that will be waged in the Reichstag and on the economic field in the near future, judging from reports found in late issues of German newspapers. These reports confirm recent cable dispatches telling of the impending struggle between the big German business interests, headed by Hugo Stinnes, and the Socialist elements, led by the Independents and the Social Democratic Party, over the question of public or private ownership of the mines. Taking up the challenge voiced by Herr Stinnes in a strong plea for the continuation of private ownership, with a certain limited amount of State control, the Independent Socialist Party, now having fifty-nine Deputies in the Reichstag instead of eighty-one as the result of the split at the Halle convention, seems determined to make itself the champion of the masses in the battle for government ownership. The Majority Socialists, with their 112 members of the Reichstag, and possibly the "New Communists," as the pro-Moscow group of the Independents is labeled, with their twenty-two Deputies, as well as the old Communist Party, with two members, together with some of the sixty-eight Centrist Deputies and a few of the Democrats, are expected to line up with the Independents on this question in opposition to the rest of the 466 members of the Reichstag. The political campaign is to be backed up by threats of strikes for public ownership by the miners, if purely parliamentary means fail. Some of the papers contend that the coal question will be the main issue of the new general elections, which are said to be not far distant.

German industry has recently received some big orders from abroad. From Russia and Poland alone Saxony's textile industry has received orders for many millions of marks' worth of goods, payment for which accompanied the placing of the orders. Sweden has ordered several million marks' worth of paper, and a number of Chemnitz firms has received orders from abroad to the extent of 77,000,000 marks. The scarcity of coal, however, is proving a big drawback in completing these orders.

Following the announcement that the German Government had decided to pay 17,000 marks to German ship owners for the loss of commercial shipping, renewed attempts on the part of German shipping lines to reestablish their pre-war service are noted. Despite these attempts, however, the great bulk of the German sea trade remains in the hands of foreign companies. Comparisons between the trade of Hamburg before the War and at the present time, show that of the shipping which entered the port in 1913 about 63 per cent was employed in the regular liner trade. Of 8,913,000 tons of liners attached to 167 different lines, 75 per cent, with 116 lines, was German. Of the fifty-six lines now providing more or less regular service between Hamburg and American, Asiatic and African ports, forty-five are entirely, and three partially, of foreign ownership.

In accordance with the requirements of the Peace Treaty, Germany recently delivered to the Reparations Commission bonds to the amount of 60,000,000,000 gold marks, the value of which is approximately \$15,000,000,000. The Commission proposes to hold these as security for and in acknowledgment of Germany's debt.

The Russian Minister of the Interior, Severing, has issued orders to provincial governors to dissolve the Orgesch, or home-guard, organizations, and to prohibit their meetings. The Junker organs sharply attack Severing, and say the order amounts to open warfare on Bavaria, where Escherich, Director of the Bavarian Woods and Forest Department, has built up a strong organization. The Bavarians appear resolved in any case to stand by their home guards, and declare that, come what may, they will not disband them. General Mollet, France's chief representative on the Allied Military Mission in Berlin, has addressed a note to the German Government, pointing out that if the Bavarian guards were not dissolved, this would constitute a breach of the Versailles Treaty. The Bavarian newspapers insist that France already has made up her mind to occupy the Ruhr Valley, and that this intention would not be altered merely by disbanding the home guards, which are needed for local protection. They stoutly assert that under no circumstances will Bavaria bow to French dictatorship. The whole situation in Bavaria is causing the gravest anxiety to the Berlin Government, as disruptive tendencies there appear to be growing daily more dangerous to German unity.

November 17, 1920.

With Our Readers.

IT has been said times without number that the denial of God as the Creator and Ruler of men results, not only in religious but moral, social and economic chaos. He has made all; and to be out of joint with Him is to disjoint all, not only with regard to Himself, but with regard to one another. That truth is not self-evident. The pride of man is much more so. And much of what is called the philosophy of the modern world is denial of God and refuge in self-confident and self-blinded pride.

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THIS statement will undoubtedly be looked upon by some as a very "religious" remark, all too clearly betraying the dogmatist: the one who, unwilling to look at facts, and afraid of open-minded discussion, seeks refuge in trite homily.

But let us have the open-minded discussion. No question is more intimately connected with the welfare of humankind than the question of childbearing and childbirth. This will be admitted by every one who believes it is worth while to continue the human race. And likewise this same question is intimately and fundamentally connected with the morals and the economics of every nation and of every individual. No student of either would deny that.

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NOW for those who believe in a personal God as the Creator and Ruler of the universe, there is one great guiding truth. The creative, the sex-power, has been given to man in trust by His Creator, and should be used only to carry out the will of the Creator. To misuse it: to pervert it to purely personal and selfish ends is a direct grievous violation of the law of God: it is willful defiance of the Lord and Master of Life: it is a grievous personal offence against a personal God. Nothing will lift or change that truth for one who believes in God. Human need: sensual desire: economic necessity, pressing and unbearable as these may be, does not change the law of God any more than it changes God Himself. Plausible theories: ingenious arguments: specious welfare pleas, exposition of the ills of humanity—all may be presented with the power and attractiveness of human genius playing upon expressive, appealing words—yet they do not and they cannot change the law of God.

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TO those who believe, that law is wisdom. It is not wisdom self-evident: compelling: any more than God Himself is, but it is redeeming: dignified: sure.

They who so believe will measure and direct all things in the light of God as the Creator. Their knowledge and direction will at least have some term from which they can start and some term to which they may go.

They who deny it, will have no definite knowledge at all. We say definite advisedly because from the very nature of the case they are without God, and at the mercy of the indeterminate, inaudible mass called humanity. They have not knowledge, but opinion. They may and do possess much information: but of knowledge which coördinates, or possesses the principle of coördination, they have none. Unity is the basis of knowledge: and all those who believe in God as the personal Creator and Ruler of the universe are one at least in that: all who deny Him are one in nothing. They may agree on many points, but their agreement rises no higher than opinion, and they are free to abandon it without notice.

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IT must be remembered that there are not many who today dogmatically and definitely deny God. But the number of those who practically deny Him is very great. Whether they are conscious of the denial or not, is a matter that rests with their own conscience. There is no question, however, but that their writings and their conclusions are driving God farther and farther from His world.

They who thus practically deny God are sowing the seeds of disorder, of chaos, of anarchy in every field of life. They maintain that in the question of the use of the sexual power man is not governed by any pre-declared law of God. Conception and childbirth are subject to the will of man, of husband and wife: are matters to be determined by their wishes and their judgment. The continuance of the human race is not in the hands of God, but in the hands of those who were made by God. The finite can determine the use of the powers which the Infinite has given it. Life is to be subject, not to the Giver of life but to those who have received life from Him. The creature's will is to displace and possibly overthrow the Creator's.

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BOOKS and pamphlets almost without number are published today with this as their practical thesis. We will not here mention the titles of the volumes. But they are common enough;

and the "reputable" magazines, the dignified scientific journals of the day are carrying articles that preach the same agnostic doctrine. Women's clubs in various parts of the country have approved the atheistic teaching, and an attempt will be made to introduce into the Federal Congress a bill that will permit the sending through the mails of information as to how the sexual power may be indulged and the law of God, not only defied but—in so far as man can do it—made futile. The arguments of all these publications and pamphlets may be reduced to the same thesis: human ills must be cured by human means; human comfort must be the great concern of humankind—both irrespective of God's law.

Such selfishness inevitably blinds those who champion it: blinds them not only to their immediate error, but to the errors that, in turn, scatter through other fields of life. In the champions of the pernicious doctrine it develops a tyrannical dogmatism: a chronic habit of misstatement: a forgetfulness of both the obligation and the fruits of purity, and in many instances a perversion of morality that is almost incredible.

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IN a recent issue of the New York *Nation* an article was published, entitled "Birth Control and the World Crisis." The blindness or the willful deceit of that article may be judged from the following statement: "The empire which (through the World War) sought world dominion . . . had the highest birth rate and the most rapid growth of population, and yet it was France which by its birth control had produced, not so many but better soldiers that withstood the most terrific onslaughts of the enemy."

It is not true that Germany before the War had the highest birth rate. Russia had the highest birth rate and the greatest increase. We would not diminish by even an infinitesimal fraction the glory of the French soldiers: but it is known universally that because of her lack of soldiers, France was unable to carry on the fight alone. It is likewise universally known that it was the almost unnumbered forces of America that broke the German morale and won the War. Joffre's visit to the United States was a desperate appeal from France, lost because she had no more manhood to serve, for American help. And Germany knew France's weakness: knew how her military strength, her national life had been sapped and weakened by the spread of "birth control" instruction and practice. "More coffins than cradles," said a German observer of France in 1911, "thus should peoples disappear through their own fault who break with the fundamental

law of life." Statistics of France prove that six times between 1870 and 1911 the deaths surpassed the births.

Against this statement of the writer in the *Nation*, we have the urgent appeal of the patriotic French leaders of today to the French people begging them in the national interests to abandon birth control. As early as 1910 the noted economist, Leroy-Beaulieu, uttered these terrifying words: "Not half a dozen generations hence the French nation will have ceased to be, at least the population of true French origin" (*Debates*, July 12th).

Bishop Gibergues of Valence, France, has recently made an impassioned appeal to his countrymen for the very life of France:

"France is dying and will die if the scourge is not arrested.

"To instance, one department in particular, as I know it better than others, that of the Department of Drôme: In 1874 there were 8,287 births; in 1913, 4,857 births. In place of twenty-five to the thousand, there were but sixteen. The same year the death rate exceeded the birth rate by 25 per 10,000 inhabitants, that is to say by more than 700 in the whole department.

"There are more coffins than cradles in Drôme. In one year there were 700 more coffins than cradles. So the great cry of alarm goes forth. Drôme is dying, Drôme will die if the scourge is not stopped. . . And one-third of the departments in France have a lower birth rate than Drôme.

"The War increased the trouble not only by the great number who fell on the field of honor, but because of the consequently large number of widows and a marked decrease in young men who naturally would have been the founders of families.

"What has brought a rich, fine, generous people such as the French to such a pass is their egoism, individualism, passion, and sensuality, for these have triumphed over the spirit of duty, of love of God, and of country. Their eyes have been closed to the nobler purpose of marriage, they have sought only an association of interest and a pleasureable and sensual intercourse. Religion not being present to lift hearts and turn them heavenward, each has hearkened only to his own caprice or pleasure, and duty has become a dead letter for too many.

"Not only is the evil bold-faced. It is arrogant, proud. It has entered into criminal complicity with so-called science, and is approved with infernal cynicism."

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BUT the *Nation's* article is both deaf and blind to such appeals and such facts. It dogmatically assumes that all evils will be cured through birth control. It cynically and satanically condemns as immoral the proper exercise of marital rights. It ruth-

lessly abdicates to materialism and sacrifices any and every standard of living. It really shows no human concern, although its language is vested with apparent human consideration. Instead of allowing that man and woman may rightly look to a home wherein they may bring forth, nourish and properly educate the children they wish to have, it dictates, as a principle, that to save both from want and need, they should limit their children. Low wages: congested quarters: unsanitary conditions—these are not to be alleviated and bettered for posterity—no, posterity is to be sacrificed for them. Human rights are not put first: but human selfishness and material comfort are to be the cure all.

If father and mother (how the article travesties the names) do not abide by the economic necessities of their condition, so much the worse for them. The helpless: the feeble-minded: the epileptic, they must not be a charge on society. Society must put them away in asylums: or must take every means, legitimate or illegitimate, to see that none such is born again into this world. Ages ago some pagans declared that all who were not healthy and promising at birth should be straightway killed. Some pagans of to-day declare that they should not be allowed to be born.

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THE *Nation's* article speaks pathetically of the "woman withering away in sorrowful maidenhood" and of the man seeking the company of depraved women because neither the man nor the woman has been informed of contraceptive methods and agencies. To such logic must we listen. Men and women driven into despair and sin because they have not the information that would help them to violate the laws both of nature and of God.

And if the contraceptive methods now in vogue are injurious—then, declares this article, it is the duty of the medical profession to find methods that are not injurious.

Again does the writer deceive his readers. It is known of the medical profession that no one can invent any method which will enable man or woman to escape the law of nature and of God. Either, by definite act, may foil that law, but neither can escape it. Before the British National Birth Rate Commission an eminent medical doctor testified that "prevention of maternity by artificial methods invariably produced physical, mental and, I think, moral harm." And when questioned further, he said: "I thought everybody considered they were more or less harmful." No one can thwart an act of nature, which must be exercised as nature has decreed, without suffering harmful consequences. They may not be apparent in the occasional or seldom repeated act. They may not be apparent in their wide national consequences, till after the

passage of many years. But as they are repeated, as they become more and more part of an individual's, a country's, a nation's life, so do they eat into and destroy all the moral fibre of that life.

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AND this far distant yet none the less real issue is what is lost sight of, forgotten under the pressure of immediate need or present temptation. The power that brings us into being reaches from time to eternity: from earth to heaven. Upon our reverence for it depends our reverence for all life, our estimate of one another and of all our fellows. It is man's most divine inheritance. In it is his soul most sensitive to the Creator's work: the Creator's voice: the Creator's purpose. Most surely does it bind, and yet most delicately. In its light alone is the eye single, and by its light do we see whole. It is the aura of God's creation: and denied, we and the world are left to our own deepening twilight. Whoso loses it loses what he can never regain.

And because it is the most precious thing that life possesses, the treasure that makes sacred those who gave us birth, we resent with just anger those unholy works that would obscure its beauty and its worth to the hearts and souls of men.

THE death of Louise Imogen Guiney is a signal loss to American letters. In honesty and excellence of production she was unexcelled. She was not alone supremely gifted, she was preëminently conscientious as both student and writer. Not alone in style and matter but in moral example has she left a rare inheritance. To use one of her own lines she is

A star to keep the ways of honor clear.

We would not anticipate in any way the extended appreciation of Miss Guiney and her work which we will publish in the January issue of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. Here we would pay a personal tribute to her inner spiritual life, a life very close to God and consequently a life of great denial, of suffering and of want. But her prayer was:

Forethought and recollection,
Rivet mine armor gay!
The passion for perfection
Redeem my failing way!
The arrows of the upper slope
From sudden ambush cast,
Rain quick and true, with one to ope
My Paradise at last!

Her armor was gay, and her soul in spite of adversity sincere, unaffected, simple.

We last saw her in the streets of the Oxford she knew and loved so well, and we hope to greet her in heaven with the same smile with which we left her there.

THE fact that England is unable to govern Ireland because the vast majority of the Irish people will not recognize her government, has been attested by ample evidence. In a noteworthy article in the new English publication, *Blackfriars*, still further evidence is added to the mass that already exists.

The writer is Denis Gwynn, and his evidence is the result of recent personal observations throughout Ireland. To the oft-repeated excuse given by the English Government: "We can do nothing until you Irishmen agree among yourselves," Gwynn states that there never has been such unanimity among the Irish people as exists today on the present political question: it is a unanimity resulting from the real and lasting discovery of common interests and a common outlook upon life.

Only one attitude, one aspiration exists outside the four eastern counties of Ulster, from Donegal to Wexford, from Galway to Dublin. He tells of the ruthless persecution and banishment of the Catholics of East Ulster. Fermanagh, Tyrone, South Cavan, Monaghan, and Donegal, have prepared to receive those thus driven from their homes.

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OUTSIDE of the northeastern corner of Ireland political government has ceased to exist. The fact that more than two-thirds of the population of Ireland are agricultural, makes it easy for them to govern themselves: detection and punishment of crime may safely be left to local public opinion. And, indeed, the local courts have been the sole constructive force in the anarchy over which the English representatives preside.

Into these otherwise peaceful communities the notorious Black-and-Tans have been sent to create a reign of terror.

"Innocent civilians, men and women, dared not walk about after dark for fear of being set upon by armed Black-and-Tans who have, not without reason, gained the reputation throughout Ireland of robbing and looting anyone whom they saw fit to search."

The daily and nightly terrorism in Cork and Dublin, where, says the writer, the state of affairs is literally indescribable, was surpassed by the appalling wreckage perpetrated by troops and Black-and-Tans throughout the country.

He describes specific instances. He shows that these Black-and-Tans undertake these so-called "reprisals" with official ap-

proval and official aid. They are part of a deliberate policy, and that policy will continue and increase the present ghastly terror until Ireland succumbs. That will never be. Self-government alone will satisfy the Irish people.

IN Paulist Press, appears, among other stories of conversion, one *The Highways of Life*, one of the oldest publications of The entitled "From the Invisible to the Visible Church." The book itself was edited by the late Very Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, for many years editor of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*: and the contribution mentioned was the account of the journey to the true Church of Father Hewit's sister-in-law, Mrs. Catherine S. Hewit.

Mrs. Hewit died on the sixth of October last in her ninety-fifth year. Not alone as a relative of Father Hewit, but also because of the exceptional sanctity of her life does she deserve special notice in these pages.

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FROM her own account of her conversion it is evident that from the earliest years of her life she earnestly desired to know and serve our Blessed Lord. Baptized in the Episcopal Church, she married Dr. Hewit, then a Presbyterian. The fact that there was another Christian sect other than the Episcopal was her first stepping-stone to a knowledge of the Catholic Church. A careful student of the Bible, she saw plainly written therein the doctrines of Penance and Extreme Unction, and she had no idea these were taught elsewhere than in the Episcopal Church, until a Protestant told her: "These are Catholic doctrines." Yet she was distressed when her husband, Dr. Hewit, having been received into the true Church, took their children to Mass. It led her at least to inquire further: to seek the help of Father Hewit, and then were dispersed the clouds that had darkened her mind.

Mrs. Hewit was received into the Church on March 25, 1856.

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AFTER she had received the Body and Blood of Our Lord she never knew doubt again, and that Food nourished her with a personal love of Our Lord and a personal sanctity that marked all the years of her long life. She had read the Scripture when a young child. Such was her devotion to it that she read some portion every day of her life. One of her greatest treasures was a picture of the Madonna, which Father Hewit brought to her from Rome on his first visit there. "It was," she used to say, "a constant light to me."

"I never knew a better person," said Father Hewit himself.

Her piety was founded upon the habit of constant prayer. Consequently, it was deep, serene, attractive. It showed itself in sweetness of temper, graciousness of conduct, and dignity of word. Perhaps it was most evidenced in her supreme virtue of fraternal charity—that sure bond of peace with Jesus Christ: that love which is an essential condition of the love of God. Age with its handicaps, its infirmities and its sufferings engendered no complaining: no querulous impatience. Strength and dignity held the helm through later as well as earlier years, and with prayers upon her lips she passed after three-quarters of a century of service to the eternal presence of the Lord and Saviour Whom she loved so well.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Holy Mass and Holy Communion. By Father Roche, S.J. \$1.20. *Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures.* The New Testament. Vol. III. Part III. —The Second Epistle to the Corinthians. Part IV.—Galatians and Romans. *Les Lettres Provinciales de Blaise Pascal.* Edited by H. F. Stewart, D.D. \$2.60. *A History of England.* By E. Wyatt-Davies, M.A. \$2.00. *Sister Mary of St. Philip.* By a Sister of Notre Dame. \$6.00. *The Ship "Tyre."* By W. H. Schoff. \$2.00 net.

ALLYN & BACON, New York:

Biology for High Schools. By W. M. Smallwood, I. L. Reveley, G. A. Bartley. \$1.60. *A First Greek Reader to Accompany a Short Grammar of Attic Greek.* By Rev. F. M. Connell, S.J. \$1.00. *The New Yenni Latin Grammar for High Schools and Colleges.* By the Committee on Latin Studies of Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala. \$1.60. *Practical Physics.* By H. S. Carhart, LL.D., and H. N. Chute, M.S. \$1.60.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:

Morale, the Supreme Standard of Conduct. By G. S. Hall, LL.D. \$3.00 net. *The United States in the World War.* By J. B. McMaster. Two volumes. \$3.00 net each. *The Adventurous Lady.* By J. C. Snaith. \$2.00 net. *John Senechal's Margaret.* By A. and E. Castle. \$2.00 net. *Memories of the Empress Eugenie.* By Comte Fleury. Two volumes. \$7.50 net.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln. By W. E. Barton. *Men and Books and Cities.* By R. C. Holliday. *The Romance of Madame Tussaud's.* By J. T. Tussaud. *Tahiti Days.* By H. MacQuarrie. *Roads to Childhood.* By A. C. Moore.

FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York:

Women's Wild Oats. By C. G. Hartley. *Real Democracy in Operation.* By F. Boujour. *Top o' the Morrin'.* By S. MacManus. *The Elfin Artist.* By A. Noyes.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Ursula Finch. By I. C. Clarke. \$2.25 net. *The Paths of Goodness.* By Rev. E. F. Garesché, S.J. \$1.50 net. *The Principal Catholic Practices.* By Rev. G. T. Schmidt. \$1.50 net. *On the Morals of Today.* By Rev. T. Slater, S.J. 85 cents net. *A Short Method of Mental Prayer.* By Rev. N. Ridolfe.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

Satan's Diary. By L. Andreyev. *What I Saw in Russia.* By G. Lansbury. *Silent, White and Beautiful.* By T. Robbins. *The House With a Bad Name.* By P. P. Sheehan.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

The Secret Springs. By H. O'Higgins. \$2.00 net. *The Making of the Reparation and Economic Sections of the Treaty.* By B. M. Baruch. \$3.00 net.

THE CENTURY Co., New York:

American Police Systems. By Raymond Fosdick.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:

The Surprises of Life. By G. Clémenceau. *The Junkman.* By R. le Gallienne.

FREDERICK PUSTET & Co., New York:

Medicina Pastoralis. By Joseph Antonelli. Vols. I., II., III. *Considerations on Eternity.* Edited by Rev. F. E. Bagues. \$1.50 net.

HARCOURT, BRACE & HOWE, New York:

Adam of Dublin. By C. O'Riordan.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

The Debates in the Federal Convention of 1787 Which Framed the Constitution of the United States of America. Edited by G. Hunt and J. B. Scott. *Prices and Price Control in Great Britain and the United States During the World War.* By S. Litman.

SCHWARTZ, KIRWIN & FAUSS, New York:

Catholic Hymnal. By Rev. J. G. Hacker, S.J. 75 cents.

BLASE BENZIGER & CO., New York:

The Black Cardinal. By John T. Smith.

BRENTANO'S, New York:

The Cross of Ares. By L. Perkins. *Cesare Borgia.* By A. Symons. *Helping the Rich.* By J. Bay.

THOMAS SELTZER, New York:

Our Great War and the Great Wars of the Ancient Greeks. By G. Murray, LL.D. *Woman.* By M. Mark. *Reputations.* By D. Goldring.

JAMES T. WHITE & CO., New York:

Floridina. Poems by Samuel D. Lee. \$1.50.

JOHN LANE CO., New York:

Correspondence of Jean-Baptiste Carrier. Translated by E. H. Carrier, M.A.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:

The Foolish Lovers. By St. John G. Ervine. \$2.00. *Enslaved.* By J. Masefield. \$2.25. *Social Scandinavia in the Viking Age.* By M. W. Williams, Ph.D. *Right Royal.* By J. Masefield. *Literature in a Changing Age.* By A. H. Thorndike, Ph.D. \$3.00.

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Character and Opinion in the United States. By G. Santayana. \$3.50. *Pagan Fire.* By N. Richardson.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Evolution and Social Progress. By J. Husslein, S.J., Ph.D. \$1.75. *The Sacred Heart and Wine in Holy Communion.* By Sister M. Philip. \$1.10. *The Loyalist.* By J. F. Barrett. \$2.00.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:

The University Extension Movement. By W. S. Bittner. Pamphlet.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., Boston:

Presidents and Pies. By Isabel Anderson. \$3.00.

GINN & CO., Boston:

The Corona Readers. Second Reader. By M. F. Egan, Brother Leo, F.S.C., and J. H. Fassett. 64 cents.

THE FOUR SEAS CO., Boston:

The Mogfoots. By Marion M. Taylor.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven:

The Connecticut Wits, and Other Essays. By H. A. Beers. \$2.25.

JOHN JOSEPH McVEY, Philadelphia:

Exposition of Christian Doctrine. By a Seminary Professor. Part III.—Worship. \$3.00.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia:

The American Boys' Handybook of Camp Lore and Woodcraft. By D. Beard. \$3.00 net. *The Sleeping Beauty.* By C. S. Evans.

THE PARACLETE PUBLISHING CO., Cornwells Heights, Pa.:

A Man Who Was a Man—St. Joseph. By M. A. Kelley, S.T.L., Ph.D. \$1.50.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Chicago:

Latin Hymns. Edited by M. Genning, S.J. *Teaching for God.* By E. F. Garesché, S.J. *Snow-Bound, and Other Poems.* By J. G. Whittier.

B. HERDER BOOK CO., St. Louis:

From the Trinity to the Eucharist. By Mgr. M. Landrieux. \$1.30 net. *What Father Cuthbert Knew.* By G. V. Christmas. \$1.35 net.

T. FISHER UNWIN, London:

My Life and Friends. By James Sully, LL.D. \$5.00 net.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Dublin:

The Social Question in Ireland. By Rev. P. Coffey, Ph.D. *The Blessed Oliver Plunkett.* By Sir J. R. O'Connell, LL.D. *The Mystery of the Incarnation.* By Rev. J. E. Canavan, S.J. *Home Nursing.* By Dr. L. Cassidy. *Between Capitalism and Socialism.* By Rev. P. Coffey, Ph.D. Pamphlets. *Nelly McMahon, B.A.* By B. O'Neill. 2 s. 6 d. *Clontarf.* By Rev. J. B. Dollard, Litt.D. 1 s. 3 d. *Three Hills.* By E. Ua Mordha. 1 s. 3 d.

BLOUD & GAY, Paris:

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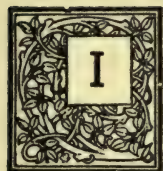
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LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY, LITT.D.



IT was on November 2, 1920, the great feast day of all freed souls, that "the little delicate kiss of death"—as she herself had once called it—came to Louise Imogen Guiney. And it must have come much in the way she would have wished: without publicity or pageant, in a very old and quiet corner of the old England she had so greatly loved. One may divine with what courtesy her chastened spirit would welcome that shadowy Sister of us all. "We make a miserable noisy farcical entry, one by one, on the terrene stage," she wrote long ago with triste humor; "it is a last dramatic decency that we shall learn to bow ourselves out with gallantry, be it even among the drugs and pillows of a too frequent lot. . . . The soul meets its final opportunity, as at a masked ball; if it cannot stand and salute, to what end were its fair faculties given?" There spoke the daughter of her soldier father, and in native heroic spirit. But with her "salute," there passed from among us a poet and scholar of rare distinction: a woman whose worth to contemporary culture was far above rubies because of her delicate and unswerving fidelity to the strict canons of her chosen art—an artist whose ultimate gift even to a secular world lay in that supreme rightness of vision which in the last analysis owes less to the intellect than to the spiritual experience and intuitions.

The New World and the Old were curiously interblended in Miss Guiney's story. For she was born in Boston on January 7, 1861, and the formal process of her education was accomplished with the Mesdames of the Sacred Heart at Providence, Rhode Island. Yet one thinks of her as essentially Oxonian in genius—and her father, Patrick Robert Guiney, was of Irish birth. She was "well fathered" in the truest possible sense, since General Guiney stood as ideal, as well as idol, to his only child. He had served his apprenticeship as lawyer and as editor, when the Civil War called him. There he acquitted himself with such high courage that he attained the rank of Major General, and upon his return to Boston he was appointed prothonotary of that city. But already, at the Battle of the Wilderness, he had received his death-wound; and thirteen years later, as he was crossing the Common, returning from his office, the never-unexpected summons came. Some children saw General Guiney kneel quietly beside a tree and cross himself—and there Death found him, barely in his forty-third year.

The daughter fell heir to a nature singularly like her father's, with almost every outer episode reversed. His was the "short life in the saddle," for which her "Knight Errant," like every other crusading heart, had prayed. Hers was to be the longer, harder, not less heroic way of the fireside and the study. Hers was in all truth that *crucifixion of the pen* which she used often to quote: "It comes to that," she said once to the present writer, "but it is still the finest game in the world." As early as 1885 she was writing for publication; the *Goose-quill Papers*, which date from then, being such youthful experiments that they make shift to appear quite the "oldest" things she ever perpetrated! Two years later she was writing with scholarly ease and a most engaging freshness, inaugurating that honorable career in letters which was to cover practically all her remaining life. Her friendships with contemporaries in the various arts—with the Stedmans, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ralph Adams Cram, Alice Brown, Katharine Tynan, the Meynells, to mention but a few—were many and deep, but at no time was the outward story very thrilling.

From 1894 to 1897 she acted as post-mistress in her home town, the Puritan and not-too-peaceful suburb of Auburndale, Massachusetts. There was a certain bitter humor bound up in

her incumbency. Newspaper-reporters and curiosity-seekers, who had to be "swept off the postoffice ledge," constituted one plague: but "I suppose," as she whimsically observed, "it is jolly funny to see how a fish earns its living by flying." To the same friend she wrote during this time: "I know exactly how a leopard feels behind his bars; or how he might feel if the populace inquired for correspondence and stamps. With all my Websterian brain set upon what I am at, I have never yet made twice six anything but nineteen, nor remembered a face a second time." Meanwhile, her outdoor heart was pining for the free day, when she might roam for long green miles "with the best and biggest of dogs, and see snakes (for which I have a liking, if for nothing else than to atone for the behavior towards them of superstitious Christians since Eden gates were locked) and pluck violets . . . thinking what an excellent world it is to do nothing in, and to sing thanks for."

It was sufficiently bad, this daily servitude which held the poet back from singing thanks: but it was made much worse by human unkindness. For, from first to last, the young Catholic post-mistress had to meet a pitifully provincial and puerile opposition, due chiefly to religious (!) bigotry. She faced it squarely, and through the help of personal friends she even conquered a local boycott of the postoffice. But immediately after the vindication of her reappointment by President McKinley, she resigned with what must have been either a diapason or a war-whoop of relief.

Thenceforth, with only such interruptions "as are human," Louise Guiney lived as servant and master of her beloved craft. Her happiest years, doubtless, were those spent in scholarly seclusion at Oxford, which was her home—but for a few intervals—almost until the end. Here the treasures of the Bodleian were her daily joy; here the editing of old poets became almost as natural and sweet a thing as dreaming among old towers and "long-dedicated walls," or walking in spirit with those great souls, the *Oxford Movers*, who had brought the ancient Catholic heritage back to English-speaking men and women. The heart has not only, in the Frenchman's word, its own reasons—it has also its own ancestry and fatherland. To dwell with these is to *achieve oneself* harmoniously; to be and to do one's best without the perpetual warring against adverse trifles—the voyaging "in shallows and in

miseries"—of so many lives banished from the Garden of God's gracious design.

This daughter of New England recaptured her Eden within sound of Tom the "King bell," and where Newman's memory "hangs like a shield . . . on royal Oriel." Oxford was hers by every natural and spiritual affinity, and she celebrated its glories in a series of sonnets which seem in some mysterious fashion to be carved instead of written. Of such expatriations, and of the voyaging heart in general, Miss Guiney gave in *Patrins* the true but not always seen significance.

The tourist [she declares] be he of right mettle, falls in love with the world, and with the Will which sustains it. As much solace or exhilaration as comes into the eye and ear, so much evil, in the form of sadness, rebellion, ignorance, passes out from us, as breathed breath into the purer air. . . . There is but one thing which can honorably draw the heart out of an American in Europe. He has wrought for himself the white ideal of government; he belongs to a growing, not a decaying society; there is much without upon which he looks with wonder and even with pity. . . . But one thing he sees far away which he can never live to call his, in the West; he cannot transfer hither the yesterday of his own race, the dark charm of London, the glamour of Paris, the majesty and melancholy of Rome. . . .

And that which makes the worthy pilgrim into an exile and a cosmopolite is no vanity, no ambition, no mere restless energy: it is truly the love of man which calleth overseas, and from towers a great way off. His shrine is some common and unregarded place, a mediæval stair, it may be, worn hollow as a gourd by the long procession of mortality. That concave stone touches him and makes his blood tingle: it has magic in it, of itself, without a record; for it speaks of the transit of human worth and human voices, both of which Dante makes his Ulysses long for and seek to understand. It is our sunken footfall, ages ere we were born, while we were on forgotten errands, nursing irrecoverable thoughts. To have marked it, with perhaps the largest emotion of our lives, is to walk Broadway or a Texan tow-path humbler and better ever after.

So that the magnetism of Oxford was the same, "in the natural order," as that which kept her always in such stainless

allegiance to the Catholic Church. She left her towered paradise to remain in Massachusetts during her mother's last illness. When that duty was acquitted, she returned again "home"—and there the Great War found her in 1914. It was never quite the same Oxford after that: but then, it has never been quite the same world, either. In a letter written during the first dark winter, she spoke of going for awhile "away from the troops and the refugees and the wounded, for one never sees an undergraduate any more," and taking a borrowed collie as comrade in long walks through the "muddy but tranquil country." More and more cloistral, more and more abdicant became her life. Even the London episodes grew rare, "a day at longest," as she said; and after awhile she retired across country to the deeper solitude of Grangeleigh in quiet Amberly. But it was at the little town of Chipping-Campden, some twenty-five miles out of Gloucester, that her pilgrimage was suddenly found to have attained its goal. The Beauty and Antiquity which she craved were hers to the end—and with her, too, were

They to whom the heavens must ope:
Candor, Chastity and Hope.

Because Louise Imogen Guiney was so consummate an artist and craftsman, it is perhaps encouraging for lesser workers to note that her first efforts in both prose and verse were comparatively negligible. The *Goosequill Papers* (1885), while notable for the beauty of their quaint and finished English, are the only things she ever wrote which could not triumphantly acquit themselves of a slight pedantry: but then, is it not youth all the world over which seeks the jocund stateliness of the stilt? And if *The White Sail* poems of 1887 show already the author's classic affiliations, they give no hint at all of the very original, pungent, yet peaceful harmonies she was to achieve a few years later.

But in that same 1887, she contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD an article, called "A King of Shreds and Patches," which was later expanded into that celebrated piece of serio-comedy, "An Inquirendo into the Wit and Other Good Parts of His Late Majesty, King Charles Second." And from a paper published in the same magazine during the following year, came the deft and delectable little volume of 1892, *Monsieur*

Henri, a study of the Vendean war and of its hero, Henri de la Rochejaquelein. In 1893, *The Roadside Harp* was struck: the first book of her authentic poetry, and one which contributed to her fastidious final collection such charming and characteristic pieces as the "Song of the Lilac," "Tryste Noël," the London Sonnets, and "A Friend's Song for Simoisius." Its opening poem was one of Miss Guiney's few New England inspirations, the legendary tale of Peter Rugg, the Bostonian. But one felt in it, as again in the story of Kenelm, the boy-martyr, that her truest *métier* was not in narrative verse.

A Little English Gallery, with its discerning portraits of Lady Danvers, Farquhar, Vaughan, and other "seventeenth-centurions" straying over into the eighteenth, was published in 1894, its most memorable inclusion being the exhaustive and sympathetic study of William Hazlitt. The year 1897 saw the fulfillment of her long-cherished desire to edit the poems of James Clarence Mangan, with a really notable memoir of the hapless young Irishman. The whole work was most affectionately perfected; a reverent and royal tribute to one of Apollo's beloved "might-have-beens . . . poets bred in melancholy places, under disabilities, with thwarted growth and thinned voices. . . ." whom the world would forget save for another poet's gentle pen. The same year brought her precious book of original fancies, *Patrins*, one of the most delightful volumes imaginable, and one which every essay-lover will want to place between his *Elia* and Stevenson's "laughing gold ten times tried."

The poet came again to the fore in 1899 with her slender volume, *The Martyr's Idyl*. The title-poem, a dramatic version of the story of SS. Theodora and Didymus, was a thing of noble and delicate beauty, yet scarcely so successful as many of the shorter lyrics included—the Ignatian battle-cry, *Deo Optimo Maximo*, for instance, "The Outdoor Litany," or that tender fragment, "By the Trundle-Bed." Once overseas, her work took the form of a few scattered lyrics and of much felicitous biographical and editorial work. *Robert Emmet: His Rebellion and Romance* came in 1904, also the much documented memoir of *Hurrell Froude*; and later on the world was enriched by her really exquisite editing of the work of Henry Vaughan, Thomas Stanley and the "Matchless Orinda," among our fragrant forebears—and among the moderns, by that of

Matthew Arnold, Lionel Johnson and others. All this work, exhaustive and exhausting as it must have been, spells singular self-abnegation in a poet. But Louise Guiney had the scholar's temper, serene under infinite patient research, so that these labors were probably dictated as much by her literary piety as by the exactions of what she used Franciscanly to mention as "Holy Poverty."

Her beautiful Englishing of the *Fioretti* was, alas! never published. But she left one starlike piece of hagiography, her *Blessed Edmund Campion* in 1908—a saint's life written with equal devotion and intelligence, even such a model for modern readers as Francis Thompson's superb *Life of St. Ignatius*. In 1909, feeling that her poetic legacy was practically complete, Miss Guiney gathered into one precious book, *Happy Ending*, what she modestly called "all the better nuggets in that dis-used mine." And of the fruit of her final years, white now to the harvesting, one learns through a letter of last July: "I am writing nothing, but pegging away on a huge Anthology, *Re-cusant Poets*, which is about finished, and has occupied the 'offs and ons' of Father Bliss, S.J., and myself since 1913."

Louise Imogen Guiney was essentially a poet, and as a poet she will be treasured. But her prose work both antedated and survived the poetic utterance. This is not, of course, unusual in the history of letters. The gift of song seldom lasts through a lifetime—even when the singer mistakenly fancies it to endure. "The Magical White Bird" is snared but for a little season, then flutters off with the morning wind from its captor's hand. But in the captor's heart the memory of its music remains evermore. In fact, Prose, that sturdier sister of Poetry, needs no excuse at all for her comely endurance. She may often enough be forced into Martha's duties; she may even perform them passing well. But she can sit with all grace at her Lord's feet, meditating the essential things, when persuaded by so firm and knowing an artist as the author of *Patrins*.

So Miss Guiney became and became recognized as a critic of almost infallible rightness; an appreciative yet temperate judge, not only of literary excellence, but (far more difficult of discernment!) of the subtle, underlying canons of literary ethics. To be sure, her personal taste was all toward what one calls the "classic" school, even as her personal temperament

inclined toward that New England reticence which she herself often described as "shyness." She was congenitally opposed to the spectacular, either in life or literature, believing that "‘to make a scene’ is not mannerly, even on paper." Yet she had every sympathy with the holy, but hectic and unfulfilled, genius of Digby Dolben, and devoted years to the rehabilitation of such rueful and romantic Celts as Mangan and Robert Emmet.

All this proves simply that she was finely human in her sympathies. Exigent she was of honesty in soul and utterance—intolerant of the artist who gave less than his best. But for all her seeming aloofness, she knew men as well as books, and her criticism constantly insists upon the close relation between abstract and concrete good. This is the whole argument of her arraignment of "Willful Sadness in Literature:" the fact that both ethics and æsthetics must make their rules for the many rather than the few, that "it may well seem a sort of treachery in a man of genius to speak aloud at all, in our vast society of the desponding and the unspiritual, unless he can speak the helping word." And here is her sentence upon the ultra-realists:

The play which leaves us miserable and bewildered, the harrowing social lesson leading nowhere, the transcript from commonplace life in which nothing is admirable but the faithful skill of the author—these are bad morals because they are bad art. With them ranks the invertebrate poetry of two or three generations ago, which has bequeathed its sickly taint to its successor in popular favor, our modern minor fiction . . . Art is made of seemly abstinences. The moment it speaks out fully, lets us know all, ceases to represent a choice and a control of its own material, ceases to be, in short, an authority and a mystery, and prefers to set up for a mere Chinese copy of life—just so soon its birthright is transferred.

A capital example of what Miss Austen called "sense and sensibility" is found in Louise Imogen Guiney's contrast of the English and the Irish genius, both of which she understandingly loved—the superman set over against the super-race:

England has, by the world's corroboration, her divine sons, whose names are in benediction. But she has also a

Sahara spectacle of the most stolid, empty folk in the universe; the sapless, rootless, flowerless millions who pay, as it were, for Shakespeare and Shelley . . . for Newton and Darwin. Easy, is it not, for the superlative quality to form and act in fullest power here and there, in a nation where no smallest grain of it is ever wasted on the common mortal? But Ireland reeks with genius impartially distributed. It is infectious; every one suffers from it, in its various stages and manifestations. The "Superior race" makes the superior individual impossible . . . Nowhere the lonely planetary effulgence; everywhere the jovial defiant twinkle of little stars!

In one of her greatest essays, "The Under Dog," Miss Guiney pierces to the heart of several universal yet shadowy truths—of the folly of any attempt to gauge such mysteries as human failure and success; of the different kinds of saints, those "who attain their only legitimate development in the cloister," and those who are by every count "Saints at a Sacrifice;" and of that strange ghost, "something extra-rational, we may be sure: something with an august enchantment," which meets certain of the cursed or the elect upon their way, making (in Thompson's word) "the kind earth waste, and breath intolerable" forevermore!

Over and over again, in fact, the deep waters of this woman's habitual thought make many a recent critic show naked in his shallowness. For her sympathy was linked always with sound scholarship; even with a painstaking exhaustiveness which led her in some of the earlier studies into a fullness one would scarcely trust to our hasty contemporary readers. At no time, indeed, does she write that he who runs may read—for why, after all, should anyone expect to read running? But her later prose achieves a really superb condensation. And this beautiful, habitual infallibility has made of Miss Guiney's work a very mine of epithet. Alike in her prose and verse, she has the brief, perfect word for so many men, so many things! One remembers on one side Congreve's "quicksilver wit;" on the other young Digby Dolben "pole-vaulting his way into the inner Court of the King;" Hurrel Froude, "the lost Pleiad of the Oxford Movement;" or Pascal, "O rich in all forborne felicities!" And for sheer fidelity of nature painting, it would be hard to go beyond her

. . . free
Innocent, magnanimous tree,

and her corner of ancient London, "with its little old bearded graveyards, pools of ancestral sleep; or low-lying, leafy gardens where monks and guildsmen have had their dream."

Thus to make vivid the soul of things is to be a poet; to express the image rhythmically is to write poetry. And if Louise Imogen Guiney's critical energy became—inevitably—a danger to her more creative gift, it at least insured that gift of fastidious, if infrequent, use. She herself, in the volume called *Happy Ending*, chose and set apart the poetry, alike early and late, by which she would be judged; building up a book which, in a sense far truer than the opulent Patmore's, might boast only of her "best"—a creamy collection, which no lover of the highest in the century just passed can afford to miss. It is not a popular poetry, even as that of her comrade in arms and ideals, Lionel Johnson's, was not a popular poetry. Neither is it exotic, nor at all sensational. But it has a free and swinging music, and the beauty of very tall trees washed in moonlight. Here is one of her best poems—a lyric of the soul, but like that galloping masterpiece, the "Wild Ride," a battle-song none the less:

THE KINGS.

A man said unto his Angel:
"My spirits are fallen low,
And I cannot carry this battle:
O Brother! where might I go?

"The terrible Kings are on me
With spears that are deadly bright;
Against me so from the cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his Angel:
"Thou wavering, witless soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sovereign measure
And only event of things:
The puniest heart, defying,
Were stronger than all these Kings.

"Though out of the past they gather,
Mind's Doubt, and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
And ringletted Vain Desires,
And Vice, with the spoils upon him
Of thee and thy beaten sires,—

"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall."

Hers is a high-hearted poetry, but it is also a high-headed poetry. It is scarcely aware of sex, and is but little concerned with the storm and stress, the gusts and glee of our sweet, irrational existences. To use the simile of another art, it deals with the form, not the color of life. Back in the *Roadside Harp*, the young Louise Guiney had achieved the high-water mark of an unfaltering philosophy, which she put into verse as her "Talisman:"

Take Temperance to thy breast,
While yet is the hour of choosing,
As arbitress exquisite
Of all that shall thee betide;
For better than fortune's best
Is mastery in the using,
And sweeter than anything sweet
The art to lay it aside.

Ethically, of course, this is the last word of wisdom, worthy to be carved in jade or beryl. But there is no denying that it

is better piety than poetry. Let it be admitted frankly that the poet's best verse does not come out of that costly virtue of *detachment*—it comes out of the still more costly virtue of *attachment* . . . To this are we debtor for all her true and impassioned reading of nature: the stormy beauty of "The Squall," with its "routed leopards of the lightning," the tranquil beauty of "Monochrome," the dew-drenched memories of the "Lilac" song. To it, again, we owe the five lovesome Christmas carols: the subtle Carol of Gifts (first published in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*), the curious Carol of the "Soule from farre away," the Carol of the Ox and the Ass, and perhaps most wistful of all, the one originally called "Tryste Noël:"

The Ox he openeth wide the Doore,
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,
And he hath seen her Smile therefor,
Our Ladye without Sinne.
Now soone from Sleep
A Starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;

Amen, Amen:

But O, the Place co'd I but finde!

The Ox hath hush'd his voyce and bent
Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,
The Blessed layes her Browe.
Around her feet
Full Warme and Sweete
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell:

Amen, Amen:

But sore am I with Vaine Travel!

The Ox is host in Judah stall
And Host of more than onelie one,
For close she gathereth withal
Our Lorde her littel Sonne.
Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring,
But wo'd tonight my Teares were there,

Amen, Amen:

Between her Bosom and His hayre!

Louise Imogen Guiney was a "minor" poet, but she wrote in the great major tradition of English verse: the tradition of

Arnold, of Wordsworth, of Shelley and their predecessors. She achieved almost perfectly the thing she wanted to do; and if through some temperamental turn she lacked the poet's taste for love songs—well, the love songs have an excellent chance of surviving, none the less! And she did constantly betray that extreme tenderness for animals which is a part of so many seemingly undemonstrative people. There is so much pity, solicitude and passion in this devotedness that one wonders (to interpret "psycho-analysis" rather more spaciouly and spiritually than Freud!) if it be not just a slight deflection of the maternal instinct. In any case, it permeates Miss Guiney's work, from the prose, "Reminiscences of a Fine Gentleman" to the naïve "Davy" verses. And it reaches its final expression in a poem of rare beauty and absolutely sincere conviction, "St. Francis Endeth His Sermon:—"

And now, my clerks who go in fur and feather
Or brighter scales, I bless you all. Be true
To your true Lover and Avenger, whether
By land or sea ye die the death undue.
Then proffer man your pardon, and together
Track him to Heaven and see his heart made new.
From long ago one hope hath in me thriven,
Your hope, mysterious as the scented May:
Not to Himself your titles God hath given
In vain, nor only for this mortal day.
Oh, doves! How from the Dove shall ye be driven?
O, darling lambs! Ye with the Lamb shall play!

While at first approach an elusive and aloof personality, there seems to have been about the soul of Louise Imogen Guiney a fresh, fundamental simplicity. She had the "single eye"—a freedom from distraction almost uncanny in that incorrigible "general practitioner," woman! She "hated clothes" as much as any boy of fifteen; she habitually broke rosaries; she described herself as "literally too happy to live" when exercising on the rings and vaulting-bar of a Swedish gymnasium. And deeply as she adored old poets, she adored—and in *all* weathers—the Open. She had a fine humorous enjoyment, even of being "held up" by a Boston pick-pocket, and her courage, both moral and physical, was unbounded. She had no patience at all with distortions of the truth in any controversy, and "struck straight from the shoulder," even

with her dearest friends. But to them, as to the ideals she had chosen and sifted, she was as faithful as one of her own St. Bernard dogs. One thinks of sincerity as the keynote of her character—a fastidious sincerity—until one remembers that it was rather *consecration*. Yes, that is the word . . . Hers was a hidden life, consecrated as that of any nun. She used to speak of her Catholic faith as “a frightful responsibility,” declaring over and over again with the most touching humility that it was “we ourselves—our worldliness, our indifference, and general unthankful demeanor,” which kept other groping souls from the wished-for Light. Through her own life and all her work, the great Candle shone unflinchingly. She walked the changing ways of a much changing century with the eyes of her own Risen ones, *Beati Mortui*:

Blessed the dead in spirit, our brave dead
Not passed, but perfected:
Who tower up to mystical full bloom
From self, as from a known alchemic Tomb;
Who out of wrong
Run forth with laughter and a broken thong;
Who win from pain their strange and flawless grant
Of peace anticipant;
Who cerements lately wore of sin, but now,
Unbound from foot to brow,
Gleam in and out of cities, beautiful
As sun-born colors of a forest pool
Where Autumn sees
The splash of walnuts from her thinning trees.

NOTE—The author records her grateful indebtedness to Monsignor Joseph L. J. Kirlin of Philadelphia for the loan of many illuminating personal letters from Miss Guiney—also to *America* for one or two thoughts borrowed from her own article contributed to its pages in December, 1914.

IN THE WAKE OF POLAND'S VICTORY.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.



WE were scarcely out of Warsaw, on our visit to the devastated areas East and North, when we came to the battlefield of Radzymin. It was here that the tide was turned against the Reds and the safety of the Polish capital sealed in the blood of Father Skorupka, the heroic young army chaplain who led his regiment to victory in the face of a continuous spray of deadly fire from the Bolshevik machine guns. One of the officers with us had witnessed the beginning of the Radzymin battle shortly after midnight of the fourteenth. Never on the Western front, he told us, had he seen such steady and relentless fire. Now there was nothing but a pine woods (where the Polish batteries had been placed); an open plain cut like a grill with trenches, barbed wire, the distant town, and some scattered graves, all lying hushed and quiet under heavy clouds.

The town of Radzymin itself showed many marks of the battle, buildings wrecked by artillery, whole blocks lying in ashes. At Wyskov we struck another scene of decisive fighting, and another wrecked bridge, being held up here several hours waiting to get across the pontoon over which troops were then moving. The commanding officer of Father Skorupka's regiment passed us at this point.

The tour we made took us as far north as Ciechanow (on the map almost directly north of Warsaw) and as far east as Bialystok, covering a large part of the ground that has been swept by the Red invasion and the Red retreat. The section traversed in this trip may be taken as fairly representative of the whole of Poland east of the Vistula. What we saw there may be regarded as characteristic of what may be seen anywhere in the war-ridden areas of Poland today.

It was raining heavily when we started out; rain and dismal skies were common throughout the journey. There was nothing to brighten the picture; all was depressing—all except the spirit of the people with whom we met and talked, the

people who had suffered in the invasion. That spirit shone like a star.

Just after we had left the drab shell-shattered ruins of Pultusk and had struck the country road again, we met a young Polish sergeant, who asked for a ride to the next village. He was a fine, clear-eyed, clean-cut chap, whose manly way of speaking up to the Polish Colonel in our machine was characteristic of the natural democratic manners which I have so often observed in these people. His salute was perfect; but that ritual performed, his advance and request was frankly that of man to man—"all American," I said to myself, paying the United States a bit of flattery. He had been wounded; the healed scars of two bullet holes in his left cheek told the story of how the deadly lead had gone in and out, narrowly missing his left eye. The wound still ached and he was on his way to the doctor for medicine.

Invalided home, this young man had been caught on his father's farm when the Reds came in. "They brought threshing machines with them," he told us, "and they threshed all our grain, all the grain in the neighborhood, and took it off with them. Most of the cows and horses, too. But we will put in winter wheat yet. My father and others here are combining to get some planting done by pooling the seed, as well as the few horses that are left. Fortunately I will be home for a while longer to help." There was the same note of matter-of-course optimism in his voice and words that I have heard wherever I have met Polish war victims. No hysterics, no dramatics; just quiet common sense.

Bridges were down everywhere, but they were going up again as fast as hands and hammers could repair them. At one place where we forded the Narew River, the men working on the bridge shouted at us that when we returned that way in the evening it would be finished. And it was. Evidently they hustled the job for us, for they took much pride in the fact that we were the first across and sent us over with cheers and hat wavings.

The broad stretch of country cut by the Narew from Serock to Ciechanow gave us a panoramic view of war-invaded Poland. On all sides—it is the same wherever you go in Poland—the horizon was bound by the dark walls of pine forests. Heavy clouds swept them with a sort of thick violet

light. Patches of lupin in bloom splotched the drab canvas with ruddy color. The wrecks of bridges, still smoking, dragged their trailing ruins in the water—always to me a sorry sight, a broken bridge, there is so much of utter despair and finality in it. Rows of gaunt chimneys, like the embodied souls of homes left stripped and exposed, stood cold and high in scorched nakedness, marking the scenes of recent terror and flames and tears. Alongside the road we passed the charred wreck of an auto truck; further on, a broken Russian cannon ditched by the highway. But the one sight above all others that struck us on every hand was the abandonment of the fields. No farmers were abroad; no furrows were being turned. Plows and horses are gone. No cattle were in the pastures. They have all been carried off. Black spots in many fields showed where grain or hay stacks had been burned. There was an indescribable stillness and blight over the whole scene. Few people were about, because the bulk of the population had fled before the Bolshevik advance.

Near Ostrow, we arrived at a military headquarters one day just at noon. The sun was out, and the officers were having their mess in the garden of the country house where they were billeted. They made us join them, and we had a taste of the meagre fare of the Polish Army. A man wonders how they can fight as they do on the thin soup, black bread, wretched beef (or horse meat) and tea that they eat. But they seemed to enjoy it and were like a crowd of schoolboys, with just a touch of reserve because of their unexpected American guests. It was pathetic to see their attempts at making an extra show of their poor table "for company's sake." There were red blankets for tablecloths, and there were bouquets plucked in the garden. There was the same democratic spirit among them, too, that I have spoken of before. The ragged mess boys who waited on table were not ruled out; they also had their share in the responsibility of the occasion.

The house was a big three-storied, square, white-washed building of brick, surrounded by gardens and orchards—all neglected and weed-grown now. There was no family left in the place. It had been the home of two brothers, who lived together. When the Reds came, they seized the place, arrested the younger brother (the older was absent at the time) and took him to Białystok. When the older man returned and

found what had happened, he hurried to Bialystok to intercede for his brother and try to free him. The only answer the Bolsheviks gave him was to arrest him also. Then they shot them both. Along the fences around Ostrow I saw placards, put up since the Red retreat, asking for prayers for the repose of the souls of Kasimir and Ignatius Iwanowski.

Lomza was the first town of any size we entered—population, 26,000—a well built prosperous looking place, beautifully situated on a hill. It has a look of a north Italian town, set on its eminence, with its old Gothic cathedral lording it over a farming country of teeming riches. There were few marks of war wreckage in Lomza. The Reds had captured it during the Polish retreat in July with ease; and as they fully expected to stay there indefinitely, they were a bit careful. That is, they were careful of the buildings. But of the bodies and souls and property of their victims—that is another story.

We found lodging in the home of a Pole who had acted as local agent for American relief organizations, and who gave us a welcome that had no limit to its hospitality. (Even the small inhabitants of the bed-tick on which I slept on the floor insisted on keeping me awake all night explaining how glad they were to have me there. No denying that, like all others in these war-starved countries, they were very hungry!) This Pole talked freely and gave us some highly interesting details of the Bolshevik occupation of the town.

"They began looting as soon as they arrived," he said. "They managed it this way: any individual soldier of the Red Army is free to loot all he likes unless a Commissar forbids it. The soldier's officers have no authority to stop him; only the Commissar can do that—and where can you find a Commissar when you want him? Thus the Bolsheviks robbed the American Relief Association's warehouse in Lomza wholesale—one item alone was five hundred cases of condensed milk!—in spite of any official prohibition, official seals or official guards that I might secure. In fact, they threatened to shoot me for daring to say that the warehouse had been robbed.

"In two or three days they had pretty fairly stripped the shops and stores of the town. Then they began on the private houses, and on people themselves. One could not go on the street wearing rings or jewelry. They simply stopped you and took them away from you. Even the clothes on your back

were not safe. As we all had been heavily requisitioned already for supplies for the army, especially underwear, some of us had not much left. If the Reds had remained, we certainly would soon have had nothing."

A daring and dramatic thing occurred in Lomza on the second day of the Bolshevik occupation, an event which proves that even the Red Terror cannot always strike fear into the hearts of people—especially women who have the courage of their convictions. This is the story:

One of the first acts of the "Bolos" on their arrival in Lomza was the arrest of the Bishop and two priests of the town. As is usually the case under the Bolshevik régime, these men were hauled off to jail without charges or warning—merely on suspicion of being "counter-revolutionary." The Reds frequently execute people simply because they are of "counter-revolutionary type."

The day after the Bishop and priests were taken away, the leader of the Propaganda Bureau of the Reds called a public meeting, which all citizens were compelled to attend. He began the usual harangue about the beauties of Soviet government, etc., armed for a long tirade against the "follies of democracy," the "slavery of religion," etc. But he was suddenly interrupted by a loud chorus of women's voices shouting: "First send us back our Bishop and we'll listen to you." The man who gave us the narrative told with gusto of the blank look of astonishment changing to infuriation that came into the Bolshevik orator's face. He tried to go on, but every attempt at a word was interrupted by the same chorus, all the women in the hall shouting in unison: "Give us back our Bishop!" "Let our priests go free!"

The women of Lomza succeeded in breaking up that Bolshevik meeting. Yet no one of them could be accused. All were guilty. The Red leader's next move was to go after the men. But the men simply responded: "We have nothing to say. You tell the women, they are to have equal rights now. There you are!"

The Bishop and the priests were released from jail and permitted to return.

But in the end the Bolsheviks took a horrible revenge on the women of Lomza. There are at least six women in that city ("God only knows how many others!" our Polish citizen

exclaimed) whose mothers are wondering in tearless silence today where their young daughters are. "The day the Bolsheviks left, they carried many girls away with them by force. I, for my part, saw six of them huddled in a truck, crying and weeping, as the machine tore down the street in the auto column of the retreating Red Army. There were many crimes committed against women while the Reds were here."

The route from Lomza to Osowiec, thence to Bialystok, and finally back to Warsaw was more or less a repetition of what we had seen since we began our tour: wrecked bridges, abandoned farms, here and there brick and ashes of a house, and always the roadside grave. At Osowiec, once a strong Russian fortress facing the German border, there was no human being in sight; nothing but acres of ground strewn with the gigantic ruins of the blown-up fortifications.

A Polish guard came out to challenge us—a long solitary figure emerging from the shelter of a huge sheet of corrugated iron set on a hillside. His uniform, dripping in the cold rain, was little better than rags. But he had the Polish smile in his blue eye as we passed on. They are the greatest soldiers in the world, these Polish boys, sturdy as oak, good-natured, patient and enduring—yet with an alertness and "pep" in them that constantly reminds us of the good old doughboy of the United States army. On this trip we passed literally thousands of soldiers, regiment after regiment, most of them moving south to chase Budenny out of Galicia. They were fatigued and hungry, no doubt. But they usually came singing down the road, making the land ring with their lusty voices. They were fine and fit, and in their "doughboy" uniforms looked so much like our own boys that they fairly took the heart out of us as they swung by. "What can't they do," we said, "once they have their country cleared of the invaders and get back to peace and productive labor again! With youth like this, there is no limit to Poland's future, even if she is today half wrecked, smoking in ashes, untilled, abandoned and swept by famine and disease."

THE LATEST MR. WELLS.

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN, LITT.D.

I.



WELVE years ago, that incomparable commentator, G. K. Chesterton, remarked that the most interesting thing about H. G. Wells was that he was the only one of his many brilliant contemporaries who had not stopped growing. "One can lie awake at night"—the author of *Heretics* hilariously declared—"and hear him grow." Mr. Wells is still growing.

The process began when Wells repaired to South Kensington and put on an apron in Huxley's biological laboratory. From a first-class honors B.Sc., he passed to the uneasy trade of schoolmastering and, thence, to literary journalism. Then he went on to the writing of stories short and long. Over them the shade of Huxley hovered, and the pungent odors of the laboratory permeated them. In the short stories he wrote of stolen bacilli and strange orchids, of empires of ants and valleys of spiders, of weird moths and of the eggs of *Æpyornises*, of things seen from observatories and under microscopes. It was all very thrilling. In the long stories, or "scientific romances," as the author called them, one traveled in time with Mr. Wells on a natty little machine composed of ivory, nickel, brass, and quartz, and saw the declining fires of the weary sun sink slow and burn out over a world long since uninhabited by mankind. An exhilarating, if somewhat breathless voyage! Or, going to the moon, one hobnobbed with the frore race of Selenites. Or, visiting the biological *Island of Dr. Moreau*, one watched that distinguished vivisectionist carving grotesque approximations to humanity out of pigs and bulls and dogs. And from *The Invisible Man* one could learn how it felt to move about unseen among one's fellow-beings. Then, in 1898, *The War of the Worlds* broke out, and by this time Mr. Wells had become so notorious that nearly everybody enlisted and watched invading grim Martians bear down upon this tiny universe, and beheld the dire devastation wrought (in 1898)

by flying machines and heat rays. And when *The Sleeper* woke up in 2100 A. D. there we were, discovering that the world had become altogether too mechanical for our nineteenth century tastes. . . . But they were wonderful, those concoctions of what we may now call the Pre-Mycenæan age of Wells' literary development! They out-Verned Jules Verne; the universe was anatomized and examined and re-adjusted as you would disengage and reassemble the parts of a Ford; it was immense and splendid!

Then Mr. Wells moved into his second phase. Weary of the pale ports o' the moon and the gold gateways of the stars, he volplaned to this earth, and told the simple tales of such ordinary souls as Lewisham and Kipps; and wrote small tracts on *Socialism and Marriage* and *The Misery of Boots*, and large tracts on *The Future in America*, *First and Last Things*, and *New Worlds for Old*. Most of the later tracts were issued as novels: *The New Machiavelli*, *Marriage*, and *The World Set Free*. Mr. Wells had now become the tractarian-novelist of modern commercial life and sociological development. It is impossible not to feel that most of these "second phase" tract-novels are to a considerable extent autobiographical. Some of them are interesting, some of them intolerably tedious, all of them are excruciatingly earnest and conscientious. Once only, in this phase, did he succeed in ridding himself of sociological preoccupations long enough to permit the unadulterated story-teller within him to emerge. The result was *The History of Mr. Polly* (1910), one of the most outrageously amusing novels of the last twenty years, and a tender, whimsical human story as well. His next work, however, shows him passionately and inexorably absorbed in contemplation of "the cloistered futilities"—it is his own phrase—of contemporary life viewed from the political and economic angle. And ever since then he has been content to turn his novels into vast and vivid pamphlets—Fabian tracts raised to the *n*th power. Discursive and contemptuously negligent of all that has traditionally pertained to the novel as an art form, he has preferred to regard it as "the parade of morals and the exchange of manners, the factory of customs, the criticism of laws and institutions, and of social dogmas and ideas."¹ The artist of

¹ Vide his essay on "The Contemporary Novel," reprinted in *An Englishman Looks at the World*, 1914.

Love and Mr. Lewisham and of *The History of Mr. Polly* has ceded place to the pamphleteer of *The Research Magnificent* and of *Joan and Peter*. It is a great pity, no doubt; but we must apparently take H. G. Wells on his own terms or not at all.

Let us now consider our author's third and present phase. Without ceasing to be interested in, and to give expression to, as much of the life around him as his peculiarly foreshortened outlook permits him to see, he has felt impelled to look outside this world and its little race of men towards something nobler, finer, and higher, not a part of it. He has seen the futility of his agnostic materialism, and has grown very weary of it. That key which once so smoothly glided into the lock of things in general, now not merely refuses to turn, but will not even fit. And searching around—rather fussily, one must admit—for a new key, Mr. Wells discovered—God. Not, one hastens to add, the permanent God of Revelation, the Christian God, but a temporary and provisional deity, a Wellsian God—God, the Invisible King. Even Mr. Wells has created more convincing figures than this sad parody of the Almighty Who looms indistinctly out of the spiritual and intellectual fog in which Mr. Wells so forlornly wanders. It was in the novel in which that war-weary amorist, Mr. Britling, failed so lamentably either to see it through or to see through it, that the author first produced this extraordinary version of the Deity from his fictional conjuring-box. Then he wrote his *New Theology*, and called it *God, the Invisible King*, a book in which Mr. Wells displayed a quite ingenious unfamiliarity with the Creed of Christianity. As for his next work, *The Soul of a Bishop*—that amazing disquisition upon the theological perplexities of a member of the Anglican episcopate who finds rest for his spirit not in the Blessed Vision of Peace, but in our novelist's egregious deity—one's feelings upon reading it can only be described as indescribable. Assuredly, Anglican bishops have, on occasion, betrayed an incorrigible weakness for freakish theology—but one refuses to swallow Dr. Scrope!

In *Joan and Peter*, the six-hundred-page "novel," which followed close upon the doctrinal deliquescence of Bishop Scrope, there is more of the New God—only more so. This time Oswald (*i. e.*, H. G. Wells) speaks of him with affectionate familiarity as "The Old Experimenter," and harangues

him at length (or is harangued by him, one forgets which) over several tiresome pages. It is all very fatuous.

II.

The above extremely summary outline of Mr. Wells' literary history may not be altogether inappropriate as a prolegomenon to our necessarily brief notice of the outline of the history of this planet which Mr. Wells has just published.² *The Outline of History* is the roof and crown and culmination of its author's career as a man of letters. Never has he done anything so ambitious in scope. He announces in his introduction that *The Outline* "is an attempt to tell, truly and clearly, in one continuous narrative, the whole story of life and mankind so far as it is known today. It is written plainly for the general reader. . . It has been written primarily to show that *history as one whole* is amenable to a more broad and comprehensive handling than is the history of special nations and periods, a broader handling that will bring it within the normal limitations to time and energy set to the reading and education of an ordinary citizen. . . There can be no common peace and prosperity without common historical ideas. . . A sense of history as the common adventure of all mankind is as necessary for peace within as it is for peace between the nations. [*The Outline*] is an attempt to tell how our present state of affairs, this distressed and multifarious human life about us, arose in the course of vast ages and out of the inanimate clash of matter, and to estimate the quality and the amount and the range of the hopes with which it now faces its destiny. . . There is not a chapter that has not been examined by some more competent person than himself, and very carefully revised." In a later paragraph he acknowledges, by name, individually, the assistance and coöperation of more than fifty of his writing friends and scholars. It is prodigious! No lesser word will serve.

Nothing even remotely like it has ever been attempted before. It is a task before which the stoutest heart of chronicler might well have quailed. Mr. Wells, however, has attacked it imperturbably and appears to have accomplished his task in rather less than two years! Quite obviously one

² *The Outline of History*, 2 volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1920.

most imperfectly equipped reviewer can accomplish but little with such a book in a single short article. Really, a committee of experts would be needed to deal adequately with it, and the resulting judgment might well be spread over many articles. Already, Hilaire Belloc has delivered his verdict upon *The Outline* in two magistral articles: the first dealing with the earlier portion of Mr. Wells' chronicles was printed in *The Dublin Review* for 1920 (April quarter); the second has just appeared in the November number of the London *Mercury*. Dr. Richard Downey, also, has contributed to *The Month* during this year,³ three lengthy and most searching papers in review of *The Outline*. And the topic is still far from being exhausted. The present notice can do no more than direct attention to certain fundamental shortcomings in Mr. Wells' presentation of history.

What may be said in praise of this *Outline*? The mechanics of the book, and the arrangement of the vast material, are superb. It is written with lucidity and charm and, in many places, with a finely vibrant eloquence. Indeed, Mr. Wells has never achieved a more musical or spacious prose: there are several passages which deserve, and which will obtain, inclusion in future anthologies of purple patches. There, however, one comes to the end of one's praise. The merits of the work are, in fact, purely literary. As history it is profoundly negligible. Why is this so? Because Wells started out on his huge task with certain preconceptions, theories and hypotheses—many of them, incidentally, hopelessly out of date—which have handicapped him from almost the first page and have drawn down over his vision a veil through which he sees the history of the human race, dimly, distortedly, and as in a glass, darkly.

Mr. Chesterton has noted that the most practical and important thing about a man is still his view of the universe. His cosmic philosophy is surely the most practical and important thing about the writer of a history of mankind. What invalidates this latest work by Mr. Wells, and puts him completely out of court, is that his cosmic philosophy is quite ingeniously wrong. Although within recent months Mr. Wells has been suffering from a severe attack of obfuscated theological idealism, yet when he contemplates the history of men

³ August, September, and October, 1920.

he remains, in his blood and bones, absurdly, but obstinately, the materialist. He has his facts, or a majority of them, right; he sets them out attractively enough in all conscience, but upon relative values or proportions among those facts or their sequences, he has no sound ideas. His conception of history is the materialistic conception of history: a conception that today is as dead as the dodo. But it is the materialistic conception of history that rules this book and saturates its thirteen hundred pages.

As to more particular matters. In the earlier portion of this stupendous historical pageant Wells is dealing, largely if not entirely, with theories, speculations, probabilities, and hypotheses, not with ascertained and known fact. Here, therefore, are pitfalls innumerable for the writer of powerful imagination who is hampered by materialistic preconceptions and "views" of the origin and destiny of man. Into not a few of them Mr. Wells flounders. Hypotheses he is repeatedly changing into solid facts as gayly as your conjurer turns a rabbit out of a silk hat. Dr. Downey wittily makes this clear in an excellent passage in his first article:⁴

"Mr. Wells' task is to show how the *Homo sapiens* evolved from an ape. He devotes a whole chapter (viii.) to the Pliocene man of group i., without shedding the faintest ray of light on his origin. He discourses pleasantly of *Pithecanthropus*, and illustrates his remarks with a picture of the 'possible appearance' of *Pithecanthropus*—no mean achievement when we reflect that the entire remains consist of a thigh bone, two molar teeth, and the top of a skull. What he does not tell his readers, however, is that the *Pithecanthropus* is the discredited harbinger of the whole family of 'missing links.' Time was when popularizers of 'Science,' following the lead of Haeckel, insisted on the continuous, gradual development of man from the ape through this very *Pithecanthropus* type. Anthropologists, however, insisted that it was not at all clear that the Java remains belonged to the same skeleton, since, though found in the same strata, they were some considerable distance apart. The femur is universally admitted to be human, but many experts consider that the teeth are anthropoid. A fierce battle rages round the skull, some anatomists pronouncing it human, others simian, and others again

⁴ *The Month*, August, 1920, pp. 143, 144.

declaring it to be an intermediate type. The date of the remains, too, is a very vexed question; and, finally, the whole status of the *Pithecanthropus* has been rudely shaken by the recent discovery of several supposed types of prehistoric man which differ essentially from the *Pithecanthropus*—notably the Piltdown man, at present in course of reconstruction from the remains found in Sussex as recently as 1912. As a ‘missing link,’ therefore, the *Pithecanthropus* is pretty generally abandoned, but Mr. Wells, though he has not succeeded in finding another to take its place, remains unshaken in his belief that the prehuman ancestor was an ape.”

And, somewhat later in his article, Dr. Downey comments:

“All this chatter of Mr. Wells about arboreal apes, and his highly imaginative descriptions of Pliocene and Neanderthal man are somewhat beside the point, since ‘no stage in the ancestry of man may have been very like either one or other of these extinct races.’⁵ We are relieved, therefore, when Mr. Wells turns his attention, and ours, to the new human type, indicated by the third group of remains, the *Homo sapiens*, or *recens*. We are consumed with eagerness to know something of the antecedents of this race; we are thrilled to think that in this chapter Mr. Wells is at last about to solve the knotty problem of our simian ancestry. But all the knowledge that Mr. Wells imparts on this vital question is compressed into one single period: ‘At present we can only guess where and how, through the slow ages, parallel with the Neanderthal cousin, these first *true men* arose out of some more ape-like progenitor’ (page 52, Mr. Wells’ italics). So, after all, when it comes to discussing the origin of the first true men, Mr. Wells is only guessing! *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* But to soften the blow the guess is accompanied by a colored plate of ‘Our Neanderthaloid Ancestor.’ Observe the unobtrusive manner in which Mr. Wells bridges the gulf between groups ii. and iii. In a parenthesis, mark you, the extinct *Homo Neanderthalensis*, a type of ‘nearly human creatures,’ says Mr. Wells, is suddenly raised to the rank of cousin to the first true men. Mr. Wells is an adept at this kind of logical theft. Having, with the aid of a colored plate, persuaded the reader that the *Homo Neanderthalensis* was almost human, Mr. Wells proceeds to foist him on to the

⁵ *Science Progress*, July, 1920, p. 90.

British Public as a *cousin*! To such shifts is the new logic reduced in the interests of the inspiring belief that man is descended from an ape. *Venite adoremus!*"

This is the Wells' method throughout in dealing with the period anterior to recorded history. He has surmised and opined and guessed and speculated and spread his "may have beens" and "probablys" and "surelys" over page after page. He has not produced convincing evidence. Not once has he *proved*. Upon another aspect of this speculative fallacy Mr. Belloc, in the *Dublin Review* article⁶ already referred to, has devastatingly animadverted:

"Take again this sentence of Mr. Wells': 'It is practically certain that at the end of the last Glacial Age the Mediterranean was a couple of land-locked sea basins.' It is not practically certain. It is not certain at all. It is just about even chances that the Mediterranean has fallen or risen in the last long process of change. The Mediterranean may well have been at the end of the last Glacial Age a couple of land-locked independent seas—or it may not. It is an hypothesis based upon the *present* proportion of salt in the Mediterranean and upon the *present* river discharge into it—that is, upon its *present* climatic conditions. One could, from the miserable shreds of evidence available, argue the other way. One could argue from the remains of human activity in what are now desert African watercourses, that the discharge into the Mediterranean was formerly much greater than it is today. One could argue from classical literature that the Mediterranean climate had grown drier and hotter within the last 3,000 years. The whole thing is just a piece of guesswork. All we know with any positive knowledge about the Mediterranean is that it has been from the beginning of recorded time exactly what it is today. No material condition is eternal; the Mediterranean must be either fuller now than it was at some hypothetical date, ten, or twenty, or one hundred thousand years ago, or less full; and you have about as much reason to say the one thing as the other, in the almost entire lack of anything which would be called, in the ordinary affairs of this world, evidence."

And when, in the course of his secular survey, Mr. Wells comes down to the history for which, in plenty, indubitable

⁶ Pages 193, 194.

records exist and have been codified, he does little, if anything, to increase our confidence in him as a guide. His materialistic bias is again constantly darkening counsel and casting a gloomy shadow upon his path. His estimates of such colossal and memorable historical figures as Alexander and Julius Cæsar are curiously colored by his contemporary prejudices. One does not readily forget Oswald's monumentally idiotic outburst in *Joan and Peter*, wherein he asserted the superiority of Salisbury, as a statesman, to Cicero ("because his horizon was larger"). Similar petulancies manifest themselves constantly throughout the pages wherein he treats of the Graeco-Roman world. One would like to hear Dr. Warde Fowler's comment upon the Wellsian Julius Cæsar, or Professor J. B. Bury's opinion of the Wellsian Alexander! Professor Gilbert Murray and Mr. Ernest Barker, the experts who have read Mr. Wells' chapters on these two protagonists of the ancient history of Greece and Rome, have shown themselves singularly forbearing and self-effacing in the occasional footnotes they have appended to the text.

Mr. Wells, this is perhaps the right place to remark, makes a great parade of having submitted his work to the correction and criticism of his scholarly friends. Yet they seem to have thought silence golden far more frequently than was either right or necessary. And his "specialists," one should note, have all been hand-picked by Mr. Wells. One cannot help feeling that his chapters on Periclean Athens and on the later Roman Empire would have met with severe criticism and drastic revision at the hands of such admittedly authoritative specialists as Bury and Dill, had this portion of *The Outline* been submitted to them. Mr. Wells contrives to write the history of the later Roman Empire without once mentioning Sir Samuel Dill's two epoch-making studies: *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius* (which was characterized a few years ago by Mr. Asquith, in his Rectorial address at Glasgow University, as "a masterpiece of scholarship, philosophic insight, and literary charm") and *Roman Society in the last Era of the Western Empire* (of which James Bryce has written: "Nothing better in the way of a study of social and intellectual life in the remote past, nothing more careful in its analysis or more discriminating in its judgments seems to me to have appeared for a long while"). Indeed, Wells

has, on the whole, preferred to depend upon the smaller handbooks—compilations from compilations. And, at every turn, the Wellsian idiosyncrasy and the Wellsian temperament keep getting between the author and the stark, irrefragable facts of history.

When he comes to treat of the beginnings and growth of the Christian religion, Mr. Wells' account is not merely ludicrously inadequate; it is confoundedly superior. Clearly, he has read nothing of any palmary authority upon what he undertakes to describe and analyze—unless it be Harnack's *History of Dogma* (a work even now sadly superseded). Here, if anywhere, Mr. Wells stood in pitiable need of "experts" to correct and control his version. Yet he undertakes to expatriate upon the Divine Mind of Christ, upon the story of the God-Man's sojourn upon this earth, and upon the progress of Christianity after the death of its Founder; and the result is that, again and again, what he writes is nothing more nor less than grotesque drivel. He compiles his account entirely without prejudice as to the fundamental historical record. Throughout this portion of *The Outline* he writes with the gay verve and magnificent abandon of his early scientific romances—with an even gayer verve and an even more magnificent abandon, for in *The Time Machine* and in *The First Men in the Moon* he had perforce to keep within a certain inalterable framework of accepted physical and mechanical fact and convention. Here, however, although history stares him in the face, he romances unashamedly, permuting and combining the realities of the record with a glorious irresponsibility.

Like Ritschl he refuses all interpretation of Jesus Christ that would transcend the limits of human experience. The tremendous and unique claim of Christ upon the loyalty and submission of mankind, he simply will not recognize. He misses the central fact of all pre-Christian history: that it was a divinely ordained preparation for the adorable mystery of the Incarnation, and that with the coming of Christ and His Death upon the Cross, the sum of human life and human aspiration was instantly carried up to a new and infinitely higher level; that, in short, the Incarnation of the Son of God was a unique and emphatic remedial intervention. Believing Christians will passionately repudiate the whole temper and

mind of these chapters. Reason and common sense and human experience reject them. Mr. Wells' arguments (if so feeble a logomachy can be dignified by the name argument) will neither wear nor wash. Of the whole exquisitely beautiful and intricately wrought yet sublimely simple structure of the Christian Doctrine of the Trinity, and of the Sacraments, and of the Divine Constitution of the Church, Mr. Wells has no faintest glimmering of understanding or appreciation. He would defecate Christianity to an ethical transparency. Far from being Christian, Mr. Wells' optimism is the shoddiest sentimentalism. Even Cotter Morison had more to say for himself—and said it better!

Upon page after page after page of this extraordinary pot-pourri of history, fantasy, fiction, and prejudice, there stand out statements, insinuations and suggestions urgently requiring destructive criticism or outright refutation. But to do so would transcend magazine limits. The only adequate review of *The Outline of History* from the Christian standpoint would be a rejoinder in two volumes of the same size by a group of experts of the calibre of men like Hilaire Belloc, Sir Bertram Windle and Father Herbert Thurston. A thoroughly scholarly and scientific counterblast of the kind is urgently needed. For, after all, the whole viciously aberrant modern intellectual attitude is set out and summed up in this *Outline*, which is a veritable monument and display of the ruinous collapse and utter disintegration of contemporary thought outside the Church. Here is the target, in fine—where are the marksmen?

* * * *

In the closing words of his memorable London *Mercury* article, Belloc has said the final word—no one alive today is better qualified, or has a better right, to say it—on Mr. Wells' *Outline of History*:

"This book is written in and for a particular phase in the disintegration of a particular religion. That religion was the religion of the man who took for his authority in philosophy the literal meaning of every English word in an English seventeenth-century translation of the Canonical Catholic Scriptures: who knew nothing outside that, and hated and feared what might have expanded his knowledge. He instinctively shrank from the grandeur of classical antiquity,

its expanded tradition and its fruit in the armies of Christendom and the Creed. The vast modern extension of physical and historical science blew his Authorized Version idol to pieces. He lost his Faith, but he desperately maintained his Ethic. He still, in his heart of hearts, thinks 'alcohol' naughty and dreads to play cards—especially on Sunday. He doesn't understand poetry—he has a vague suspicion that it is immoral. He associates gloom with truth. There are myriads of him about. Things are going at such a pace that he may quite soon be rid of his curse, shake himself, and wake up a happy man. Civilization is recovering, and will help him to convalescence in England and America—for the Tide in our Civilization has turned. So much for the book. It will have a prodigious vogue in its own world and an early grave."

TO DAME PAULA, O.S.B.

(For Her Profession.)

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

FROM your high convent window whence you look
Over the immeasurable line of sea,
From the great pages of your chanting book
Wherewith you tune your heart to gayety,
From your beautiful silence and the narrow girth
Of your cool cloister I am far removed—
Though sharing with you the goodliest thing of earth
The knowledge that I love and am beloved.

With neither scorn nor envy of your lot
I pass with your sister who is now my bride
(For love is single and divided not
Though in a thousand forms diversified)
Mindful that He Whom all the world forgot,
The Lord of love, in dereliction died.

SOME FRENCH-CANADIAN PROSE WRITERS.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, PH.D., LITT.D.



THE most distinctive characteristic of French letters is the wealth and wisdom of its criticism. Whatever opinions may be held as to the place of French poets in the world's Valhalla of poetry, the very first place is readily conceded to French criticism for its breadth and sanity, its universal judgments, its fine canons of taste, its clearness and beauty, and its always just proportion of analysis and synthesis.

Nothing, indeed, can be finer than the French schools of criticism, from Boileau to Sainte Beuve, and from Montaigne to Brunetière. Today, in France, we have representatives of the two schools of criticism—the objective and subjective. The late Ferdinand Brunetière occupied for years the leadership of the objective or scientific method of criticism; while at the head of the subjective we have Anatole France and Jules Lemaître.

This gift and instinct for criticism, a very tradition and inheritance of France, was borne across the sea by its sons and daughters, when they settled, early in the seventeenth century, upon the banks of the St. Lawrence. It has developed and ripened with the centuries; nor has this breadth of intellectual vision that marks the scholar in France been wanting to his kinsman in Quebec, whose literary horizon is necessarily more limited.

There is but one department of letters, in which English genius has surpassed French genius in Canada, and that is fiction. We think it will be conceded by any one who has made an adequate and sympathetic study of the whole field of Canadian poetry, that the poetic work of Crémazie, Lemay, Fréchette and Chapman is quite the equal of that of any four English-speaking poets in Canada; though a fairer comparison would be with any four English-speaking poets in any province of Canada.

In the department of history Quebec will never be obliged to take a second place while it has on its roll of his-

torical writers the worthy and brilliant name of Francis Xavier Garneau. Until Kingsford appeared, there was really no historian in Canada to match with Garneau; and considering the conditions under which the latter wrote his history of Canada, it must be conceded that Garneau's is the greater performance. "As an historian," says a well-known Canadian writer, "Garneau stands preëminent in our republic of letters; he is at once our Macaulay, Hume, Guizot and Thiers, and we may conscientiously say that he has written the best history of Canada ever printed."

Referring to Garneau's style, the late Abbé Casgrain, in his essay *Un Contemporain*, writes: "His style is commensurate with the loftiness of his thought and reveals him as a choice writer. He has amplitude, precision and brightness. His style is especially remarkable for its strength and energy." Garneau was occupied in writing his great history¹ from 1840 to 1848—years of stress and strain in Canadian political life, when racial animosity was being accentuated by the growing predominance, real or assumed, of an English majority in the Canadian Parliament.

We will pass over here the historical works of Ferland and Sulte, both of which reveal painstaking research and verified accuracy, as they belong rather to the domain of Church history and ethnology than to the dramatic stage setting of history.

In fiction, Quebec has yielded us nothing of the first order, though it has supplied Sir Gilbert Parker and Mrs. Catherwood with subjects that have lent themselves readily to two meritorious and popular historical romances—*The Seats of the Mighty* and *The Dollards*. French-Canadian fiction is not, however, without value; and we will indicate here a few of its representative works. When the late Abbé Casgrain, in 1860, gathered around him, in the very shadow of the Basilica of Quebec, a group of writers who created *Les Soirées Canadiennes* and *Le Foyer Canadien* and who were known as "The Pleiades of Quebec," the aged Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, who formed one of the group, gave to French-Canadian letters its first work of fiction, under the title of *Les Anciens Canadiens* (The Canadians of Old).² As Abbé Camille Roy says: "This

¹ Translated into English by Andrew Bell.

² The English translation is by the Canadian poet, C. D. Roberts.

novel is in truth a first series of memoirs which constitute the first confidences of the author with the public, one of the chief heroes of the story being none other than M. d'Haberville, the grandfather of M. de Gaspé, who did his duty as a soldier in the war of the conquest of Quebec, and whose *manoir* was burned by the English.

Then we have the novel, *Jacques et Marie*, based on the story of the deportation of the Acadians which gave Longfellow his theme for the beautiful idyll of "Evangeline," and, as its sub-title states, is a souvenir of a dispersed people. The author of this touching story is Napoleon Bourassa, architect and painter, who was born in 1827 and educated at the Petit Seminaire de St. Sulpice.

Born almost contemporaneously with the author of *Jacques et Marie* and one of "The Pleiades of Quebec," Mr. Gerin-Lajoie will be remembered for his unique novel, *Jean Ruard*, which deals in an interesting manner with the story of the colonists in Quebec. Abbé Roy calls *Jean Ruard* a rustic book, all impregnated with the aroma of the forest. We have nothing just like it in the English fiction of Canada, save it be Mrs. Moodie's *Roughing It in the Bush*, which, however, lacks unity and plot.

It remained for a French-Canadian writer to seek the subject for a novel outside of Canada, in order to reveal the gifts and qualities that go to the making and creating of genuine fiction. The late Sir Adolphe Routhier of Quebec, author of the stirring Canadian National Song, *O Canada!* in his novel, *The Centurion*, a tale of the time of Christ, gives us a real novel of worth, "the most substantial," as Abbé Roy holds, "that has yet appeared in French-Canadian literature." Continuing, Abbé Camille Roy writes: "This novel of Judge Routhier's contains more history, more geography, more ideas, I will not say more love, than all the others that have, up to the present, appeared in our French Province. And this advancement should be noted, seeing that the novel is a species of writing that develops slowly and with difficulty amongst us; and seeing especially that this kind of writing supposes or implies that the author possesses a very rich and supple mind; and seeing, in fine, that this complexity of the novel could be one of the reasons why but few have undertaken to write fiction here." Quebec has produced many writers whose contributions have

not been so much creative as valuable compilations of historical data and annals precious to *literati* who seek setting and background of fact wherein to cradle the offspring of their imagination. Amongst these a first place must be given to the late Sir James Lemoine, whose *Legends and Chronicles of the St. Lawrence* has been a very mine for Canadian writers.

To Lemoine Sir Gilbert Parker is indebted for the data which made possible the creation of perhaps his most popular novel, *The Seats of the Mighty*. At his quaint manorial home, Spencer Grange, hard by Quebec, Sir James often entertained many of the most distinguished writers of the day. That must, indeed, have been a delightful fête at Spencer Grange in September, 1864, when George Augustus Sala of the London *Telegraph* met Francis X. Garneau, the historian of Canada, old Abbé Ferland, historiographer, Professor La Rue of Laval University, Dr. J. C. Taché, the well-known essayist on Confederation, and the Honorable Joseph Cauchon, the editor of *Le Journal de Québec*. It may be here added that Sir James Lemoine was an intimate friend of the American historian, Parkman, and frequently entertained him at his home.

On the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897, when Sir James Lemoine was the recipient of knighthood, his gifted *confrère* in Canadian letters, Dr. Louis Fréchette addressed to him a beautiful sonnet of which the following is a translation of the opening lines: "You have saved from oblivion many a legend, Venerable Toiler, laden with glorious booty; you have entwined for our literary knights many a garland and snatched from forgetfulness more than one remote secret."

Dr. Charles Joseph Taché, brother of the late Archbishop Taché of Winnipeg, was born at Kamouraska, Quebec, in 1820. Taché was related to the first three settlers in Quebec, Hébert, Couillard and Martin, who lived in Quebec in the time of Champlain; and on his father's side he was a descendant of Louis Joliet, the explorer of the Mississippi. In many respects Taché was one of the most remarkable men that French Canada has produced. He was a brilliant polemist and a man of prodigious erudition. His work on the Confederation of the Canadian Provinces is a masterpiece. His *Forestiers et*

Voyageurs makes also delightful reading. In this work there is a most interesting chapter, entitled "La Rentrée au Camp," from which we would like to quote if space permitted. For his distinguished services to French-Canadian literature, the French Government created Dr. Taché a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

Contemporary with Napoleon Bourassa, Gerin-Lajoie and Dr. Taché, lived Dr. Chauveau, novelist, poet and politician. Dr. Chauveau was placed at the head of the department of Public Instruction for Quebec in 1876. His two chief works are *L'Ancien Chapitre de Québec* and *François-Xavier Garneau: sa vie et ses œuvres*.

We have reserved for consideration and appraisal three other French-Canadian writers of notable gifts—Abbé Casgrain, Sir Adolphe Routhier and Abbé Camille Roy, only one of whom survives, Abbé Casgrain having died some ten years ago and Sir Adolphe a few months ago.

Rev. Henri Raymond Casgrain, who was born in 1831 at Rivière Ouelle, P. Q., equally distinguished as an historian and critic, was educated at the College of Ste. Anne and the Quebec Seminary, and made three extended visits to Europe in 1858, 1867 and 1873 in quest of historical material, obtaining the journal and papers of Maréchal de Levis, as well as the personal papers of General Montcalm. He received the degree of Doctor of Letters from Laval University in 1877, and was elected President of the Royal Society of Canada in 1889.

The Abbé is justly regarded as the chief of French-Canadian biographers. In 1861 appeared his first work, *Les Légendes Canadiennes*; in 1864 *L'Histoire de la Mère Marie de l'Incarnation*; in 1885 *Biographies Canadiennes*; in 1888 *Un Pèlerinage au pays d'Évangéline*, which was crowned by the French Academy; and in 1891 his work on Montcalm and Levis. It should be added that to the complete edition of Crémazie's poems Abbé Casgrain contributed a most scholarly and appreciative introduction; and besides writing a number of unpretentious poems, made an admirable translation into French of Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon."

Foremost of French-Canadian prose writers may be regarded the late Sir Adolphe Routhier, who recently passed away at the ripe age of eighty-one. Judge Routhier was born at St. Placide, P. Q., in 1839, and received his education at the

College of Ste. Thérèse and Laval University. It is worth noting that in his boarding quarters at Laval, Sir Adolphe had, as neighboring room-mate, the poet, Dr. Fréchette. Judge Routhier was essentially a critic and *conférencier*. In all his works he reveals a breadth of scholarship, a supreme literary taste and a poise of judgment surpassing that of any other Canadian writer, either English or French. No other Canadian writer that we know of is so little swayed in the predilections of his judgments by mere personal or racial prepossessions as Judge Routhier. He had the unerring instinct of the French mind to discern in the literature of the world what is truly a masterpiece; and he struck off with chaste pen in epigram and antithesis the literary values and virtues—the salient qualities of every writer he appraised.

Take, for instance, the following contrast which he institutes between the great romanticist, Chateaubriand, and the eminent French apologist and critic, De Maistre: "Chateaubriand reacts against literary paganism, De Maistre against impious mockery. One could say that Chateaubriand made a tour of the Catholic temple to admire its form, but he did not enter it; while De Maistre passed through the interior of the edifice and even sounded it to its foundation to show the world the unshakable Stone upon which it is seated."

Again, speaking of Victor Hugo and contrasting him with Lamartine, Judge Routhier writes: "Hugo's imagination was equally a marvel. We know but two men who can be compared to him in this respect: Shakespeare and Lope de Vega. . . . As a lyric poet, Hugo rises higher than all his contemporaries, but he descends also lower. Several critics prefer Lamartine to him, and in a certain respect they are right. Lamartine is more equal, and if he astonishes less, he charms more. Both are, indeed, poets of the soul, but in Lamartine it is the sentimental which dominates while in Hugo it is the intellectual."

The author's massive work, *Les Grands Drames*, is an able and searching study of the work of Sophocles, Æschylus, Shakespeare, Goethe, Corneille, Racine and Victor Hugo. Referring to the great Elizabethan dramatist, Routhier writes: "The theatre of Shakespeare is far superior, considered on the moral side, to the French contemporary theatre. It does not destroy the respect for authority, the traditions of the father of the

family, the marital bond. It preaches neither free love nor illicit love."

Judge Routhier's chief works are: *Causeries du Dimanche*; *Portraits et Pastels Littéraires*; *A Travers L'Europe*; *En Canot*; *Les Echos*; *A Travers L'Espagne*; *Les Grands Drames*; *Le Centurion* (a Romance), and *Conférences et Discours*. It was the latter which established his reputation as a literary critic.

Rev. Joseph Camille Roy was born at Berthier, P. Q., in 1870. There are several brothers of the Roys, of whom one is the Coadjutor Archbishop of Quebec, and all of them seem to have been born to the literary purple. Abbé Camille Roy was educated at the Quebec Seminary, Laval University, L'Institut Catholique, and the Sorbonne, Paris. He is the founder of *La Société du Parler Français du Canada*, and was elected a member of the Royal Society of Canada in 1904. His chief works are: *Nos Origines Littéraires* and *Nouveaux Essais sur la Littérature Canadienne*. The latter is a very scholarly and discriminating study of the work of some of the most prominent French-Canadian writers, such as De Gaspé, Gerin-Lajoie, Louis Fréchette, Judge Routhier and Thomas Chapais.

There still remain two French-Canadian publicists and journalists whose work has been a force in molding public opinion in every quarter of French Canada: Jules Paul Tardivel, founder and director, for many years, of *La Vérité* of Quebec and Henri Bourassa, founder and director of *Le Devoir*, unquestionably the most ably edited French journal in Canada. M. Tardivel, who was known as "the Louis Veuillot of Canada," filled a unique place in French-Canadian journalism. He was, without a doubt, a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, and made of his little weekly journal, *La Vérité*, a tremendous force in the Catholic life of Quebec. Though dead since 1905, the traditions of this fearless Catholic journalistic crusader still survive, and give strength and inspiration to those who battle for knightly honor and Catholic truth. M. Tardivel's published works are: *Vie du Pape Pie IX.: Ses Œuvres et ses Douleurs*; *Notes de Voyage, 1890*, and *La Situation Religieuse aux Etats-Unis*.

Henri Bourassa, the director of *Le Devoir*, is much more than a Canadian figure; he is a continental figure. He is, too, probably one of the best informed journalists in America, and writes and speaks with equal facility both French and English.

He maintains a thesis with a force of logic, at once cumulative, convincing and crushing. His style is like to a mountain stream gathering force as it frets the narrow channel of a valley. M. Bourassa has published in all some twenty books, many of them being in brochure form. His most widely read volumes are: *Hier, Aujourd'hui, Demain*; *Que Devons-nous à Angleterre*; *La Canada Apostolique*, and *Le Pape Arbitre de la Paix*.

It would be impossible in an article necessarily limited as is this to touch upon all the French-Canadian prose writers. There are, indeed, many others worthy of notice, such as Oscar Dunn, Thomas Chapais, Adolphe Gagnon, and the two Abbés Gosselins whose works, *La Vie de Monseigneur Laval* and *L'Instruction au Canada sous le Régime français*, are valuable contributions to Canadian literature. Nor should we omit here to speak of the group of French-Canadian writers who created and contributed to "*Les Soirées du Château Ramezay*" in Montreal. French-Canadian prose writers inherit the taste and traditions of their *mère patrie*; and with singular devotion have cultivated, upon the banks of the St. Lawrence, a prose literature worthy of the genius of their gifted forebears in the land of Montaigne, Boileau, Sainte Beuve and Brunetière.

THE LIFE'S WORK OF J. H. NEWMAN.

BY HERBERT LUCAS, S.J.

III.

EARLIER CATHOLIC WRITINGS.



IT will be within the knowledge of almost every reader of these pages, that between his reception into the Catholic Church in 1845 and his elevation to the dignity of Cardinal in 1879, Newman underwent a series of very severe trials and disappointments. Of these the chief were (1) the circumstances which led to his resignation in 1857 of the Rectorship of the Catholic University of Ireland; (2) the collapse of the scheme for a new English version of the Holy Scriptures, of which he (by invitation) was to have been the editor; (3) the grave suspicions under which he fell through his association with the chief writers for *The Rambler* and *The Home and Foreign Review*, viz.: Acton, Simpson, Wetherell, and others; (4) the frustration of the plan for the establishment of an Oratory at Oxford, and other troubles therewith connected; (5) and lastly, the serious imputations against his orthodoxy consequent on his opposition to the definition of Papal Infallibility as being, in his judgment, inopportune, even though the doctrine itself had been part of his belief ever since he had become a Catholic.

About each of these trials much might be said, and their story is told at length and in detail in Mr. Wilfrid Ward's biography. But without in the least wishing to minimize their gravity and their highly instructive significance, it is no part of my purpose to dwell upon them here. For it may be more profitable to concentrate attention rather on the work which Newman did, than upon the obstacles which from time to time blocked or seemed to block his way.

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The first years of Newman's life as a Catholic were mainly taken up with a journey to Milan and Rome, where he decided

to join the Congregation of the Oratory, made his novitiate, and was ordained priest, and, after his return, with the establishment of the Oratory at Birmingham and in London.

It was during his stay in Rome, in 1847, that he wrote, and published anonymously, *Loss and Gain, the Story of a Convert*. The book is, as has been said, in no sense autobiographical. Charles Reding, the hero, far from being like Newman himself at the time of his conversion, a don of high repute and a leader of men, is an undergraduate reading for, and passing, his examinations. He has made no profound study of the early Fathers as Newman had done, and the whole process of his conversion is shorter by many years than that of Newman. Yet *Loss and Gain* has, at least indirectly, its autobiographical significance, inasmuch as the objections urged against the Catholic Church by Reding's friends, Carlton and Campbell, and even by Bateman, may be taken as representing, to some extent at least, the difficulties which had been felt by Newman himself. And the state of mind of one to whom the hollowness of the Anglican position is becoming more and more clear, yet who cannot at once see his way to submission to the Catholic Church (which was Newman's case during the years 1841-45) is sympathetically described.

"It seemed that Charles had no *intention*, either now or at any future day, of joining the Church of Rome; that he felt he could not take such a step at present without distinct sin; that it would be simply against his conscience to do so; . . . that he felt that nothing could justify so serious an act but the conviction that he could not be saved in the Church to which he belonged; that he had no such feeling; that he had no definite case against his own Church sufficient for leaving it, nor any definite view that the Church of Rome was the one Church of Christ; that still he could not help suspecting that one day he should think otherwise, he conceived the day might come, nay would come, when he should have that conviction which at present he had not, and which of course would be a call on him to act upon it, by leaving the Church of England for that of Rome; he could not tell distinctly why he so anticipated, except that there were so many things which he thought right in the Church of Rome, and so many which he thought wrong in the Church of England; and because, too, the more he had the opportunity of hearing and seeing, the greater

cause he had to admire and revere the Roman Catholic system, and to be dissatisfied with his own."¹ In a word he was well on his way to Catholicism, but did not yet see his way with sufficient clearness for decisive action.

Soon after Newman's return to England in 1848, he was invited to preach several Lenten sermons in various churches in London. To his great disappointment they were but poorly attended, and he felt a good deal discouraged. But in the following year, 1849, his *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, preached in Birmingham, drew large audiences of Protestants as well as Catholics, and when published may be said to have secured Newman's reputation as a Catholic preacher and writer. They were regarded as "wonderful efforts in a species of oratory far more ornate than the chastened simplicity of the Oxford Parochial Sermons."²

His next undertaking of a public nature was the delivery and publication of the lectures on *Difficulties of Anglicans*. They were given, during 1850, in the church of the London Oratory, then situated in King William Street. Mr. Ward notes that they afford the only instance, in Newman's career, of what his biographer calls "aggressive" as distinct from "defensive" controversy, and in this respect they may be contrasted with the "Letters" to Pusey and the Duke of Norfolk, with the lectures on *The Present Position of Catholics in England* and with the *Apologia*. The task of preparing them was, Mr. Ward assures us, uncongenial to the lecturer, and, in fact, he is able to quote Newman's own statement to a correspondent that he was writing them "against the grain." But I am disposed to think that the grounds of his, perhaps temporary, dislike for the task are to be found, not in any distaste for controversy, or even for "aggressive" controversy as such, but rather in his conviction that "the controversy with the Church of England did not go to the root of the deepest difficulties of the day," which were, the objections leveled against all revealed religion.³

However this may be, the lectures, like most of Newman's Catholic writings, were called forth by a particular occasion which, in this instance, was what is known as "the Gorham case." The Anglican Bishop of Exeter "had refused to insti-

¹*Loss and Gain*, pp. 334, 335.

²Ward, *Newman*, 1., 228.

³*Ibid.*, p. 131.

tute Mr. G. C. Gorham to the Vicarage of Bransford Speke on the ground that he denied the doctrine of baptismal regeneration." This decision was confirmed by the Court of Arches but was overruled and reversed by the Privy Council. "Here," says Mr. Ward, "was a glaring case of the civil power asserting its supremacy over the spiritual as to what was the orthodox doctrine, . . . and making its decision on behalf of latitudinarian doctrine. Many Tractarians who had hitherto held back from Rome, including such influential men as Hope-Scott, Manning and T. W. Allies, felt keenly this challenge to their position. Their following in Newman's footsteps appeared to be imminent. A strongly signed protest was at once drawn up, at the house of Mr. Hope-Scott in Curzon Street, against the action of the Privy Council. The matter caused great excitement in the Press and among Anglicans generally, and seemed to call for some public comment from Newman."⁴

In the preface to the volume on *Difficulties of Anglicans* Newman disclaims the intention of attempting "an exhibition of the direct evidences for Catholicism." Apart from the fact that this would be "a work which could not be executed by any who undertook it except in leisure and with great deliberation," he is convinced that such a work "*is not the want of the moment*," a characteristic phrase which deserves to be noted. To meet "the need of the moment" was at all times Newman's aim, from the days of the *Tracts for the Times* down to his very latest article, in reply to Principal Fairbairn, written in 1885. But why was "a formal dissertation on the Notes of the Church" not, in his opinion, "the want of the moment?" Because "at present the thinking portion of society is [either] very near the Catholic Church," as in the case of the Tractarians who still remained outside the fold, "or very far from her," as he believed to be the case with the vast majority of Englishmen. "The first duty of Catholics," he says, "is to house those in who are near her doors; it will be time afterwards to see how things lie" on a more "extended field." And he presently continues: "Those surely who are advancing towards the Church, would not have advanced so far, had they not had sufficient arguments to bring them forward. What retards their progress is not any weakness in

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 230.

their arguments, but the force of opposite considerations . . . which are urged, sometimes against the Church, sometimes against their submitting to her authority." Accordingly, he set himself to the limited task of smoothing the way for those who were already "very near," yet still outside, the Church.*

Of his mode of reasoning with those of his old friends and comrades, the Tractarians, who still remained where they were, the space at my disposal will allow me to give only one specimen. The Tractarians, he says, had strangely overlooked the essentially Erastian character of the ecclesiastical organization of which they were members. "These men understood the nature of the Church," as instituted by Christ Our Lord, "far better than they understood the nature of the Establishment which they sought to defend. They saw in it, indeed, a contrariety to their Apostolical principles, but they seem to have imagined that such contrariety was an accident in its constitution, and was capable of a cure. They did not understand that the Establishment was set up in Erastianism," that is to say, by the civil government, "that Erastianism was its essence, and that to destroy Erastianism was to destroy the Establishment. The [Tractarian] Movement, then, and the Establishment were in simple antagonism from the first, although neither party knew it; they were logical contradictions; they could not be true together; what was the life of the one was the death of the other. The sole ambition of the Establishment was to be the creature of the State; the sole ambition of the Movement was to force it to act for itself."†

In connection with this passage it may be useful to remark, in passing, that the present movement in favor of the "Enabling Bill," now under consideration in Parliament, a bill which has for its purpose to secure for the Establishment a certain measure of autonomy, does not go to the root of the difficulty. For even supposing the Bill to be skillfully drafted and successfully carried through, it would still remain true that the Establishment owed to Parliament, and not to any spiritual authority, such measure of liberty as might be conferred upon it by the legislature.

But to return to Newman's argument. The Tractarian party, he says, set out with the rather naïve idea of helping the Establishment by making it more Catholic. "It was easy

* *Difficulties of Anglicans*, 1. (Preface).

† *Ibid.*, p. 105.

to foresee," he says, "what response the Establishment would make to its officious defenders, as soon as it could recover from its surprise; but experience was necessary to teach this to men who knew more of St. Athanasius than of the Privy Council or the Court of Arches." The Tracts had protested against the idea that the Establishment was the creation of the State. "Did the State make us? Can it unmake us? Can it send out missionaries? Can it arrange dioceses?" As if in answer to these questions His Majesty, King William IV., forthwith proclaims that "We, having great confidence in the learning, morals, and probity of our well-beloved William Grant Broughton, do name and appoint him to be Bishop and ordinary pastor of the See of Australia, . . . and we do hereby declare that if we, our heirs and successors, shall think fit to recall or revoke the appointment of the said Bishop of Australia, or his successors, every such Bishop shall, to all intents and purposes, cease to be Bishop of Australia. . . . And we do hereby give and grant to the said Bishop of Australia full power and authority to confirm those that are baptized and come to years of discretion, and to perform all other functions peculiar and appropriate to the office of Bishop within the said diocese of Australia."⁷

Again, the Tractarians, relying on the testimony of antiquity, had magnified the office of Bishop, and attached the highest authority to their judicial pronouncements on, for instance, the orthodoxy of a book. But again the answer came, this time from an Archbishop of the Establishment itself. This dignitary expresses himself as follows: "Many persons look with considerable interest to the declarations on such matters that from time to time are put forth by Bishops in their charges, or on other occasions. But on most of the points to which I have been alluding, a Bishop's declarations have no more weight, except what they derive from his personal character, than any anonymous pamphlet would have. The points are mostly such as he has no power to decide, even in reference to his own diocese; and as to legislation for the Church, or authoritative declaration on many of the most important matters, neither any one Bishop, nor all collectively, have any more right of this kind than the ordinary Magistrates have to take on themselves the function of *Parliament*."⁸ The

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 107.

⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 111, 112.

Tractarians, Newman argues, cannot logically stay where they are. Either, following their principles, they must go whither those principles lead them, that is to say, to Rome, or they must go back on their principles and acknowledge themselves to have been mistaken from the outset. Could they conscientiously disown those very truths which they had so laboriously acquired?

Like the lectures on *Difficulties of Anglicans*, those which Newman delivered in Birmingham in 1851 on *The Present Position of Catholics in England* were occasioned by a definite crisis, viz.: that of the violent "No Popery" agitation which was set on foot in response to the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in 1850 and to the famous "Letter from outside the Flaminian Gate" in which Cardinal Wiseman announced the appointment of himself and his fellow-bishops with full diocesan powers.

The contrast between the two sets of lectures may be illustrated by a comparison. In the first set Newman is dealing with a field cleared and ploughed and ready for the seed. In the second he has to do with a piece of land which has been overgrown with brambles and thistles and all manner of weeds, and which must first be cleared of these as a necessary preliminary to any process of cultivation. In the first set, as has been seen, he addresses himself to those members of the Tractarian party who had come with him a long way, yet hesitated to take the final step of submission. In the second, he has in view that great mass of Englishmen of whom it may be said, not merely that they are not ripe for conversion, but that, so long as their minds are darkened by a thick cloud of prejudice and Protestant tradition, they are not in the least disposed even to examine into the claims of the Catholic Church. Towards the dispersal of this cloud of hostile prejudice the lectures on "Catholicism in England" (to give them their original title) were directed.

Once more a single passage, or rather, some selected portions of a single passage, must serve as a specimen of a work which must be read at large to be rightly appreciated. The following words are taken from the lecture entitled: "Tradition the Sustaining Power of the Protestant View."

"The establishment of Protestantism," he writes, "was comparatively an easy undertaking in England, without the

population knowing much what Protestantism meant; and I will tell you why: there are certain peculiarities of the English character, which were singularly favorable to the royal purpose [*i. e.*, the purpose of Queen Elizabeth] . . . The legitimate instruments for deciding on the truth of a religion are these two, fact and reason, or in other words the way of history and the way of science; and to both the one and the other of these the English mind is naturally indisposed. Theologians proceed in the way of reasoning; they view Catholic truth as a whole, as one great system, of which part grows out of part, and doctrine corresponds to doctrine. This system they carry out into its fullness, and define in its details, by patient processes of reason; and they learn to prove and defend it by means of frequent disputations and logical developments. Now, all such abstract investigations and controversial exercises are distasteful to an Englishman; . . . we break away from them as dry, uncertain, theoretical and unreal. The other means of attaining religious truth [by one who is not a Catholic] is the way of history; when, namely, from the review of past times and foreign countries, the student determines what was really taught by the Apostles in the beginning. Now an Englishman, as is notorious, takes comparatively little interest in the manners, customs, opinions, or doings of foreign countries. Surrounded by the sea, he is occupied with himself; his attention is concentrated on himself; and he looks abroad only with reference to himself. We are a home people; we like a house to ourselves, and we call it our castle; we look at what is immediately before us; we are eminently practical; we care little for the past; we resign ourselves to existing circumstances; we are neither eclectics nor antiquarians; we live in the present. . .

"Now you see how admirably this temper of the Englishman fits in with the exigencies of Protestantism; for two of the very characteristics of Protestantism are its want of past history, and its want of fixed teaching." On the other hand, "if there is one passion more than another which advantageously distinguishes the Englishman, it is that of personal attachment," particularly in the form of "loyalty to the Sovereign." Now "these . . . peculiarities of the English character . . . lay clear and distinct before the sagacious intellects which were the ruling spirits of the English Reformation." The "way

to be pursued with our countrymen to make Protestantism live . . . was to embody it in the person of its Sovereign. English Protestantism is the religion of the Throne; it is represented, realized, taught, transmitted in the succession of monarchs and an hereditary aristocracy. It is religion grafted upon loyalty, and its strength is not in argument, not in fact, . . . not in an apostolical succession, not in sanction of Scripture—but in a royal road to faith, in backing up a king whom men see, against a Pope whom they do not see.”

The lecturer goes on to point out how, in and from the earlier days of the English Reformation, the forces and influences of the law, of fashion, of literature were all enlisted on behalf of the new-born “Protestant Tradition.” “No wonder, then,” he proceeds, “that Protestantism, being the religion of our literature, has become the tradition of civil intercourse and political life; no wonder that its positions are among the elements of knowledge, unchangeable as the moods of logic, or the idioms of language, or the injunctions of good taste. Elizabeth’s reign is ‘golden,’ Mary is ‘bloody,’ the Church of England is ‘pure and apostolical,’ the Reformers are ‘judicious,’ the Prayer Book is ‘incomparable’ or ‘beautiful,’ the Thirty-Nine Articles are ‘moderate,’ ‘Pope’ and ‘Pagan’ go together, and ‘the Pope, the Devil and the Pretender.’”

If some of these shibboleths have gone out of fashion since Newman delivered his lectures, it is to him in no small measure that we owe their gradual disappearance from current speech. Presently, he goes on: “What chance has a Catholic against so multitudinous, so elementary a Tradition? Here is the Tradition of the Court and of the Law, and of Society, and of Literature, strong in themselves, and acting on each other, and acting on a willing people, and the willing people acting on them, till the whole edifice stands [or seems to stand] self-supported. . . You see [now] what I meant when I spoke of the Tradition of the Pharisees, and said that it might be powerful in influence, though it was argumentatively weak; you see why it is that the fair form of Catholicism, as it exists in the east, west, and south, never crosses the retina of a Protestant’s imagination: it is the incubus of this Tradition which cumbers the land, and opposes an impregnable barrier between us and each individual Protestant whom we happen to address. Whoever he is, he thinks he knows all

about our religion before speaking to us—nay, perhaps much better than we know it ourselves.”⁹

The fact that this Protestant tradition of anti-Catholic prejudice has been in great measure weakened since the fifties of the last century is one for which we may be thankful. Yet we must not conceal from ourselves the no less unquestionable fact that to a large extent the old-fashioned bigotry has only given place to a more insidious foe, that of religious indifferentism; a change which Newman himself very clearly foresaw, as will presently appear.

The year 1852 found Newman in Ireland, where his brief tenure of the office of Rector of the Catholic University provided the occasion for his lectures on “The Scope and Nature of University Education” and on “The Idea of a University,”¹⁰ as well as for others, some of which are included in the volumes which now bear the title of *Historical Sketches*. His main topic in the former series was the relation between religious and secular knowledge, and the function of a University in the cultivation of both. At an earlier period, almost immediately after his conversion, Newman had entertained the idea that the Oxford converts might be utilized for the theological training of the clergy, who were, he thought, inadequately acquainted with the historical aspects of theology. These hopes having come to nothing, so far as he personally was concerned (though the need has since been recognized and in part met), the next best thing to be done would be to train up a generation of highly educated laymen, who should be able to present a firm front to those attacks upon revealed religion which, as has been said, he foresaw as a great and imminent danger in the future.

To exclude religion and theology from a scheme of higher education, as was being done in the recently established “godless” Queen’s Colleges in Ireland, would be to attempt to build an arch without a keystone. On the other hand there were, he thought, two dangers of an opposite character to be guarded against, viz.: (a) Any proposal unduly to restrict the reading and the literary education of Catholic young men, and (b) a certain unwillingness to welcome and encourage scientific or historical research, lest the outcome of such research might

⁹ *Present Position of Catholics*, pp. 45-54.

¹⁰ Now published in one volume, under the latter title.

come into apparent conflict with revealed truth. Such apprehensions, he was convinced, savored of an unworthy timidity, as though any portion or department of truth could be in real opposition to another, even though it might be impossible, for awhile, explicitly to bring them into harmony.

It would, however, be a very serious mistake to imagine that Newman was solicitous only for liberty of scientific and historical research. He was even more keenly alert to the danger arising from the proneness of scientific experts to overpass the limits of their own branches of knowledge, and either to apply the processes of the unaided and unguided human reason to revealed mysteries, as the early heretics had done, or, like the modern agnostic, to treat religion as a subject in relation to which no truth and no certainty was attainable, just because it was not attainable by the methods which they rightly employed in dealing with physical facts or phenomena. Already in his *Oxford University Sermons* he had dealt with the popular notion that faith rests on weak grounds, reason on strong grounds, a notion which, as he points out, itself rests in large measure on a mischievous confusion of mind as to the meaning of terms.¹¹ Already in the "Letters on the Tamworth Reading Room" he had insisted that "Secular Science, without personal religion," is only too apt to become "a temptation to unbelief."¹² The terms, "agnostic" and "agnosticism," were not yet in use, but Newman had long since recognized that the temper of mind which (since Huxley hit upon them) we now designate by these terms, would surely be the chief religious danger of the coming age, a danger against which he ardently desired to fortify the generation of youths then growing into full manhood.

The following passage might—had the term been then in use—have fittingly borne for its heading: "Agnosticism, the Enemy." "The teacher," he writes, "whom I speak of will discourse thus in his secret heart: he will begin by laying it down . . . as a position which is of so axiomatic a character as to have a claim to be treated as a first principle . . . —that religion is not the subject matter of a science. 'You may have [he thinks] opinions on religion; you may have theories; you

¹¹ *University Sermons* (Preface to Third Edition, p. x. ff.)

¹² These letters, of which the last deals with the subject mentioned above, were written to the *Times* in February, 1841. They are reprinted in *Discussions and Arguments*, p. 254 ff.

may have arguments; you may have probabilities; you may have anything but demonstration, and, therefore, you cannot have science. . . Without denying [he says] that in the matter of religion some things are true and some things false, still we are certainly not in a position to determine the one or the other. . . ' Such is our philosopher's primary position. He does not prove it; he does but distinctly state it; but he thinks it self-evident when it is distinctly stated, and there he leaves it."¹³

And the danger from these views, which calmly ignore the fact and the proofs of revelation, arose—as it arises today—from the confidence with which they were—and still are—either plainly stated or insidiously implied in current literature. To fortify Catholic youth against this danger, to lay bare the fallacies which underlie these agnostic views, Newman held to be a most important function of university education.

It is easy to understand that certain highly placed ecclesiastics, whose own religious education and training had been conducted on a strict and somewhat exclusive system ultimately derived from Roman and French seminaries, and who were perhaps not too familiar with those rationalistic theories and speculations which were already rife in England, felt some alarm lest this astonishingly able and brilliant English convert whose aid they had invoked should, by bringing these rationalistic ideas prominently before the notice of his pupils, do more harm than could be compensated by the good which might be expected to result from such answers to rationalism as he could supply. It is lawful, at least, to surmise that Newman, cordially supported as he was throughout by one, at least, of the Irish bishops, was more clear-sighted and far-seeing than those who entertained such views.

A university was not, after all, an ecclesiastical seminary, from which students would step at once into the priesthood with its graces and protections, but a training camp for youth who were destined to live in the world and to face its temptations moral and intellectual. And Newman held very strongly that it was far better that such youths should be taught how to deal with difficulties and objections which cut at the root of all dogmatic belief, under circumstances which admitted of their being fore-armed against them, than that they should be

¹³ *Idea of a University*, p. 381.

left to encounter these same difficulties and objections for the first time after the safeguards of tutelage had been withdrawn.

"If," he writes, "a university is a direct preparation for this world, let it be what it professes [to be]. It is not a convent; it is not a seminary; it is a place to fit men of the world for the world. We cannot possibly keep them from plunging into the world with all its ways and principles and maxims, when their time comes, but we can prepare them against what is inevitable; and it is not the way to learn to swim in troubled waters never to have gone into them. Prescribe . . . secular literature as such, cut out from your class-books all broad manifestations of the natural man; and these manifestations are waiting for your pupil's benefit at the very doors of your lecture room in living and breathing substance . . . You have refused him, because of their incidental corruption, the masters of human thought, who would in some sense have educated him; . . . and for what have you reserved him? You have given him a liberty unto the multitudinous blasphemy of the day; you have made him free of its newspapers, its reviews, its magazines, its novels, its controversial pamphlets, of its Parliamentary debates, its law proceedings, its platform speeches, its songs, its drama, its theatre, of its enveloping, stifling atmosphere of death. You have succeeded but in this—in making the world his University."¹⁴

In other words, while you have taught him many things of quite secondary moment, you have left him to begin the most serious part of his education in a school of which the professors are the non-Christian writers of the day.

¹⁴ *Idea of a University*, p. 233. Cf. Ward, *Newman*, i., 369.

LINES ON WATT'S "HOPE" IN THE TATE
GALLERY.

BY M. I.

SHE is more like despair
For all of Hope is gone;
Darkness is everywhere
Night unto night doth call:
Silence is over all
Where Hope doth hide alone,
Between the midnight sky
And the benighted earth,
Seeming to have no worth
A thing cast useless by.

Upon her broken lute
There is one slender string,
Yet is it not quite mute,
For see, she does her best,
With her poor head at rest
Against the shattered thing.

Ah! but her eyes are blind,
Bandaged by some kind hand,
So that she cannot find
Who made her life forlorn,
Who bowed her thus in scorn,
Who did not understand.

Why did they crush her so
Blind her and bend her?
Hush her and hurt her so,
Till in her misery,
Yields she her liberty
Bowed in surrender?

Yet on the face is peace
(If you look closer still)
She does not seek release;
Placid, in spite of pain,
Quiet, she bears the strain
Bows to the higher Will.

Crouching beneath her star,
(And just because she bends)
She sees the light afar¹
Under the blinding band,
Hiding the lower land
And all its lesser ends.

What is her history?
Who has not understood?
That is Hope's mystery
For in her impotence
Lies her omnipotence,
Fruitful in solitude.

Ah! This is Hope, indeed,
Crushed and all cowering—
Agony seems her meed
For Hope in anguish lives,
Smiling, her tears she gives,
Pain is her flowering.

But when shall break the dawn
And all her lights shall move
Into the golden morn,
Patience shall have her way
Dusk will give place to day;
Be the night ne'er so long,
Silence will yield to song;
Music will ring from lute
Which in the dark was mute;
Bandage will fall from eyes,
Day-star will swiftly rise,
And in one long surprise
Hope will be lost in Love.

¹ In the original picture one star is in the left hand corner and, because of her position, Hope can see it from under her bandage.

CALIFORNIA'S HEROINE.

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

I.



THE first description of the Presidio (the military post) of San Francisco is that given by Captain George Vancouver, the British navigator, who paid it a visit in 1792, on board his ship the *Discovery*; just a few years before the smouldering enmity between England and Spain flamed into open war: the decisive war which was settled in England's favor by Nelson at Trafalgar.

In 1792 Spain was keenly and jealously watching England and Russia, both of which empires were casting covetous looks upon California. In 1776 she had sent Irish officers and Spanish gold and arms to George Washington, who was facing Lord Howe at Harlem Heights at the very time Don Gaspár de Portolá, with his sword, and Father Francisco Palóu, with the Cross, were founding and blessing San Francisco, by means of which Spain hoped to make secure its possessions on the northern Pacific coast. It was out of no love for republicanism or revolution that royal and conservative Spain went to Washington's assistance: it was because she expected the Americans to keep the British busy on the Atlantic, whilst she laid deep and strong her foundations in California. It is one of the curious ironies of history that, in so doing, Spain, in reality, was helping to build up the power that eventually was to enter into possession and enjoyment of opulent California, Arizona, and New Mexico.

England, in the person of Vancouver and Russia, at a later date, in the person of the Imperial Russian Chamberlain, Nikolai Petrovitch Rezanov, *protégé* of Catherine II., gravely tried the responsibility of the Spanish *Comandante* Argüello of San Francisco. In the second case, indeed, the lonely little outpost at San Francisco became the stage for a drama of statesmanship which involved the future destinies of Russia, Spain, and the United States. And this drama had

for its heroine one whose name shines with pure, mild, radiant beauty in the romantic annals of California, Maria Concepción Argüello, the *Comandante's* daughter.

II.

Although in 1792, only sixteen years had passed since the founding of San Francisco, nearly all the great figures of the Conquest of California had passed from the scene. Serra, the Apostle of California, was dead; and so was the greatly daring Anza, whose march to San Francisco from Sonora across mountains and deserts hitherto unknown is one of the greatest marches of all history. The great plans of the astute Visitor-General, José de Gálvez, whose statesmanship planned, if Serra's genius made possible, the founding of California, had availed little. The vast and increasing wealth which he had expected to flow from California into the coffers of Spain had not materialized. Only weak and undermanned military posts and languid, feebly struggling civil settlements dotted the immense wilderness from San Diego to San Francisco. The missions alone were flourishing.

Thirteen out of the eventual twenty-one missions had thus far been established: at San Diego, Carmelo, San Antonio de Pádua, San Gabriel (near Los Angeles, where one of the civil towns had also been planted), San Luis Obispo, San Francisco, San Juan Capistrano, Santa Clara, San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, Purísima Concepción, Santa Cruz, and Nuestra Señora de la Soledad; and at these the spiritual harvest was already abundant, and the material betterment of the Indians greatly advancing.

In Palóu's account of the founding of the Presidio, he states that the enclosed grounds covered a square of ninety-two varas each way, which would be about two hundred and fifty-two feet, considerably smaller than Vancouver's later estimate; but no doubt the area had been enlarged between 1776 and 1792. The whole arrangement, says Professor George Davidson, who closely studied the matter, was built to face north. The chapel was at the south, or higher, inland end of the parade ground, and extended into the square and beyond the wall. On the east side of the chapel were the quarters of the *Comandante*; on the west, those of the officers. The

cuartel, or fort, was near the northeast entrance; the little used *calabazo*, or prison, was on the east side of the entrance, the soldier's guardhouse on the west side. All the buildings stood about ten feet from the inner side of the wall. In the middle of the square stood the tall flagpole, with Spain's royal banner hanging limply on the foggy days, or briskly whipping in the trade winds. The Cross stood near the chapel. About the whole parade ground ran a line of trees. At the foot of the gentle hill was the beach, and the anchorage, the *pozo de los marineros*.

III.

Here it was, in the *Comandante's* house, that on February 19, 1791, the year before Vancouver's visit, was born Maria de la Concepción Marcela Argüello, daughter of Don José Dario Argüello, the *Comandante* of the Presidio, and his wife, Maria Ygnacia Moraga, daughter of the military officer in command at the founding of San Francisco. A week later the little one was borne along the trail to Mission Dolores. In the old Book of Baptism there you may today read the entry in the handwriting of Father Pedro Benito Cambón, Father Palóu's assistant since the founding of San Francisco, at which, too, he had been present.

"Concha," or "Conchita," she was called, as she played with the other children, or sat with them at catechism or knelt in church—a merry, spirited child, one with the others in games or frolic, though set somewhat apart by the fact that she was the *Comandante's* daughter.

However, it was not the accidental fact that she was the *Comandante's* daughter that was to place Conchita immortally apart from the other little ones. That which separated her from her companions was something that had nothing to do with rank or state; it was something more mysterious than social caste. Conchita was different, and her fate was to be different, because to her there had been given the magic of a distinctive and powerful personality, and the dolorous dower of beauty.

IV.

If the coming of Captain Vancouver in the first year of Conchita's life marked one of the great anxieties of her father,

and of the other Spanish officials, namely, the dread of the English, a greater source of similar anxiety was emphasized in her fifteenth year, when a Russian ship dropped anchor at the Presidio. For many ominous signs of the times were multiplying to prove that Russia was stretching out her mighty arms toward California, and Russia could reach the Pacific coasts through Siberia much more directly than England could sail its ships from the other side of the world.

On board that Russian ship, the *Juno*, was the Imperial Russian Chamberlain, Nikolai Petrovitch Rezanov, *protégé* of Catherine II., who had given up the life of the court on the death of his wife to throw himself into active, adventurous labors for the development of his country. A man of ardent imagination, of exceptional temperament, he had with a truly Slavic thoroughness made his patriotism a passion.

When first he turned from the life of the court to follow a greater adventure, he formed a plan to secure trade concessions for Russia from Japan, and in 1803-4 he was sent to the Mikado's court as ambassador extraordinary. But the hour of Japan's world-destiny had not yet struck (it was awaiting the coming of the American, Perry, half a century later), and Rezanov was forced to retire from the smiling, yet imperturbably reserved Mikado, his heart full of wrath, and vowing terrible revenge. Rezanov wrote in a highly fevered strain to the Czar that he was "eager to destroy settlements, to drive the Japanese from Sakhalin Island, to frighten them away from the whole coast, and break up their fisheries, and to deprive 200,000 people of food, which will force them all the more to open their ports. . . ."

Apparently, however, his headlong plans for revenging his rebuff did not meet with approval in Russia.

V.

After many adventures he decided upon the bold purpose of seizing part of California for Russia. Early in March the Imperial Chamberlain sailed from Sitka, accompanied by a suite among whom was the chronicler of the voyage, Langsdorff, the botanist; and after a tempestuous voyage, the crew sorely stricken with scurvy, he reached San Francisco a month later. "With pale and emaciated faces," wrote Rezanov to the

Russian Minister of Commerce, "we came to San Francisco Bay and anchored outside (at first) because of the fog. . . As a refusal to enter meant to perish at sea, I resolved, at the risk of two or three cannon-balls, to run straight for the fort at the entrance."

So, through the dispersing drifts of the sea-fog, in through the Golden Gate, came the brig, *Rezanov* on the poop, sailors and soldiers alert about him, straining their eyes for the flash of a gun from San Joaquin Battery, and at last rounding to and dropping anchor opposite the Presidio.

In the Presidio there was a great stir of excitement. Advices from Madrid had long ago warned *Comandante* Argüello of the probable visit of the Russians. The ship, *Nadesha*, and its consort, the *Neva*, were expected, but not the *Juno*. Orders had been given from Monterey, where José Joaquin Arillaga was Governor, to treat the Russians hospitably—but most circumspectly.

However, the *Comandante* was not at San Francisco when the *Juno* arrived. Luis Argüello, his young son, was in temporary command. Eagerly did his bevy of bright-eyed sisters, among whom Concepción was the leader, watch Don Luis; laughingly, yet a little awed, too, by his air of dignity, as he buckled on his sword and prepared to meet the strangers. No such great event as this had occurred within the memory of the Argüello family. The excitement in the big house was communicated to all the houses about the plaza, from which the young people, and the old, poured forth, running about for good positions of observation, as the *Juno* lowered a boat and a party left its side to come ashore. *Rezanov* was in the stern-sheets of the boat. Luis Argüello, a sergeant and a file of musketeers behind him, courteously advanced to meet the tall, distinguished looking stranger.

Argüello's first inquiry was whether the ship was the expected *Nadesha* or the *Neva*, to which *Rezanov*, well aware that the Spaniards were apprehensive of the Russian purposes, adroitly replied that the vessels mentioned had been recalled to Russia, but that he, *Rezanov*, "had been entrusted by my royal master, the Czar, with command over all his American possessions, and in this capacity had resolved to visit the Governor of California to consult with him regarding the mutual interests of the Spanish and the Russian colonies."

"But His Excellency, the Governor, is at Monterey," replied Don Luis Argüello.

Rezanov smilingly bowed, replying that Monterey was, as a matter of fact, his destination, but that contrary winds had baffled him and he had, therefore, stopped at San Francisco, where he trusted that "His Excellency, the commander, would be graciously pleased to permit him to remain while he wrote to Governor Arillaga of his purpose to visit him."

Young Don Luis told Rezanov how matters stood; that it was his father who was commander, but that he, Don Luis, felt sure the required permission would have been readily granted if he had been there; so, he concluded, acting in his father's stead, he would be most happy to extend the hospitality of San Francisco to the Chamberlain of that mighty monarch, the Czar.

Rezanov was a fully experienced courtier and man of the world, as well as a romantic adventurer, and he did not fail to notice the impression he had made upon the young Spaniard. He warmly accepted the invitation, and the party proceeded to the *Comandante's* house.

Doña Conchita stood, with her sisters, within the doorway to do the honors of the home, her mother being absent with the *Comandante*. She was then fifteen years old, and through the length and breadth of California she was known as the most beautiful of women in a land where beauty was the natural dower of all. Langsdorff, Rezanov's companion, the sedate and careful botanist, has left us a description of Conchita, which though somewhat formal and conventional in its phrasing, nevertheless testifies to the deep impression she made upon him. She was "lively and animated," says the man of science, "with sparkling, lovely, inspiring eyes, beautiful teeth, pleasing and expressive features, a fine form, and a thousand other charms, yet was she perfectly simple and artless—the heavenly dawn in one drop of dew"—a beauty of a type to be found, though not frequently, in Italy, Spain and Portugal." In Langsdorff's phrases you catch the same note which rings through all the legends, all the memories retained so vividly, of Concepción Argüello, and which those who knew her in her old age repeat with full accord, namely, the note of a great vitality, of an energetic personality, of a dynamic character—the perilous gift of strong life.

The room into which Don Luis Argüello led the Chamberlain, just within the portals of which stood Concepción and her sisters, was as rude as a mediæval castle apartment.

But Rezanov paid scant attention to the chamber; his gaze was fixed upon Concepción, whose wide, shining eyes met his as he entered. They needed no words, such as Don Luis now spoke, of conventional introduction, though all due forms were scrupulously celebrated—they knew each other at once; knew each other with an instant intimacy; knew each other with that knowledge which only comes to those whose souls communicate through the channel of the eyes.

VI.

Concepción was one of those who are born to love greatly. Every event, every scrap of legend that survives of her story, testifies to the fact.

Many a time she had heard, if not beneath her own window, yet somewhere in the Plaza, that song in which the cavaliers of California recorded their passion:

So still and calm the night is,
The very wind's asleep;
Thy heart's so tender sentinel
His watch and ward doth keep.
And on the wings of zephyrs soft
That wander how they will,
To thee, O woman fair, to thee
My prayers go fluttering still.

She knew she could give complete answer to the pleading, were it addressed to her heart by the one who could stir that heart, but in her dreams—ardent, and unbounded by the narrow horizons that kept within the limits of the known and the usual the dreams of her companions—Concepción went far beyond what the young cavaliers of California could offer her, and yearned toward a greater and more wonderful romance than what was possible among her companions. What this love should be, in what form this marvelous romance would appear, were mysteries; all she was certain of was that only in those mysteries could she find what her heart longed for—"the heart's love in her heart," which yearned in the song of the serenaders.

And now it had come, this love, this high romance; its signal flaming in the eyes of Rezanov, the stranger out of the sea; out of the vast unknown world beyond California.

VII.

Rezanov wrote his letter to Governor Arillaga. The diplomatic Arillaga did not want Rezanov to see more of the country than could be helped, so he sent back word that he "would do himself the honor of meeting so distinguished a guest at the port of his arrival."

But it was not until April 17th that the Governor reached San Francisco.

Meanwhile, Rezanov had not let the time hang heavy on his hands. In a letter written to the Russian Minister of Commerce, he several times refers to Concepción, adopting the half-amused tone of a courtier becoming confidential at long distance concerning an affair of the heart; a tone, however, which only half disguised the very serious nature of his sudden and enduring passion.

Day by day the communication established between the Chamberlain of the Czar and the Californian girl by their first exchange of looks, became stronger and deeper.

Governor Arillaga came at last, and, on the following day arrived *Comandante* José Argüélla, who at once assumed the leadership in affairs, and invited Rezanov to meet the Governor at dinner in his house. It was at this meeting that the Chamberlain diplomatically explained the nature of his mission, never hinting, naturally, at the deeper plan of Russian conquest which he had so long brooded over in the depths of his ambitious and passionate heart.

"The day following my interview with Governor Arillaga," Rezanov wrote to the Russian Minister of Commerce, "I learned from a devoted friend in the house of Argüélla, word for word, what had been said after my departure."

This devoted friend, of course, was Concha. Finding in her, young as she was, and a child of the very ends of the earth, an intelligence of great force, rendered still more energetic by the fire of her awakening heart, Rezanov had confided to Concha something of the project which now was usurping in his mind the place of his first predatory plan of conquest—the project

of an alliance between Russia and Spain for the development of trade between California and the Siberian settlements, and the friendly expansion of Russian territory into the domains north of the Spanish settlements. Concha took fire at the thought. She prayed for its success in the chapel of the Presidio. She listened to every word exchanged between the Governor and her father that bore upon Rezanov.

Governor Arillaga, meanwhile, sorely troubled by the responsibility of this epochal event in the placid history of his incumbency, during which the golden period of California's pastoral romance rose to its serenest height of peace and seclusion, delayed his answer to Rezanov's proposal from day to day. Rezanov did not press for the answer until he made sure of what mattered to him now more than the outcome of his diplomacy—Concepción's heart.

Meanwhile, the unemotional historian of that voyage of love and adventure and statescraft, the stolid botanist, Langsdorff, not having Rezanov's source of occupation, made journeys to the nearby missions; and some of the mission friars came to San Francisco to see the strangers. Rezanov was invited to dine with the Fathers, and distributed presents among them to gain their good will.

Governor Arillaga, however, still maintained discreet silence. "You have accustomed us to your company," he told Rezanov, "and I can assure you"—with a kindly and meaningful smile—"that the good family of my friend, Argüello, prize highly the satisfaction of seeing you at their home, and sincerely admire you." But soon even the attractions of his courtship could not blind Rezanov to the necessity of bringing his mission to a definite issue.

Again, and now more insistently, he took up the matter with Governor Arillaga, and the latter frankly confessed (as Rezanov wrote back to Russia) that the Spanish authorities feared Russia above all other powers.

"Ah, but Russia would not take California as a gift; it would cost too much to maintain it," the astute Chamberlain declared. "Moreover, Russia has in Siberia an inexhaustible treasure in its furs."

Rezanov knew how well the fears of the Governor were founded in fact; for he himself had written from Sitka to his government concerning his own plans to seize Californian ter-

ritory: "Our American possessions will know no more of famine; Kamchatka and Okhotsk can be supplied with bread. . . . When our trade with California is fully organized we can settle Chinese laborers there. . . . The Spaniards only turned their attention to California after 1760, and by the enterprise of the missionaries alone this fine body of land was incorporated. Even now there is an unoccupied interval fully as rich and very necessary to us, and if we let it escape from us, what will posterity say? I, at least, shall not be arraigned before it. . ." And he strongly urged the occupation of the northern portion of California, together with a "gradual advance southward to the port of San Francisco as the boundary line of California," Russia to maintain its sovereignty to the north.

But now the more feasible plan, to Rezanov's softened heart, was a friendly alliance; a union of good will and mutual interests between Russia and Spain, between north and south, between strength and charm—in a word, a union the symbol and the seal of which should be his own marriage to Concepción.

And he wrote to the Minister of Commerce, still maintaining the man-of-the-world tone in which he chronicled this love affair, which entered so intimately into high diplomacy the consequences of which on the course of American history, had it gone through according to Rezanov's intention, would have been of primary importance:

Seeing that my situation was not improving, expecting every day that some misunderstanding would arise, and having but little confidence in my own (ship's) people, I resolved to change my politeness for a serious tone. Finally, I imperceptibly created in Doña Concepción an impatience to hear something serious from me . . . which caused me to ask for her hand, to which she consented. My proposal created consternation in her parents, who had been reared in fanaticism. The difference in religion and the prospective separation from their daughter made it a terrible blow to them. They ran to the missionaries, who did not know what to do; they hustled poor Concepción to church, confessed her, and urged her to refuse me, but her resolution finally overcame them all. The holy Fathers appealed to the decision of the throne of Rome, and if I

could not accomplish my nuptials, I had at least the preliminary act performed, the marriage contract drawn up, and forced them to betroth us.

VIII.

In truth, there was a great clash of opposing wills, of outraged prejudices and settled ideas violently jolted, in the house of the *Comandante* and throughout the Presidio and the Mission of San Francisco. Rezanov was a member of the Orthodox Church of Russia, which was in age-old schism from the See of Rome, a marriage between a daughter of the true Church and a schismatic without the express consent of the Papal authorities, was, to Father Palóu and his fellow friars, unthinkable. Nor from this view could the willing obedience of Concepción falter; for if there is one fact which above all others is abundantly testified to throughout all the records and the traditions, that fact is the true religious faith and living loyalty of Concepción. From her earliest childhood she had been a devout soul—unsentimental and firm, but ardent. One of the most charming of the traditional tales is to the effect that the gay and whole-souled Concha, as a child, was one day caught dancing in the joy of her heart before the shrine of the Virgin; even as in old France, according to the legend, the juggler performed his tricks in honor of his heavenly Lady.

Concepción would have sacrificed her love for Rezanov if obedience to duty had required it, and Rezanov, knowing the value of loyalty, was the first to approve her firmness. He, too, would do his part, and do it gladly. He would return to Russia, make his way across Siberia to the court of the Czar, and secure his own sovereign's consent, and then he would go to Rome, and obtain the dispensation from the Holy Father. After that, he would proceed to Madrid as Russian envoy and effect a binding and lasting treaty of friendship and commerce; then for California, via Mexico, and on to San Francisco, where the marriage with Concepción would bind and seal the treaty signed in Madrid and St. Petersburg!

Such was the great dream of Rezanov! And now his immediate mission was accomplished. The betrothal was signed between the Chamberlain and the *Comandante's* daughter. The friars were assured of the Russian's honorable design

and intention of seeking the benignant grace of the Holy Father of Christendom. The house of Argüello was bright with the pride of the high alliance. Everybody now smiled upon Rezanov, and on May 21st the *Juno*, laden with flour, pease, beans, and maize, sailed out through the Golden Gate. Rezanov, standing on the poop, ordered a salute of seven guns, to which the *Comandante*, not to be outdone, ordered with true Spanish courtesy, nine in return. Governor Arillaga and the *Comandante* and Luis Argüello and Concepción and her sisters stood on the wall of the fort, waving their handkerchiefs and watching the ship as it slipped out into the fog that spread its gray and sombre mystery over that departure.

But, even before the others had turned from the sea, Concepción slipped away and entered the little church to do all that now she could do to aid her lover, which was to pray for him; to pray that his tremendous journey across the wilds of Siberia, to St. Petersburg and Rome and Madrid, and back across the wide world to San Francisco might be safe and speedy.

IX.

So began her waiting. . . Bret Harte has etched that picture in his ballad:

Looking seaward, o'er the sand-hills stands the fortress old and
quaint,

By the San Francisco frairs lifted to their patron saint. . .

Long beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
Did they wait the promised bridegroom and the answer of the
Czar;

Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow, empty breeze—
Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant, smiling seas;
Week by week the near hills whitened in their dusty leather
cloaks,

Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain of
oaks.

Till the rains came, and far breaking, on the fierce southwester
tost,

Dashed the whole long coast with color, and then vanished and
were lost.

So each year the seasons shifted—wet and warm and drear and
dry;

Half a year of clouds and flowers, half a year of dust and sky.

Still it brought no ship or message—brought no tidings ill or meet,
For the statesmanlike Commander, for the daughter fair and
sweet.

Still she heard the varying message, voiceless to all ears beside:
“He will come,” the flowers whispered; “Come no more,” the dry
hills sighed.”

And Rezanov did not come . . . he never came.

Reaching Kamchatka in September, he set forth at once for St. Petersburg. Attacked by a fever during the time he was at Kamchatka, he was urged to wait till he was stronger, but he would not wait, and on horseback, swaying in the saddle, he set forth. He struggled onwards for six months through that tremendous journey, but a fall from his horse so lessened what strength the fever had spared, that the iron Chamberlain was broken, and at Krasnoyarsk, a little town far away from St. Petersburg, he died on March 1, 1807. Langsdorff, his former companion in the *Juno*, visited the tomb, which, he records, was fashioned like an altar. In the opinion of the scientist, Rezanov would have “unhesitatingly sacrificed himself in marriage with the daughter of Argüello.”

But it was the daughter of Argüello who was sacrificed—on the altar, not of marriage, but of that lonely tomb in the wilderness.

She waited thirty-five years for word from her lover, or for any least item of news from or about him; and every voice that comes down to us out of the past, having any claim upon our respect or belief, unanimously testifies that she waited in absolute, unwavering faith. Rezanov had given his word to her, and no doubt could be allowed to enter her heart. Fifteen years old when she plighted her word, unquestionably the most beautiful woman in California, ardent and keenly alive, famous throughout the length and breadth of the Spanish possessions as the news spread of her solemn betrothal to the Chamberlain of the Czar, upon which betrothal such high affairs of national destiny depended—Concepción was to know strange pain and strange trouble of heart and soul as one year passed, and three; and three and thirty. Rezanov had loved her; Rezanov was a true man; therefore, he would return, or else he was dead and could not return; something had happened out in the great world veiled by the sombre fog beyond the Golden Gate, and some day, somehow, she would know. . .

X.

Meanwhile, her love awaited him; a love that was warmed and animated by the other love which Concepción had always cherished, her love of God, the Source of all true love. More than ever, now, as the time went on, and still the fog by the Golden Gate was unparted by a Russian sail, did she spend long hours in prayer before the altar. Faith is the soul of prayer, its principle of life, and Concepción's human love became a living, constant, unfaltering act of faith; and more and more it merged with, though it was not as yet wholly swallowed up by, her love of God.

For it is not true, as certain mistaken versions of the story run, that Concepción became, at last, a recluse—a runaway from life—in order to hide her sorrow and her broken heart beneath the habit of the nun. This mistake is based largely upon the fact that she was, for many years, a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. But this did not make her a nun. Concepción became a nun, it is true, but not until after the coming of Sir George Simpson in 1842 with the news of the death of Rezanov.

This English traveler—an official of the Hudson Bay Company—had visited the tomb of the dead lover, and in Santa Barbara he told the story he had learned from the reading of Langsdorff's book, which book had not yet reached California, and thus the news at last reached Concepción of the death of Rezanov. In Bret Harte's poem, this message is made to reach Concepción most dramatically (though falsely) at a banquet at Monterey, where, according to the ballad—

Far and near the people gathered to the costly banquet set,
And exchanged congratulations with the English baronet;

Till, the formal speeches ended, and amidst the laugh and wine,
Some one spoke of Concha's lover—heedless of the warning sign.

Quickly then cried Sir George Simpson, "Speak no ill of him, I
pray!

He is dead. He died, poor fellow, forty years ago this day.

Died while speeding home to Russia, falling from a fractious
horse;

Left a sweetheart, too, they tell me. Married, I suppose, of
course!"

"Lives she yet?" A deathlike silence fell on banquet guests, and
hall,
And a trembling figure rising fixed the awestruck gaze of all,

Two black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed beneath the nun's
white hood;
Black serge hid the wasted figure, bowed and stricken where it
stood.

"Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All were hushed as Concha
drew
Closer yet her nun's attire. "Señor, pardon, she died, too!"

But the facts are better than the fancy. Concha did not die, but lived, and her loyalty was greater than the poet gave her credit for when he had prematurely clothed her in the white robe of the Dominican Order, which she did not join until many years after her meeting with Sir George Simpson. And, indeed, I think that Concepción would never have become a nun unless she had heard the definite news of Rezanov's death. She had plighted her troth; therefore, she belonged to her lover until death did them part. As a matter of fact, it was at Santa Barbara and not at Monterey, and in social intercourse, not at a banquet board, that Concepción heard of the death of Rezanov. "Strange to say," says Sir George Simpson, referring to her ignorance of the death of Rezanov, "she knew it not till we mentioned it to her. . . This circumstance might in some measure be explained by the fact that Langsdorff's work was not published before 1814, but even then, in any country than California, a lady who was still young would surely have seen a book, which, besides detailing the grand incident of her life, presented so gratifying a picture of her charms."

It was not until ten years after Sir George Simpson brought his tragic tidings that Concepción became a nun. It was not until then that she had the opportunity to become a nun; in California. For it was in 1851 that the Dominican Order entered California, establishing the first convent and academy for girls at Monterey, and the first novice to enter the convent, the first woman to join a religious order in California was Maria Concepción Argüello, who received the white habit of St. Dominic at the hands of Bishop Alemany on April 11, 1851,

taking the name of Sister Maria Dominica. She pronounced the perpetual vows a year later. In 1854 she went to Benicia when the convent was transferred.

XI.

There are those living who yet remember Concepción, and from one of these, Mrs. Katherine Den Bell, the daughter of Dr. Nicholas Den, one of the early American residents of Santa Barbara, I am indebted for vivid reminiscences of that valiant and faithful soul, souvenirs related in letters from Mrs. Bell to my friend, that champion of California, John F. Davis.

"The treasure house of my childhood memories holds nothing lovelier than those that twine around the '*Beata's*' historic name. They bring bursts of spring into my heart. I learned my prayers at her knees; have cried and laughed in her arms, threaded her needle, fixed and unfixed her '*almohadilla*'—sewing-box. And many a time, I remember waking as the Mission bells sang the *Alta* to find her sweet pale face bending over me, signing my forehead with the cross and whispering her oft-repeated blessing: '*Dios te haga una santita*' ('God make thee a little saint').

"I shall know her in Heaven by her tender caressing voice. God's Angels cannot teach a purer standard, nor bring us a brighter, sweeter fancy than that of Concepción's life-long faithfulness to her girlhood lover. . .

"I cannot search far enough into the past to miss the dear beloved *Beata* from my childhood's dreams and memories. Don't infer from my 'threading her needles' that she wore glasses. The 'needle threading' was a sort of entertainment when she was caring for the church and altar linen. If any seams were ripped, I picked the threads carefully, putting them aside to be burned, because the vestments had done service before the Great God's Altar. If sewing was being done, I kept two or three needles threaded on the *almohadilla* until I was tired out. With all her tenderness, loveliness and benignity, Concepción was no 'milk and water' woman—her standard, all around, was too lofty. Humble and unobtrusive, when the right was in question she stood by her colors unflinching as the martyrs of old. No fear of misconstruction

would daunt her. Such a wonderful blending of mercy and justice! Tenderness and fortitude! I often parallel her character with that of the beautiful Queen Esther. Doing for the sake of others, to go unbidden into the king's presence, yet fainting at his frown. She was intensely human. . .

"She is such a glowing, radiant memory, it seems as if the sacred fire should be burning its brightest when her name is indelibly traced! Not an atom of the fragrance of its beauty, its purity, tenderness and fealty must be lost."

Six years only did Concepción live as a nun; but from all that we have learned of her puissant and valorous spirit, we may feel sure that she did not lag or languish in that sustaining and creative work which the Holy Women of the Church carry on through all the ages since the Divine Son of God took flesh and dwelt among us—that spiritual work of intercession and of self-sacrifice which is the energizing element of many a work and many a life seen and admired of the world, which yet does not understand nor admire the greater work, the greater life, of the nun.

So passed Maria Concepción Marcela Argüélla from the world; and so, on Christmas Eve, 1857, passed Sister Maria Dominica in the Convent of St. Catherine of Siena, Benicia, California.

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AN APOSTLE OF UNITY.

BY JAMES LOUIS SMALL.



SWIFTLY delivered wound in the great ship's vitals; a lurch; a slanting deck; an earnest priest urging his fellow-passengers to calmness; baptism of death in the dancing waves touched with the springtime sun; quiet once more upon the sea; and all is over.

In the early days of May, 1915, I was entertained at the home of a genial and cultivated priest, pastor of a suburban parish in the middle West. When the time came to say good-bye, my host remarked laughingly: "You have had a distinguished predecessor in the person of Father Maturin, who occupied the guest room just before your coming. He has sailed for England by now." The morning after my return home I opened the daily paper to learn that he was among those who had perished on the ill-fated *Lusitania*. Afterwards, so we read, his body was recovered and taken to England for burial. It was strangely coincidental that he, an Irishman, the circumstances of whose life had led him half over the world, should have met death within sight of the land of his birth.

Father Maturin's name had sounded in my ears almost since childhood; sometimes pronounced with regretful affection, sometimes with an implication of mysterious, baffling change in the man after his "going to Rome;" latterly, with ungrudging admiration by the co-religionists of his later years, who valued him for what he really was: a deeply spiritual priest, whose passion for synthetic and sympathetic treatment of certain vexed questions was coupled with a fervid love of souls. To those reared in the advanced school of Anglicanism his name was a watchword. To those who followed him into the Church, he continued to shine as a beacon light. To the others, who never came farther than the temple porch, he served as a melancholy example of misdirected energy, a man, moreover, whom, they maintained sadly, "Rome never appreciated."

It was at St. Clement's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, in the late nineties, that my adolescent mind, quick to take on new impressions, to absorb new ideas, came into contact with Catholic truth. The early struggles at St. Clement's form a story all by itself. It is sufficient to observe here that the parish still bore the impress of Father Maturin's virile personality. Hither he had come in 1876, as head of the little band of "Cowley Fathers," and here he remained for a decade. People in 1896 and 1897 were still talking of the sermons he had preached and the missions he had given. They were still relating how the men who came to his Sunday afternoon conferences stood in a line that reached almost to the street, unable to gain admittance. When, in 1897, word came that he had been received into the Church, in England, it was not alone St. Clement's that was interested; it might have been said with truth that "the whole city was moved."

Later, during five happy years spent as a student of theology in an Anglican seminary, I sat at the feet of a teacher who in his own youth had fallen under Maturin's spell. To him he had made his first confession, and to him he had gone with his problems. On the wall of our classroom hung an engraving of John Henry Newman, and it may well be that Newman and Maturin, strikingly similar in some respects, had a hand in leading a goodly number of us to the happy haven of the True Fold.

Born in 1847, Basil William Maturin was in the prime of his powers when he became a Catholic. Like many of those earlier ones who were leaders in the Oxford Movement, his position was a tacit rebuke to inherited prejudice. In his case the inheritance was Irish Protestant and Huguenot, and to this combined French and Celtic strain he owed much, by way of eloquence, personal magnetism and impetuosity. His father was vicar of Grangegorm, Ireland, and young Maturin was ordained while in the early twenties. Feeling called to a stricter life than that of the average Church of England clergyman, he joined, in 1873, the recently organized Society of St. John the Evangelist, known colloquially then, as now, as the "Cowley Fathers." With them his lot was to be cast for very nearly the quarter of a century.

The years, 1850-1890, roughly speaking, marked the high tide of the Oxford Movement. It was the period that produced

the men who were to direct it into definite channels; the period that gave it Pusey, Church, Liddon, Lowder, and Wainwright. The whole English-speaking world, these protagonists declared in their enthusiasm, was to hear and heed the message of a Church of England arising from dust and ashes to a place among the spiritually great ones of the earth.

It is not difficult to picture the abandon with which such a modern Chrysostom as Maturin must have thrown himself into the work. Sent here and there by his community, his name became familiar to Anglicans everywhere; in Great Britain, in America, in South Africa. His preaching, brilliant and forceful, filled churches wherever he went.

His valued friend of both Anglican and Catholic days, Dom Leonard Sargent, in a paper contributed to the *London Tablet* of May 22, 1915, under the title, "Some Recollections of Father Maturin," has given us an interesting portrait of Maturin in his youth, soon after his coming to America. The description is of the "slender figure of a young man, clad in the habit of a Cowley Father, an austere face, so it seemed, and a piercing eye—something about the whole appearance that quite marked him out from the surrounding company and left upon my mind the impression that a Van Dyck painting might give if set against a group of chromos."

Father Maturin was, indeed, set apart from others, a personality that eluded analysis. In him the balanced judgment of the Briton, the imagination of the Celt, and the delicate perception of the Frenchman effected a singular and powerful amalgam. It was once said of him that "in Father Maturin you had a mind with all the elements of a potential catastrophe." Commenting upon his exceedingly human traits, *The Tablet*, in a review of his life and work, published editorially immediately after his death, quoted his own amusing self-characterization: "I am full of prejudice." Offsetting this was a genuine and touching affection for the members of his family. One of the causes of his pleasure over the appointment as Catholic Chaplain at Oxford in 1913, lay in the fact that he should then be near his sister, who was superior in an Anglican convent in that city. As illustrative of his delightful spirit of *camaraderie*, Dom Sargent speaks of the joy with which the young novices at Downside were wont to gather

about him during his brief stay in the famous Benedictine house, to listen to his ghost stories. Neither was he lacking in native wit, though sometimes, after the Hibernian model, it was of a deliciously unconscious sort. A friend of those now far distant St. Clement's days used to relate with keen relish how on one occasion, when preaching upon the Prodigal Son, Maturin leaned over the edge of the pulpit and exclaimed in moving tones: "Think, my brethren, think of the calf that the poor old father had been fattening through the long, long years!"

It was generally felt by his admirers that Father Maturin's appointment to Oxford was a matter of congratulation, for the University quite as much as for himself. Had he been spared, he might have accomplished a great work there. As it was, the War came the following year and in a short time the sons of Oxford were attending a school of very different sort.

To say that there are few men whose work stands the test of time is to state a fact as perennially truthful as it is obvious. It is hard, certainly, in the case of versatile and highly endowed personalities, to isolate qualities of essential greatness. However, it seems not too much to say that in sweet reasonableness and in cogency of argument Father Maturin's apologetic, especially as preserved in his *Price of Unity*, is in a class by itself. Like Newman, he was able, without sacrificing an iota of principle, to throw himself so completely into the feelings and convictions of others, as to draw down upon him the misunderstanding of men of different mold. Unlike Newman, this misunderstanding was confined, so far as I am aware, to members of the body he had left; it did not obtain among Catholics.

One heard it said constantly by Anglicans—one still hears it said occasionally—that Maturin was disillusioned, disappointed, after coming into the Church. I have heard the charge made repeatedly, but I have never seen proof of it produced. One might have supposed the concluding passage in *The Price of Unity*—a passage by the way worthy of ranking with portions of the *Apologia*—would have laid that ghost forever. In alluding to this curious rumor, Dom Sargent says: "I told him of this one night in England several years ago. He was surprised, and said so. Then he asked: 'Who

gave them authority to say that? It's false, for I never regretted the step once it was taken,' and he added, with his quick, impatient manner: 'I suppose, because I have never attacked the Anglican Church, or made sport of Anglican notions, or went about laying traps for converts, they think I'm unsettled, but I am not, and never was.'"

It is impossible to think of that valiant man of God as dead. He lives and speaks in his spiritual children and in his writings, which will bear re-reading at this time when there is acute need of differentiation between the true and the false in current concepts of Christian unity. He himself was all life, a vital principle embodied in the flesh. Preaching at the Requiem held at Oxford at the time of his death from the text, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee upon the waters," the Abbot Vonier, of Buckfast, said: "Everything in Father Maturin's mind was life; his thoughts were life; his face was life; his speech, we all know, was a very luxuriousness of life. In fact, life was the only law of that peerless eloquence of his. The hard-and-fast things of Catholicism were to him like the hard-and-fast things of the human organism—those solid parts of the human body we call the bones, which are the indispensable elements of all movement and agility, and which give the human organism its power of resilience."

Resiliency of expression, if we may be permitted the term, is one of Father Maturin's strongly defined characteristics, stamping his work with a trademark peculiarly its own. *Self-Knowledge and Self-Discipline* is as shrewd a psychology of the spirit as any the past two decades have given us. It wastes no time in sporting upon the surface, but delves down to life's very roots and brings up those ugly, misshapen things that, even in our most analytical moments, we shrink from exposing to view.

The soul is taken forward step by step from the initial stage of self-knowledge, on through the discipline of will, mind, affections and body, into that higher area where it is prepared for the vision of God Himself. Commonplaces are exalted. Such an everyday exercise as self-examination is invested with dignity and power. We are shown new vistas, conducted to new heights. On one side there is "some strong motive or passion or ambition standing like a draped form whose expression we cannot catch, in the very council cham-

ber of the soul;" on the other, "the Presence of One Who realizes all our noblest, often our forgotten, ideals."

The note of growth, of constructiveness, is sounded again and again. Hence the difference between heathen and Christian asceticism: "Heathen asceticism would get rid of the body as an enemy to be hated; Christian asceticism would but train it for its glorious life in Heaven." So, too, with the apparently conflicting principles of life and death: "Death is not all darkness, nor life all light. The light of life illuminates and warms the pallor of death." Again, "In every act of dying (*i. e.*, mortification) we must gaze into the tomb with the Magdalene till we see it transformed by the vision of life and beauty that lies beyond it and shines through it."

It is a difficult matter to treat of the deep things of the spirit and at the same time to keep well within the range of the reader's personal experience. Yet Father Maturin manages this with rare artistry. He knows full well of those elemental passions with which many a soul is called to wage daily battle, passions that "lift it to the heavens and cast it down to hell." He knows, too, the solitariness of the conflict, that "it is behind the veil in the silent world of thought that life's greatest battles have to be fought and lost or won, with no human eye to witness, no voice to cheer or encourage."

But in the philosophy of this skilled director of souls there is no room for the morbid or the neurasthenic. "A healthy life, therefore," he declares, when writing of the discipline of the affections, "should have its roots spread deep and wide in the soil of the human family, and its whole nature open to the manifold interests and influences and associations of the world around it, and at the same time an ever-deepening sense of the claims of God, of conscience and of Truth, so that it never likes to part company with its fellowmen, but is strong enough to stand against the whole world at the command of duty."

Not in the ascetical alone, but also in the apologetic, Father Maturin's genius found a congenial, if more restricted, field. It is quite impossible, within the compass of a few lines, to make critical analysis of his *Price of Unity*. Necessarily limited in its appeal, since it deals exclusively with the Anglican question, it must always be of value in its bearing upon that issue. In it the ex-member of the "Cowley Fathers" unites loyalty to Catholic truth with respect for what there may be of

good in the body to which he had given youthful allegiance. He administers, indeed, a somewhat stinging rebuke to those converts who, in mistaken zeal, are intolerant or scornful of things they once revered.

On the other hand, Father Maturin pleads for a fairer examination of the Catholic claim by High Church Anglicans, as well as a better understanding by Catholics of the High Church movement in England and America. It is extraordinary, certainly, in the light of the religious history of the past eighty years, that a learned priest should have remarked to him on one occasion, as indicative of his entire stock of knowledge upon the subject, that he had once seen an Anglican clergyman in a cassock (!), or that the late Cardinal Vaughan should have asked him, in all seriousness, whether he thought the movement in the English Church came from the devil or the Holy Spirit!

Although *The Price of Unity* does not, in the strict sense of the word, profess to be autobiographical, it is rich in those personal and dramatic elements which cannot but distinguish the pilgrimage of a man like Maturin from discord and confusion to the City of God, "whose Walls," to quote his own words, "are salvation and whose Gates are peace."

AND WAS MADE MAN.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

SINCE Wise Men bore Him nard and myrrh,
The stately branches of the fir
Bend low beneath our weight of gifts;
And Nature sends her frozen drifts
To freight the mighty waves, that they
May roll less proud upon their way:
For Christmas Time on land and sea
Is the Feast of God's Humility.

THE BICENTENARY OF THE PASSIONIST ORDER.

BY HAROLD PURCELL, C.P.



URING the past year the Passionist Fathers, established in nearly all civilized countries, have been celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of their Order. In connection with this celebration they have observed a solemn triduum in honor of St. Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin, the youthful Passionist student, who was canonized by Pope Benedict XV. on May 13, 1920.

It is uncommon that a celebration like this should have a particular significance for any one outside the religious family and the faithful directly committed to its care. That this celebration should have such a significance was clearly apparent to the Supreme Pontiff who, in a congratulatory letter to the members of the Order, evidently implies that this Bicentenary is not the commemoration of a past event or simply the marking of a time-period in the history of an institution, but rather the recognition of an insistent and much-needed work to be continued by a living and efficient organization: "These times, more than any times past, are opposed to Christian humility and penance, in which your manner of life chiefly consists; for the pride of life and the insatiable love of pleasure so hold sway, that, through the corruption of the very air that surrounds us, it is difficult even for religious hearts to escape the infection of this pestilence. . . Full of solicitude, therefore, not less for the common good than for your own salvation, you should labor to renew more and more in yourselves the love of the Cross of Christ, and by word and example to stir up as many others as possible to the same love." To understand this attitude of the Holy Father and his hopeful interest, it will not be out of place to give the readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* a brief summary of the history, constitution and spirit of the Passionist Order.

The Passionist Order, officially known as the Congregation of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, was founded in Italy by St. Paul of the Cross (Paul

Francis Danei). His parents were Luke Danei and Anna Massari. He was born January 3, 1692, in Ovada, a small town in the then Republic of Genoa. From his earliest childhood he cultivated a remarkable devotion to Christ Crucified, and seems always to have been impelled by an imperative call to preach the Sacred Passion.

He was clothed with the Passionist habit (which had been shown to him, in a vision, by our Lady) on November 22, 1720. Shortly afterwards he wrote the rule of his contemplated institute. In 1725 he received from Pope Benedict XIII. an oral approbation of his rule and permission to assemble associates. The same Pontiff ordained him to the priesthood in the Vatican Basilica on June 7, 1727. By a rescript of May 15, 1741, Benedict XIV. formally approved the rule. On November 16, 1769, Clement XIV., by the Bull, *Supremi Apostolatus*, raised the institute to the dignity of a canonical congregation with a participation in all the rights and privileges enjoyed by other Religious Orders. The Order was again solemnly and finally approved and confirmed by a Bull of Pius VI., dated September 15, 1775.

In that year, on October 18th, St. Paul of the Cross died in the mother-house of the Order, the Monastery of SS. John and Paul, Rome. Before his death the Order had been established in twelve monasteries. It had a gradual and consistent growth up to 1810 when, with the other Religious Orders in Italy, it was suppressed by Napoleon. On the return to Rome of the exiled Pius VII. in 1814, the Passionist Order, although one of the smallest in the Church, was the first to claim the Pope's attention, and the Passionists were the first to resume the regular monastic observance and to appear publicly in the religious garb. In a short while all the houses of the Order were again occupied and its activities were carried on as faithfully and energetically as though they had suffered no interruption.

Up to 1839 the Passionists had undertaken no work outside of Italy except foreign missions in Rumania and Bulgaria, which they have conducted uninterruptedly to the present time. In that year was held the seventeenth general chapter, at which Father Anthony Testa was elected general. He is rightly regarded as the second founder of the Order. He was a man of strenuous zeal, notable intellectual endowments and

far-seeing policies. In consequence he was repeatedly re-elected to the generalship, and held that office for a period of twenty-three successive years.

During his régime the Order attained its most rapid and extensive growth. It was he who sent the Passionists to Belgium, England, the United States and Australia. In 1840 he commissioned the Venerable Father Dominic Barberi and three companions to establish the Order in France. As this project miscarried, owing to the pronounced opposition of the French Government, these Fathers went to Belgium and made a foundation at Ere near Tournay. From this house other foundations were made in Belgium and Holland, forming the Belgian-Dutch province. Its membership has been largely increased by the exiled religious of France, where a second and successful attempt to establish the Order was made in 1853.

In 1841 Father Dominic went to England. He was most cordially received by Dr. Wiseman (afterwards Cardinal) and many prominent lay Catholics. His zeal for the conversion of England, which was a life-long characteristic, prompted him to take an active interest in the Tractarian Movement; and it was his peculiar happiness, as well as singular privilege, to have received into the Church John Henry Newman. It is traditional with the Passionists to regard the conversion of Newman and his reception by one of their brethren as a partial answer to the intercessions of St. Paul of the Cross, who prayed for fifty years for the conversion of England and enjoined upon his sons daily prayer for the same intention.

Within ten years of their arrival in England the Passionists had established three monasteries. Among their first native members were some distinguished converts from Anglicanism. One of these, Father Paul Mary (the Honorable Charles Reginald Pakenham, son of the Earl of Longford and nephew of the Duke of Wellington), became first rector of St. Paul's monastery, Dublin, the Order's premier foundation in Ireland.¹

Other monasteries were established not only in England and Ireland, but also in Scotland and Wales. In 1887 the

¹ He died in the odor of sanctity March 1, 1857. "In March, 1894, thirty-seven years after his saintly death, on the occasion of the opening of a new cemetery for the use of the religious, through pious curiosity his coffin was opened in the presence of the assembled community, some of whom are at Mount Argus at present, and the body was found to be perfectly intact and incorrupt." *The Cross*, Dublin, November, 1920.

English Passionists extended the Order to Australia, at the pressing invitation of Cardinal Moran. They also founded a house in Paris for convenience principally of English and American Catholics. This house still continues its spiritual activities, though it was secularized by the iniquitous Separationist Law.

In 1852 a Passionist colony came to the United States and settled in Pittsburgh. They were brought here by the saintly Bishop Michael O'Connor, whose most ardent wish was to join the Order. Later, he resigned his mitre and died a humble member of the Society of Jesus. Another band of Passionists went direct from Rome to California. Finding conditions too adverse to their manner of life, some of the Fathers went to Mexico, and the others joined the Pittsburgh community.

In spite of huge obstacles, these first American Passionists, with nothing to dazzle or attract, made such progress in the upbuilding of the Order that within the comparatively short space of twenty years, which embraced the duration of the Civil War and the unsettled reconstruction period that followed, they established five flourishing monasteries. With resolute determination they steadfastly held to their monastic and missionary form of life, notwithstanding the urgent and incessant calls to parochial work and other activities foreign to their vocation. It is due to their constancy and fidelity that the Order in this country has been kept true to its original purpose and is loyal to the spirit and rule of St. Paul of the Cross.

At the present time there are two provinces in the United States. The Eastern Province, with headquarters at West Hoboken, N. J., has other monasteries in Pittsburgh, Pa.; Dunkirk, N. Y.; Baltimore, Md.; Scranton, Pa., and Boston, Mass. Last December a new foundation was made in the Bronx, New York City; and in the previous September Holy Cross Preparatory College at Dunkirk was opened. The Western Province has its headquarters at Chicago, Illinois, with other monasteries located in Cincinnati, O.; Louisville, Ky.; St. Louis, Mo.; St. Paul, Kans., and Des Moines, Ia.

In 1885 some American Fathers, under the leadership of Father Fidelis Kent Stone, founded a monastery at Buenos Aires in the Argentine Republic. This monastery has since become the head of a province. Other Passionist houses in

Central and South America are located in Cuba, Brazil, and Chile. In 1880 the Spanish Province was founded, and today numbers eighteen establishments. The Passionists also have a house in Constantinople, the superior of which is the Apostolic Delegate. A recent foundation has been made at Bethany, near Jerusalem.

What might be called the Second Order of the Passion is a community of Passionist Nuns, founded by St. Paul of the Cross, in 1771. The co-founder was Mother Mary of Jesus Crucified (Faustina Gertrude Constantini). The community is strictly cloistered, and its distinctive spirit is devotion to the Sacred Passion to which the Sisters bind themselves by vow. On May 5, 1910, five of these Sisters came from Italy and made a foundation at Pittsburgh. Their success here is particularly manifested in the large number of vocations with which the community has been blessed.

The principle of the Passionist Order is a union of the contemplative with the active life. The contemplative life as lived by the Passionists consists mainly in the *Laus Dei in choro* (the chanting of the Divine Office) and the *Spiritus jugis Poenitentiae* (the spirit of habitual penance and austerity), as becomes a body of men who are devoted to the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ. Their active life (*Zelus Animarum*) is practically limited by the constitution to the preaching of missions and retreats.

The idea of a balanced life of monastic observance with an active apostolate was not original with St. Paul of the Cross. It was the realized ideal of St. Dominic in the thirteenth century, and, before him, of St. Norbert in the twelfth. It remained for St. Paul to revive this ideal; and it is worthy of note that the Passionist is the only Order with this dual principle that has arisen and been approved of by the Church since the Council of Trent.

St. Paul wrote his rule within the short space of five days. In a statement written at the command of his spiritual director he says: "I began to write this holy rule on the second day of December, 1720, and finished it on the seventh day of the same month. And be it known that when I was writing, I went on as quickly as if somebody in a professor's chair were there dictating to me. I felt the words come from my heart." When he wrote this rule, St. Paul was in his twenty-sixth year, and

still a layman. His education was limited to the primary instruction he had received as a boy. He wrote his rule in the solitude of an abandoned hermitage at Castellazzo, unassisted with advice from anyone and without the help of books. He was unacquainted with the religious life as lived in a canonical institute, and we have his own testimony to the effect that he had never read the rule of any Religious Order.

Generally, the history of Religious Orders show that their rules were written after the Order had been established and was actually functioning. They were the fruit of long deliberation, and of much discussion between the founder and his first associates. In their final form, they were the result of assiduous prayer, of serious meditation and practical experiment. Or else they were the adaptation of some other rule, already accepted and approved by the Church, usually the very elastic rule of St. Augustine, and so modified as to suit the individual requirements and specific purpose of the new organization.

In striking contrast with either of these two courses, the Passionist rule was written before the establishment of the Order. In fact, it had been written eight years previous to the time when St. Paul assembled his first community on Monte Argentario. Hence it might be said that here we have the very exceptional case of the Order being built upon the rule, instead of the rule being the product of the Order.

This fact explains the permanency of the Passionist purpose. Some Orders have what might be termed, from the merely human viewpoint, an accidental or even haphazard origin. They started without any fixed purpose or definite design. By the sequence of events and the pressure of circumstances they were gradually and methodically fashioned into distinct organic societies. Other Orders have been founded to meet the immediate, and often transient, needs of a time or place. In founding his Order, St. Paul planned a clear-cut campaign that was to be neither local nor temporary. His idea was to gather together a body of men, informed with the spirit of self-renunciation, whose only weapon was to be the crucifix, and who were to extend, according to their opportunities and abilities, the saving knowledge of Christ Crucified. Probably, it was the recognition of the world's constant need of the preaching of the Cross that prompted the remark-

able words of the illustrious Benedict XIV. on the occasion of his approving the rule: "This Congregation of the Passion which is the last to come into the world, should have been the first."

The form of government prescribed for the Order may be described as democratic, in the best sense of that word. The monasteries are the units that coalesce into the provinces, and these are bound together under the supreme jurisdiction of the superior-general. No superior can hold office for more than two successive terms, without papal dispensation; and no office, from that of the general down to the local rectorship, is held by any other title than that of suffrage.

For the election of the general and his consultors, who with him constitute the *Generalitia*, a general chapter is held every six years. Triennial provincial chapters are held for the elections of provincials, provincial consultors, local rectors, and masters of novices. The general chapter legislates for the needs of the Order at large; while the provincial chapters legislate for the particular needs of the individual provinces. The general and provincial chapters must legislate within the evident meaning of the constitution; and both the general and the provincial must carry out the enactments of their respective chapters.

St. Paul's rule is a tribute to his ability for government which hardly falls short of moral genius. His constitution was a rather decisive departure from those that commonly obtained in Religious Orders up to his day. It anticipated many of the better elements of present-day popular government. Personally, it makes but little, if any, difference to the individual religious what may be the government-form of his institute, as under any form approved by the Church he can attain to the perfection of his state. Through association, however, the American cannot fail to be struck by the close and detailed resemblance between the Passionist rule and the Constitution of the United States. But he will not forget that the writing of the rule antedates by a period of fifty-four years the meeting of the first Continental Congress.

While the rule clearly defines the specific objective purpose of the Passionist vocation, it contemplates other ministerial activities that may be demanded by the exigencies of time and place, or requested by the authorities of the Church.

The call to foreign missions has been heard and answered from the days of St. Paul. In fact, the first colony of Passionists to leave Italy went to the Balkans, where they have labored for the last one hundred and thirty-nine years under the direction of an unbroken line of Passionist missionary bishops. The second colony went to the antipodes to evangelize the aborigines of Australia. At the general chapter held last May in Rome the capitulars expressed their desire to extend the limits of their foreign mission field, and offered to Propaganda the services of the Order for the evangelization of any country it might designate. A few months later the provincial chapter, held in Pittsburgh, decided to send a band of American Passionists to China.

Direct efforts for the enlightenment and conversion of non-Catholics, so imperative in a country like ours, are not only recommended, but strongly urged by the rule. It was the custom of the first Fathers in the United States to deliver several doctrinal discourses, to which non-Catholics were especially invited, in the course of their missions; and some even used the question-and-answer method. When the regular non-Catholic mission proved a helpful means to attract and appeal to non-Catholics, the Passionists at once recognized it as a part of their work, which they encourage and prosecute.

Retreats for laymen, which happily are becoming so frequent, are provided for by explicit direction of the rule. In every monastery quarters are to be reserved for clerics and laics who desire to spend some days in prayer and religious quiet. The Monastery of SS. John and Paul in Rome is one of the oldest and most famous retreat houses in the Catholic world. St. Gabriel's Monastery, Boston, is the centre of the Laymen's Retreat Guild of New England. The Guild is under the immediate patronage of Cardinal O'Connell, whose consistent interest in it has been an inspiration to its members. The rapid growth of the Guild has necessitated the construction of a separate building. Attached to St. Paul's Monastery, Pittsburgh, is a splendid retreat building, designed by John T. Comes. It was dedicated last November 21st by Bishop Canevin, who realized the need of such a building for the accommodation of the Catholic laymen of Western Pennsylvania. In the Western province, the Chicago monastery has been most active in furthering the retreat movement.

The main purpose of the Passionist Order is the preaching of missions. This form of preaching has existed in the Church since the day of Pentecost. And as long as men sin it will be a most effective instrument in their repentance. There are times when divine grace is poured more abundantly than usual; a mission is such a time. Catholic instinct makes clergy and people alike acknowledge and appreciate this. All of which is proven by the ever-increasing demand for missions.

A mission is a period of earnest spiritual enthusiasm and intensive spiritual activity which looks for immediate results in garnering souls to Christ. The character of its preaching, therefore, must be, at once, simple, spontaneous and emotional. Such preaching does not, by any means, imply a lack of intellectual ability and application, nor does it exclude the cultivated graces of public speaking. Hence it would be deplorable to think that the work of giving missions is to be left to men of inferior mental attainments whose religious zeal makes up for scanty intellectual equipment. The wider his experience and more Catholic his culture, the more successful the missionary will be; provided his experience and culture do not hamper him in the expression of his emotional powers. Staid intellectualism, tolerable in the scholarly professor, would make of the missionary a mere "vocal essayist."

Mere intellectual preaching is usually barren of salvific result. It generally has all the weakness and disadvantages of Cardinal Newman's "smart syllogism." Mission preaching takes into account the pertinent fact that man is essentially an emotional creature. In his distinctive mode of preaching the missionary sets forth the tremendous truths of eternity and addresses the whole man. He uses the same appeal to the feelings and senses that furnishes the reason for the Church's use of symbol and ceremony. By emotional preaching, therefore, is not meant the sonorous phonographic recital of labored discourses; much less does it mean the fantastic and fanatical melodrama of much popular Protestant revivalism.

The permeating theme of the Passionist mission is Christ Crucified. This is demanded by virtue of the Passionist missionary's fourth vow to promote devotion to the Sacred Passion. Fidelity to this feature of his work is the never-failing test and measure of his success. As with the individual, so with the

Order. When it ceases to exalt Christ Crucified by definite and energetic efforts, it shall have lost the reason for its existence as a distinct organization in the Church.

The preaching of the Passion is the continuation of Christ's Own compelling and result-guaranteed motive. For around the Cross are gathered the huge facts of salvation, death, sin, repentance and judgment. And these facts are never so clearly apprehended as when presented in the light of the Passion. As Father Faber splendidly puts it: "It is the simple preaching of Christ Crucified that crowds the confessional and throngs the altar-rail."

Never was this preaching so needed as in our day and country, when the opportunities and means of self-indulgence are so many and so readily accessible; when, outside the Church, the Cross is no longer a symbol, but only a decoration; when religious leaders are debasing Christ's Death to the ignoble level of a human triumph; when, within the Church, so many are apt to substitute a comfortable piety for the stern Gospel of the Cross.

The Passionist rule has never been altered with the exception of the elimination of some very rigorous penances which the Holy See considered beyond the endurance of less heroic souls than St. Paul and some of his first companions. The saint himself very cheerfully accepted these alterations. The canonization of St. Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin, a saint of our own day, whose brother was at his canonization, is a witness to the vitality of the Order and a proof that the simple keeping of the rule, as it is observed at the present, suffices to meet the tests of heroic sanctity which the Church requires in those whom she raises to the honors of the altar. As the Holy Father says: "We know that he arrived at the highest pitch of sanctity in no other way than by the observance of regular discipline, a proof that in the manner of life you lead, you have a perfect school of the virtues. And it is also a proof that the good spirit, left by your Founder, still exists among you, an evident fact upon which we heartily congratulate you."

SOME NOVELS OF THE PAST YEAR.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

II.



ONE of the very best of recent novels is *Basil Everman*.¹ Anything else that Elsie Singmaster writes ought to be noted with a red letter. The scene of her tale is laid in a thoroughly American small town, not far from Baltimore, where we find real persons in an appropriate atmosphere. Perhaps some of our readers, accustomed to hyper-hysterical emotion in novels, may find the atmosphere somewhat gray; but this effect is due to the reticence of one of the most artistic of American authors. For delicate character work Richard Lister's mother has not of late been equaled.

An exquisite idyl is Harrison S. Morris' *Hannah Bye*.² The setting is a fruitful corner of the imperial State of Pennsylvania. It is a story of life among the Quakers—a community whose ideals and methods deserve closer study than they have yet received. One can not help believing that the founders of the Society of Friends had read very carefully the constitution of the Order of St. Francis, when one compares the two documents. At any rate, that is not the question now. Mr. Harrison Morris is a poet, and his novel contains all the elements, including that of a limpid and musical prose that belong to a poet of imagination rather than fancy; and the atmosphere of the quiet and placid neighborhood, the very smell of the clover in the June time is with us when Mr. Morris wills it. Here is a little sketch, which must appeal to all who know the ways of Friends:

The old Meeting House was sprinkled with sun and shadow from the overhanging buttonwoods and poplars, in which a choir of robins and song-sparrows was making a mockery of the orthodox approval of music. The dusty carriages were slowly climbing the hill and turning in at the gate, and elderly Friends of serious countenance were

¹ Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

² Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Co.

alighting at the carriage block and gravely passing in. The gayer young men and women, who took Meeting as a rather sober holiday-making, had gathered in knots about the yard and talked in subdued tones until the last carriage conveyed the last elder to the door. Then they filed in, and the rustling was stilled and Siah, in his broad beaver, and Deborah, in her silver-gray bonnet in the low gallery, looked with unseeing eyes at the congregation and the congregation returned the solemn stare.

There was a long, breathing silence, as always, and then the visiting Friend from Milestown Meeting laid his hat on the bench behind him and rose in grim dignity. He repeated a text and discoursed in sentences made familiar to his hearers by tradition. He sat down and then another long period of self-communion ensued, broken now and then by a cough, or a whisper to a naughty child whose patience was fast "petering out."

It would be a great addition to our knowledge of American life if Mr. Harrison Morris should follow this charming novel with others in the atmosphere of the Society of Friends in Pennsylvania. They would help toward that kind of Americanization which nearly all of us need—an Americanization which implies at least some sympathetic knowledge of the various groups that influence the social life of our country.

Mr. Basil King has earned the right to be considered seriously. There is a prejudice abroad to the effect that only English writers are masters of style, when in fact we have a great majority of American novelists who write better than the English, but who have not so much to say and are entirely incapable of making proper use of their backgrounds. Basil King has much to say and he knows how to say it well. His latest novel, *The Thread of Flame*,³ deals with the adventures of a young man who has lost his identity; these adventures are so skillfully managed by the author that they have every appearance of reality. Mr. Basil King has brought the art of description to such a point that even he who runs and reads will not be tempted to read and run. He has the power of reducing the essentials of every-day scenes on Fifth Avenue to little pictures which make us see New York from a new point of view.

³ New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Other Woman,⁴ by Norah Davis, is a melodrama founded on a similar theme, the loss of identity; or, rather the interchangeability of one identity for another. It is not an imitation of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; it is sufficiently original, but the style is often as cumbersome as the management of three very difficult themes. It is evident that the author is not afraid of entanglements, and she has succeeded in giving us a novel of the older school, whose defects themselves show that she has fine imagination. The morality of the ending may be questioned; but which was the real husband?

To *The Other Woman* and *The Thread of Flame*, there should be joined the very best of Oppenheim's, *The Great Impersonation*.⁵ As a study in the technique of producing surprise, it can be very seriously recommended to the student in the art of narration. Comparatively, it may be used with the two first mentioned books to which, in the matter of mere technique, it is greatly superior, though as a work of art it cannot compare with the *Thread of Flame*.

Zona Gale, in *Miss Lulu Bett*,⁶ writes a novel in a new genre. She has thrown aside the usual conventions of style and also that habit of self-consciousness which seems to be almost a tradition with American novels; it is a little room detached with its inhabitants and furniture from the many mansions of our life. To use a worn-out term, which formerly meant a very different thing, it is "realistic," and yet not repellant or hopeless. Zona Gale, in *Miss Lulu Bett*, gives a concrete answer to those critics who are constantly demanding an absolutely American novel. Here it is, and it is a work of art which cannot be imitated.

Nearly all the novels taken from the life of the colored people in this country are either burlesques or sentimental apologies. *The Children in the Mist*,⁷ by George Madden Martin, is entirely different, and it is a book of excellent short stories. Mr. Martin, in his "foreword," gives the reason for the writing of this book:

The black man in the United States has two worst enemies; the over-zealous advocate who claims too much for him, and the execrable creature wearing a white skin who says: "I hate a Nigger!"

⁴New York: The Century Co.

⁶New York: D. Appleton & Co.

⁵Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

⁷New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Sweet and loveable, mystified, baffled and exploited, discouraged and embittered, these hapless people, children who, after fifty-six years of freedom, still see as in a glass darkly! It is to those who, regardful of them, see them as they are that the welfare of the race can best be trusted.

Turning for a moment to novels of English life it would be agreeable to recommend *Beck of Beckford*,⁸ by Mrs. M. E. Francis; it has all the qualities for which Mrs. Francis is celebrated; it is well written, it has a due sense of proportion, and it is a story always interesting to American Catholics of the folk in Lancashire attached to the Faith. It seems unnecessary to say that it would be a mistake for anybody choosing a library for young girls to leave out the books of Mrs. Francis, Katharine Tynan and Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, whose *Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square* is almost a classic. But in *Beck of Beckford* Mrs. Francis has made the mistake—a mistake very detrimental to the circulation of this present book on this side of the ocean—of introducing an impossible American, supposed to be typical of his race. This is a pity; if Mrs. Francis must have an American character or two, it would be well for her to study some living specimens even of “the Yankee.” “Yankees” do not all speak a dialect.

We come now to an entirely satisfactory novel by George Stevenson. It is called *Benjy*.⁹ George Stevenson preserves the best traditions of the English novel. There are many pages in this book worthy to have been written by Miss Austen, with, shining through them, an essential spirituality which may have been part of Miss Austen’s interior life, but which never gleamed in her novels. Book I. is prefaced with these words from “M. Sinclair:” “Those early Victorian virtues—self-repression, humility, and patience under affliction;” and Dr. John Ainsworth and his wife, Priscilla, exemplify these virtues simply and spontaneously. It is with the life and the fates of their children that we are most concerned; and the story is told with truth, with charm, with a reasonable reticence and a sense of proportion which stamps George Stevenson as a novelist of a very high order. It would be a pity to spoil the reader’s interest in this book by saying too much about it. The stories of Jo and of Benjy himself are admirably

⁸ New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

⁹ New York: John Lane Co.

told; and the episode of Adelaide is a very good example of graphic yet restrained painting in letters.

Read this:

The Rolfes were essentially old Catholics. Both came of stock that had suffered fines, spoliation, the loss of wealth and estate rather than foresake their faith. Kitty Rolfe herself belonged to a family that had once possessed the whole of Beckdale; though nothing now remained to them of their former possessions except the old house—noted in the neighborhood for its priest's hiding-place—and a poor field or two. And Kitty was proud of her family traditions. She held her head high upon the soil that has been robbed from her forefathers; and she made little account of certain neighbors who had found the choice between the spiritual and the material too hard for them.

But neither Kitty nor her husband had any interest whatever in Jo as a possible proselyte. To Kitty, especially, the ordinary Anglican, as well as the possible convert was a subject of hidden, half-amused contempt. Kitty—and it may fairly be excused her—had little liking for Protestants. It was a physical hurt to her, she once told Jo—though that was afterwards—to see Beckdale Church, once the Mother Church of the district, the centre not only of its religious but of its civic life—its fairs, its feasts, its markets—shorn of its former glories, cold, deserted, become in Kitty's eyes a tomb rifled if not actually defiled. When Jo came to them with the unmistakable stamp upon him—for all his slovenliness—of the theological student, neither Rolfe nor his wife troubled to inquire why he had not blossomed forth into the orthodox English curate? But Kitty was never attracted to him; she never sought his confidence; and when the first evening—a wet Sunday had prevented his going home—he had followed them timidly and rather late into the chantry, she had asked him pointedly and with malice:

“I wonder what it is you Protestants find in Benediction that makes it the one of our services so many of you come to?”

And so little was she really interested in the poor youth that, though she gloried at his confusion, she hardly heard his stammered answer:

“I used to go at Leeds.”

Just as their fellow-Protestants in a Catholic country—whether Ireland or Brazil—are inclined to carry themselves

as the only spiritually elect; so, too, the Catholic laity, it must be owned, have not a little of the arrogance of the elder brother, the rightful heir. They have suffered too much from the vagaries of converts—and clerical converts at that period seemed especially apt to tack and veer round again—to welcome the shrinking Nicodemus with open arms. It is only here and there that some simple, pious souls will, in all humility and charity, display the treasures of their faith, like little children who call to one another: "Come and see."

In George Stevenson there appears a new novelist of great sympathy, charming humor, knowledge of life and a style which is a worthy medium for all these qualities. She is a woman, Mrs. G. Horsfall Stevenson, author of *Topham's Folly*, *Jennie Cartwright* and *A Little World Apart*.

In *The Portygee*¹⁰ Joseph C. Lincoln has added to his continued successes in novels of modern New England life. Constant readers of his stories will find nothing new in his latest book except the character of the "Portygee," really a young Spaniard and the son of a famous opera singer, who clandestinely married the daughter of a typical Cape Cod Captain, Zelotes Snow. The young Spaniard, born in America, inherits certain of the ostentatious vanities of his father, who has had him brought up without any regard to the religion of his ancestors. Mr. Lincoln knows his part of New England very well, and his devoted readers are quite satisfied with him as he is. He is safe morally; he knows that most of the questions of sex were settled long ago, and he has no interest in reviving the ideas of the Cave Men or of the females of their species. Perhaps it would spoil Mr. Lincoln for his constantly increasing groups of readers, if he were to look a little deeper into the essential conflicts and differences which are arising in his own chosen State through the disappearance of the remains of rigid Puritanism and the rising of a deep conviction of the supernatural through the incoming of the foreigners who, like the "Portygee," are the new Americans.

If one of the qualities which count for the valid existence of novels is that of making us forget the little worries and some of the big trials of life and another is that of offering us new windows in our little world for wider observation, there is 2

¹⁰ New York: D. Appleton & Co.

large group of novels before us which possess especially the first merit.

Here, for example, is *The Gold Girl*,¹¹ by James B. Hendryx. (The Putnam's have specialized in novels recently.) It is a story of the wilderness and a sheep camp—Patty Sinclair is like a good many other girls in these books of adventure—just what you would want a nice girl to be, only perhaps a little more untrammelled, and the hero is from life; the writing is smooth, clear and easy. *The Fur Bringers*,¹² by Hulbert Footner, has a very different kind of a hero. "Colina" is a Canadian girl, with a temper of her own, and a father from whom she has inherited it; the hero, who goes about matrimony in a very business-like way, finds that it is a rather difficult business; he has many adventures, and the course of true love is as rocky as it possibly could be under any circumstances; but you know the end.

In *Trailin'*, by Max Brand (another Putnam book), we have a fit companion volume for *The Fur Bringers* and *The Gold Girl*. The hero is one of those aristocratic New Yorkers who feel that their position in Society will be compromised if they attempt anything so unconventional as to break an almost unbreakable mustang in Madison Square Garden! One cannot help thinking that this young aristocrat was entirely too sensitive, and that he did not know the real opinions of the Racquet Club, for instance. When Anthony Woodbury gets on the trail, however, you feel safe. You can trust his eye and his muscle. You are as sure as when you run breathlessly through the pages of *Swiss Family Robinson* that everything will come out all right.

But when you turn to the *Fruit of the Desert*,¹³ by Richard Barry, you are not so sure, though Ranor Gaul is dying of tuberculosis in the beginning, and so Mr. Barry makes him interesting. *Fruit of the Desert* would be very well, if Mr. Ridgwell Cullum had not offered a more entrancing book in *The Heart of Unaga*. Here you are introduced to the "Sleeping Indians" and to a new world in the Far West very well imagined; the strange drug, "adresol," is even more weirdly important than the semi-precious "sunnites" which these remote Indians regard as sacred. In fact, *The Heart of Unaga* is one

¹¹ New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

¹² New York: The James A. McCann Co.

¹³ Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co.

of the best written, most interest-gripping romances of our deserts or of our wilderness.

Another romance of the wilds is by Mr. T. Morris Longstreth. It is called *Mac of Placid*.¹⁴ Mr. Longstreth knows the Adirondack country very well. His people live near the glitter of the lakes and real Northern winds sweep by them. This is a nature book and a very natural one.

Mr. Longstreth shows great power in managing his characters—managing is hardly the word—"creating" would be better. In the art of depicting character relentlessly he ranks very high. No novelist now writing has done a better piece of work than the painting of Ed. Touch. This equals, in rugged truth, any of the masterpieces of that artist, Evan Phillips; and one cannot help feeling the truth of the mental processes of his very manly hero, MacIntyre—"Mac" for short; but what will the devotees of eugenics say to the virtues of "Mac?" According to the teachings of their philosopher, "Mac" ought to have been killed at his birth or at least seriously disabled, for his "Pop" and "Ma" were detrimentals of the worst kind. Robert Louis Stevenson is sketched with the deft and sympathetic hand, a task which is as delicate as it is dangerous. There is a curious contradiction—or perhaps it is only an apparent contradiction in Mr. Longstreth's philosophy of life. While it is quite evident, that as the guardian angel of his hero, he loves purity for its own sake, he, at the same time, seems to agree with Mr. Stevenson's opinion, as expressed in this rather depressed speech:

"It is this, Mac. I resolve to do no more carrion. I have done too much in this carrion epoch. I will now be clean, and by clean I don't mean any folly about purity, but such things as a healthy man shall find fit to see and speak about without a pang of nausea."

It must be admitted that *Mac of Placid* is a fine piece of work. As a picture of life, as a very loving nature study, it must appeal to every discriminating reader. But the absence of religion, the lack of any appeal to the verities of Christianity or to Christianity as a rule of life makes it a sad book; and the pagan ending, by which the hero and the heroine unnecessarily make themselves outlaws, is a disappointment.

¹⁴ New York: The Century Co

If these out-of-door books did not so sedulously avoid reference to the supernatural, one would be more convinced of the reality of the merits of their characters. It must be said, however, that if the heroes and heroines of these romances have no taste for religion they at least have a reverence for it; and there is none of that *esprit gaulois*, which disguises a more brutal term that we regret to find in a neurotic, neurasthenic novel, called *The Romantic Woman*,¹⁵ by Mary Borden, which reminds one of some old-fashioned authors' descriptions of certain savage nobles of the Court of Peter the Great—"all diamonds and furs without, and all squalor and vermin within." But let that pass.

If some of the novels of the year are delightfully like *Swiss Family Robinson*, drenched with sentiment, there are others like *Paul and Virginia* drenched with sentimentalism. *Leerie*,¹⁶ by Ruth Sawyer, is one of these. We are told in the indispensable "jacket" that all the men were in love with Leerie, and consequently you wade in saccharine, until the cold breeze of matrimony make life more solid. Besides, you learn how free and easy and agreeable and full of sweetness a sanatorium may be when there are nurses like Leerie practically in command.

In *The Cresting Wave*,¹⁷ Edwin Bateman Morris attempts to show how immoral a successful business man may be in principle, and how foolish is he who gains a big pot of money and fails to marry the girl evidently intended for him by Providence. It has a sound moral, however, in spite of some rather sentimental exaggerations. Ruth, who saves the man in the end from himself, is almost hopeless before this announcement of his principles:

"My father is a discouraged man, with a record of nothing accomplished," said William Spade.

"But if he did what was right?"

"He did what he thought was right," Spade corrected. "A person's conscience is a strange thing—it must be regulated like a watch. A time comes when it has to be set forward twenty-five or thirty years."

"The honesty," he went on, "of the old-fashioned man who sold a cake of soap over the counter was a simple mat-

¹⁵ New York: Alfred Knopf.

¹⁶ New York: Harper & Brothers.

¹⁷ Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Co.

ter. Not so very long ago most of our commercial transactions were like that. Now our world is unbelievably complex. When a dollar comes to us we cannot say from whose hand it comes. In the case of the cake of soap, the purchaser was the ultimate individual concerned in the transaction. It was possible to know whether he was wronged or not. But in the maze of our business, no human power could guess all the ultimate individuals of each transaction, and consider whether they would be wronged. Such honesty could only accompany the omniscience of God Himself."

It was not merely plausible glibness. It was conviction. The insidious part of the influence that worked upon him was that as each moral prop was withdrawn, there was substituted in its place a self-convincing reason for its withdrawal. Each step backward was accompanied by a conviction that it was a step forward. The absorbing of each principle that made for the decadence of the nation was felt to be the absorbing of a principle made necessary by the expanding and reaching up of the nation.

Poor Ruth! As she looked at this earnest figure with his broad shoulders turned to her, conviction was far from her. She was helpless before his words, but they could not extinguish the faith within her that right was always right and wrong was always wrong.

"And because of what you say," she asked him, gently, "do we abolish honesty altogether?"

His jaw closed firmly. "We certainly amend it," he replied, "to fit the conditions that exist."

How Ruth changed his point of view it would be the business of the interested reader to find out.

Mr. L. Frank Tooker is one of our two best novelists of the sea; and *The Middle Passage*¹⁸ is quite as good as his very successful book, *Under Rocking Skies*. When it comes to adventures, he forces our old friend, Captain Marryatt into the shadows. Moreover, he has a better style than Captain Marryatt, and he is free from that ignorant bigotry which spoils some of the most interesting pages of *Midshipman Easy*. Mr. Tooker is a master of the technique of the sea, and he knows how to visualize adventures and characters. *The Middle Passage* is decidedly the best sea book of the year. In fact, no author at

¹⁸ New York: The Century Co.

present writing has a more graphic style or a better sense of proportion and reality than Mr. Tooker. In *The Middle Passage* there is one explanation that has not been made. We are not informed how Whittaker, the young Englishman, in making his escape with his friend from an unpleasant predicament, found enough Latin, to answer to the inquiring friars—"In penitentia et tribulatione ambulamus?"

One of the latest books is Mr. Don Cameron Shafer's romance, *Barent Creighton*.¹⁹ Mr. Shafer has chosen an historical period yet untouched by American novelists—the time of the Anti-Rent War in New York, and he has the magic touch. He knows how to wave his wand and to take us back into that time when top boots and tight buckskin trousers were just going out of fashion. It is a very instructive and agreeable study of a little-known period; and it would be well for Mr. Shafer to offer some more of these memoirs to serve as introductions to history.

Barent Creighton reminds one of some of Miss Sadlier's stories of early New York. They are full of color, picturesque and well documented. There is great need of historical novels written not merely from a Catholic point of view, which is sometimes prejudiced, but written by Catholics, after the manner of the late Monsignor Benson, vivaciously, with human interest, and founded on authentic historical sources.

¹⁹ New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

New Books.

DEMOCRATIC INDUSTRY. By Joseph Husslein, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.50.

The Middle Ages are still an unknown realm to most people. A conspiracy of long standing, still fostered by many who have no malevolent intentions has blinded most of us to the intense Christian activity of those centuries, especially in the development of sound relations between man and his work, and man and society. One of the evils that has arisen from this contempt for the Middle Ages is the comforting opinion that our economic system is better than anything that has gone before. Paganism meant slavery, and the Middle Ages meant serfdom, it is said. The modern world has rid itself of those two crimes, and so we live in a world in which social institutions are sounder than ever before. The conclusion is implied that we need not worry. The Renaissance and the Reformation helped to bring the Middle Ages into disrepute, and Capitalism, growing out of the Renaissance and the Reformation, has profited by the false information which scholars, imbued with hatred of the Middle Ages, have dispensed. Then there arose a peculiarly pleasant belief that the new times are the best times and that what is latest is best. Father Husslein's book is good medicine for this anemic attitude. For he tells the facts about the economic system of the Middle Ages.

Prefaced by a brief account of the pagan days of slavery and followed by an account of certain newer applications of a halting guild spirit and certain suggestions for its fuller development, the body of his book deals with the guilds of the Middle Ages. By telling what men centuries ago were able to do, by showing the wonders of the guilds of Europe, and by outlining how common men once controlled their working lives and produced goods without being life-long employees, Father Husslein deals a number of blows at a number of enemies. He deals a blow at those who think the Catholic Church is a gigantic conspiracy against all that is good and noble and all that is of real benefit to men in their daily lives. He deals a blow at those who hate Christians, for the standards of the Middle Ages were Christian standards, regardless of the frequent failure of men to live up to them. He deals a blow at the self-satisfied philosophy of the last fifty years and its pitiful reliance upon evolution. Still further, he deals a blow at those who cynically despise ideals and

religion as motives for social change. And he indicates that the present autocracy and plutocracy in economic relations are not necessary. Pagan slavery was born of the contempt men had for manhood.

Father Husslein's book should be read by Catholics, if for no other reason than to learn what the guilds were. We live in a capitalistic society, and along with others we are ready to look upon our society as approximately sound in its social relations. The possibility of comparing Capitalism with the guild system will strengthen our hold on the Church and will urge us to restore all things in Christ. Father Husslein also adds a Social Platform for the present day which merits wider circulation.

VITALISM AND SCHOLASTICISM. By Sir Bertram C. A. Windle.
St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$3.00 net.

Vitalism and Scholasticism has for its theme the existence of a vital principle in living beings, distinct from, and superior to, physical and chemical forces. There is much need of such a volume. Henry Frank's *Modern Light on Immortality* is only one of many popularizations of Haeckel's monism. In these books biochemistry and bio-physics and other modern sciences have been made to bolster up an evolutionary materialism; and since physical science and not sound reasoning is the key to popular confidence, the enemies of spiritualism have been able to gain and hold much ground.

Sir Bertram Windle's attack on this pseudo-science is trenchant and decisive. His own scientific ability and standing are unquestioned, and the authority of his name is, in itself, an argument in favor of vitalism. But, in addition, he presents a wealth of the very latest scientific data, which, though couched in popular terms, is exact, complete and cogently ordered. There can be no doubting of his thesis, that science is unalterably opposed to the modern physico-chemical explanations of life.

The book opens with a history of the vitalistic belief, and the rise of the modern denials. This is followed by a brief popular statement of the Scholastic position. The rest of the book is devoted to an examination of the data of science—the constitution and nature of cell-life, its growth and development. Only one conclusion is drawn—that science teaches today, as in the days of Aquinas, that life is different from non-life, that vitalism is the only true explanation of the phenomena we observe in plants and animals and men.

The reader closes the last page, charmed by the simple, yet eloquent and forceful style, delighted with the wealth of his-

torical and scientific information, convinced of the truth of the vitalistic thesis. There is only one tiny regret—that the work was not carried further. We have need not only of this negative apologetical treatment of the subject—the refutation of the sophistical claims of Haeckel and his school—but a need also of a treatment, in the same readable style, of the positive conclusions which may be drawn from this same data, in regard to the real nature and constitution of the vital principle.

EUROPE AND THE FAITH. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: The Paulist Press. \$2.25 net.

This intensely interesting book is one of deep import as a *vade-mecum* and a guide in the reading and study of history, and as a source of inspiration for truly Catholic thought and action in the present critical years. The Christian soul says: "If only the world would return to the faith of Christ." Mr. Belloc says, with the logic of the facts of history in his hands: "The world must return to the faith of Christ or it will perish."

To call this a Catholic philosophy of history would give a wrong impression. Yet it is a most remarkable and valuable contribution toward a Catholic philosophy of history. It traces out the main line of historical development from the time of Our Lord to the present crisis. And its method is that of strict historical induction.

The historical argument is unique; it is not simply another appeal to history along familiar lines; it is a new key to unlock the whole of Christian history, and it reveals some rather astonishing things. The author proposes to set things right, to give the reader what "no modern book in the English tongue" gives, namely a correct conspectus of the past: "There are innumerable text-books in which a man may read the whole history of . . . a country from, say, the fifth to the sixteenth century, and never hear of the Blessed Sacrament: which is as though a man were to write of England in the nineteenth century without daring to speak of newspapers and limited companies."

The civilization of Europe, and America, which is now at stake, is essentially Christian civilization. It is the civilization of ancient Rome made Christian by the Catholic Church, perfected in the Middle Ages, wrecked by the Reformation, and now in danger of utter ruin.

It is not true that the Roman Empire "fell" and that Roman civilization was "destroyed," by the coming of "numerous and vigorous barbarians possessing all manner of splendid pagan qualities—which usually turn out to be nineteenth century Protestant

qualities." The ancient Roman Empire declined chiefly because of internal conditions, and the ancient civilization was saved by the Catholic Church.

The Dark Ages, from the fifth to the eleventh century, were alive with heroic military action which saved Europe from invasions on all sides. Meanwhile the ancient heritage lay dormant, its outward development ceasing, but its content deepened and enriched in its repose. The Middle Ages, from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, produced, on the foundation of ancient civilization and after the repose of the Dark Ages, "a civilization which was undoubtedly the highest and the best that our race has known." "While it flourished, all that is specially characteristic of our European descent and nature stood visibly present in the daily life, in the large, as in the small, institutions of Europe." But this splendid, united Christendom of the Middle Ages never reached its full development, it did not become permanent, for its power was broken in that great disaster of history which is often called "The Reformation."

The Reformation was not simply the lamentable work of certain proud-minded and willful individuals. It was partly the breaking out of a general, irrepressible and largely justified discontent. It was due also to a very rapid increase in technical power and physical knowledge and to a mad desire for wealth. And it was due, furthermore, largely to the peculiar idolatry of state absolutism in the beginning of modern times. Particularly was this true in England. And the decisive thing, that which made the Reformation a permanent wound in the social body, was the defection of England. For England lent "the strength of a great civilized tradition to forces whose original initiative was directed against European civilization and its tradition." This great disaster, the rupture of Christendom and the dissolution of the forces that should make for Christian civilization, has determined all subsequent historical development. The consequent processes have not yet come to judgment: but perhaps their judgment is near. As they mature it becomes more and more evident that the very structure of European society is threatened with chaos and ruin. "Europe must return to the Faith, or she will perish."

The author's primary purpose in this book is not to investigate new fields of historical research; it is rather to weigh given evidence and to set facts in their true light and correct proportion, and thus to bring out the general trend of historical development and to give the reader a right conspectus of the past. If many points of detail are not new, the explanation of their import and

bearing is original. In some cases the author's critical examination of sources is particular and minute. If the text were accompanied by source-references it would be a valuable guide to historical analysis, as it certainly is a remarkable work of historical synthesis.

The book appeared in September and is already in its second edition.

PEOPLE OF DESTINY. By Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00 net.

The "people of destiny" are Americans, the United States; in our hands lies the future of the world—that is the theme of this book by the most widely read of the late War correspondents. Unlike most foreign critics, Sir Philip has a friendly approach, and the note of praise struck in the title is predominant throughout. This is a welcome variation, and yet his first few chapters are so insistently laudatory that one feels his praise issues more from his will than from his judgment, that he is simply determined to see good, and one longs—perversely, no doubt—for more shading in the picture. In the closing chapters, however, he comes to grips with his subject and gives a more balanced verdict.

In the chapter, "America's New Place in the World," after showing that America, whether she wishes it or not, must abandon her former position of aloofness from European affairs, the author concludes with the belief that "America's destiny will be glorious for mankind, not because I think that the individual American is a better, nobler, more spiritual being than the individual Englishman, Frenchman, or Russian, but because I see, or think I see, that this great country is inspired more than any other nation among the big powers by the united, organized qualities of simple, commonplace people, with kindness of heart, independence of spirit, and sincerity of ideas, free from the old heritage of caste, snobbishness, militarism, and fetish-worship which still lingers among the Junkers of Europe. . . It is a nation of nobodies, great with the power of the common man and the plain sense that governs his way of life. Other nations are still ruled by their 'somebodies'—by their pomposities and High Panjandrams. But it is the nobodies whose turn is coming in history, and America is on their side."

"What England Thinks of America" is the most valuable chapter in the book. In it the author makes clear that democratic rule does not mean individual liberty, why there is less toleration of individualism in America than in England, and how it

comes that the British system of government and its social structure rising by caste gradations are capable of tremendous reforms without violent convulsions, as contrasted with America, where "the clash between Capital and Labor will be more direct and more ruthless in its methods of conflict on both sides." Certain observers, he says, forecast two possible ways of development in the future history of the American people, one a social revolution on Bolshevik lines, the other the way of militarism. Sir Philip disagrees altogether with the second prophecy, and partly with the first, though he does believe that there will be some sort of revolution, not less radical because not violent.

In the final chapter, "Americans in Europe," Sir Philip shows Americans in relief work before and after the War and as combatants during it, and pays them high and heartfelt tribute. Concerning our soldiers he was struck, he says, "by the exceptionally high level of individual intelligence among the rank and file, and by the general gravity among them. The American private soldier seemed to me less repressed by discipline than our men. He had more original points of view, expressed himself with more independence of thought, and had a greater sense of his personal value and dignity. . . . They were harder, less sympathetic; in a way, I think, less imaginative and spiritual than English or French. They had no tolerance with foreign habits or people."

On the whole, the fault of this book lies in the fact that the author in his first few weeks in the United States was so impressed by the friendly spirit and warm hospitality of Americans that his perceptive powers became impaired, though later, when he got into the interior of the country, he remedied this defect; its merit—and an uncommon merit it is in these days of discontent and disillusion—lies in the fact that it is the product of an unwavering idealist, possessing a keen sense of world politics and offering a noble solution for world problems.

THE RIGHT REV. EDWARD DOMINICK FENWICK, O.P.,
Founder of the Dominicans in the United States and First
Bishop of Cincinnati. By Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O.P.,
S.T.M. New York: Frederick Pustet Co., Inc. \$3.50.

Father O'Daniel's well-done *Life* of the first American Superior of his Order, and Ohio's first Bishop, is noteworthy from several points of view. It is a valuable work historically, and also for the sidelights it throws upon contemporaneous politico-religious conditions in Europe, where practically all of the future friar's training was received and whence he turned, later, for help.

It is scarcely less valuable as a laboratory demonstration, so to speak, in pastoral theology.

We are here shown a man who, not because of extraordinary mental gifts—though these were not inconsiderable; nor yet because of strong physique, for as a matter of fact his health was never rugged; but because of a supreme devotion to the Spouse to Whom he had given himself in his youth, was enabled to serve both God and man in a way to compel the admiration of his own and succeeding generations. A missionary Bishop so zealous for those whom he loved to call his “stray sheep” as to ride nearly one hundred miles out of his way to look up one Catholic, and who, in an almost dying condition, traveled more than two thousand miles by stage and boat to visit his spiritual children for the last time, may be fittingly compared with Francis Xavier. Like that great Saint, Edward Dominic Fenwick died unattended save by the watching angels and their Queen.

Father O'Daniel has performed his task well. The narrative is colorful and interesting, without sacrifice of accuracy. Notes and references are carefully indicated; illustrations are of the best; and at the end of the volume there is an excellent bibliography and index.

A HANDBOOK OF PATROLOGY. By Rev. J. Tixeront, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50 net.

In the three volumes of his *History of Dogma* the Abbé Tixeront of the University of Toulouse has written an excellent summary of the teaching of the Fathers. In his *Précis de Patrologie*, which has just been translated into English, he confines himself to Patrology strictly so called, *i. e.*, the study of the life and works of the Fathers of the Church. The volume is divided into three periods: 1. The Fathers of the first three centuries; 2. The Golden Age of patristic literature (313-461); 3. The decline and end of patristic literature (461-750).

This Handbook is remarkable for its brief, but clear-cut, estimates of the place of the different Fathers in the history of the development of dogma. For example: “The main purpose of St. Ignatius, martyr, in all his letters is to warn the faithful against the errors and divisions which certain agents of heresy and schism endeavored to sow among them.” . . . “But although Hermas is not a learned man, he is a shrewd observer and has a sane and just mind, a tender heart, and a good practical judgment—qualities which unite in making him an excellent moralist.” . . . “Origen is essentially a Biblical theologian, who formulated almost his entire theology in writing his commentaries on the Scriptures. His

theology is not without faults, and its defects have drawn upon the author many contradictions and even condemnations." . . . "St. Augustine is the greatest genius the Church has ever possessed. His ready and comprehensive mind was capable of grasping the most divergent subjects and of adapting itself to them all. He was a metaphysician and a psychologist, a theologian and an orator, a moralist and an historian. He dealt with controversy and exegesis, mathematics and æsthetics, music and grammar, and even wrote poetry." . . . "The intellectual quality which stands out preëminently in St. Gregory seems to be sound common sense, tantamount in his case to genius, always suggesting to him the best course to follow, and enabling him to keep the right measure in everything."

LES LETTRES PROVINCIALLES DE BLAISE PASCAL. Edited by H. F. Stewart, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.60.

This volume of the French series of the Modern Language Texts published by the University of Manchester has been edited by Dr. H. F. Stewart, prelector in French studies at Trinity College, Cambridge. In his preface he acknowledges his indebtedness to the many editors who have preceded him—Maynard, Michel, De Soyres, Havet, Molinier, Brunschvig, Boutroux and Gazier. In his introduction he discusses in a rather inaccurate and superficial fashion the many problems suggested by Pascal, viz.: the Catholic doctrine of free will and grace, the teachings of St. Augustine, Jansen, Arnauld and Molina, the so-called lax morality of the Jesuits, etc. His mistakes may easily be corrected by reading carefully any seminary text-book on dogma and morals.

Dr. Stewart admits that Pascal withdrew from the Jansenists before his death, and ceased writing in their favor once Rome gave its final decision condemning them; but he is wrong in asserting that Pascal by his *Provincial Letters* "stiffened the moral conscience and armed it against the misuse of casuistry." He did nothing of the kind.

Pascal was most unfair in speaking of the Jesuits, as if they were the only casuists in the Church, or, as if they were the only ones worthy of censure. Of the many thousands of cases in the Jesuit treatises on moral theology he selects only one hundred and thirty-two decisions, which in reality amount to but eighty-nine if we exclude repetitions. An analysis of these cases leaves little for a non-Catholic—if he be honest—to cavil at. Some of them are common sense decisions, which could only be

denounced out of crass ignorance or blind prejudice. For instance: that a starving man may take food without being guilty of theft; that one may eat and drink things because one likes them, not merely to sustain life; that a man is not guilty of abduction if his companion freely consents to run away with him; that a bankrupt may be left enough of his fortune to live decently; that ecclesiastical laws lose their force when they become obsolete. Some decisions are travestied by the omission of a saving clause or definition which altogether changes their meaning. Everyone, for example, would admit that it is immoral for a servant to coöperate in his master's wrongdoing. But his indignation will vanish once he finds that the case in question supposes the servant an innocent party to the wrongdoing. The servant is posting his master's letter advising a friend to steal from the State, but he is guiltless, inasmuch as he does not know the contents of the letter.

Scholars have pointed out in Pascal two hundred errors of detail, one hundred more of suppression of context, and at least three of absolutely false citations. Out of the entire list of one hundred and thirty-two decisions, eight only have been condemned at Rome (on dueling), three on occult compensation and equivocation are so arranged out of their context as to appear immoral, and three others on simony, the passing of money between judge and client, and usury are to say the least of doubtful interpretation.

We are certain that the non-Catholics who constantly allude to Pascal's "fearful onslaught" upon the immoral teachings of the Jesuits have for the most part never read his book. If by a chance they have read it, they certainly are not competent judges owing to their utter ignorance of moral theology.

From a literary standpoint, the *Letters of Pascal* are the first prose masterpieces in the French language. Voltaire even called them "the first book of genius written in France." The contents of the letters are negligible because of Pascal's unfairness, but they live because of their inimitable style—full of wit, eloquence, humor, irony, dramatic power, and clearness of expression.

METHODS AND MATERIALS OF LITERARY CRITICISM. By Gayley and Kurtz. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$3.00.

This book is the second of a series, entitled *Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism*, the volumes of which, though contributing to a common aim, are severally independent. The first volume published in 1899 was an introduction to the bases in

æsthetics and poetics, theoretical and historical. The present volume applies the methods there developed to the comparative study of the lyric, the epic and some allied forms of poetry. A third volume which, we are informed, is approaching completion, will present tragedy, comedy and cognate forms.

The volume is the work of Professors Gayley and Kurtz of the University of California Department of English, and is designed especially for the use of scholars and investigators more or less advanced, ". . . in short, for those who make of criticism a discipline, an aim, or a profession." The work here accomplished is an honor to American literary scholarship and is of great and enduring value. It is by such exact and patient surveys as this that the foundations of the house of American scholarship are being well and truly laid. (We have noticed, in a casual glance through the pages, two misprints: page 184 and in the Index—F. G. Tucker for T. G. Tucker. And on page 826, Monohan for Monahan. Under "Greek Anthology" might well have been mentioned G. B. Grundy's fine collection of translations, *Ancient Gems in Modern Settings*.)

HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY. Collected and arranged by Thomas Walsh, Ph.D., Litt.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.00.

Dr. Thomas Walsh has earned the gratitude of all lovers of good literature by the enterprise, industry, scholarship, and taste he has displayed in the preparation of this fine anthology. Nothing like it has hitherto been attempted, and it is sure to hold the field for many years to come, and to render itself increasingly indispensable to all students and lovers of Spanish poetry. Dr. Walsh offers his compilation "as a spontaneous tribute of affectionate admiration to the contemporaneous Spanish poet—both Peninsular and American—from his English-speaking brethren of the North." No praise can be too high for the painstaking thoroughness and the exhaustive editorial research of which so many of these pages give evidence. It will, perhaps, be a surprise to some readers to observe in the list of translators, which is prefixed to the volume, some of the most distinguished names in modern English and American poetry: Byron, Southey, and Edward Fitzgerald, for example; and Longfellow and Bryant. Arthur Symons' delicately beautiful translations are here; and the learned editor, himself an American poet of indubitable distinction, has contributed many versions of no little grace and charm. Catholic readers will especially rejoice to possess, in this delightful form, some of the most impressive work of the great Spanish mystical poets, Fray Luis de León, St. John of the Cross,

and St. Teresa. Certainly the *Hispanic Anthology* is a book to buy, to treasure, and to read again and again. As a book of reference it will prove invaluable.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH AND CHRISTIAN REUNION.

By Rev. Arthur C. Headlam, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.00 net.

The Bampton lectures for 1920 were given by Rev. Arthur C. Headlam, the Regis professor of divinity in the University of Oxford. They discuss an historical problem, the origin of the Christian ministry, and a practical problem, the problem of reunion.

The writer, condemning himself, well says: "Only too often the professed adoption of the historical method appears to be but a device for concealing one's bias;" for on page after page he misrepresents and misinterprets the evidence that lies plainly before him.

At the very outset, for example, he asserts that Our Lord "did not directly found the Church," that no particular theory of the Church and no form of Church government can find any support, direct or indirect, in His teaching." This prepares the way for his denial of the Papacy, which he detests, and for his rejection of episcopacy, which he declares "is not in the Bible, but a later, sub-apostolic development." Neither in the Scriptures nor the Fathers can he find any warrant for Apostolic succession, sacerdotalism, or sacramentalism. To his mind the Catholic Church's teaching on the sacrament of Orders is begotten of a magical theology which she borrowed from St. Augustine.

Dr. Headlam's idea of the Church is very Protestant: "It consists of all those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and are baptized." The marks of the Church are not real distinguishing notes by which we can tell the true Church from the false, but merely ideals to be aimed at. No Church can in reality claim to be One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic. Schism we are told means "a division of the body. When, therefore, such a division has occurred both sides are schismatics"—a very novel form of Anglican logic, which proves conclusively that the Roman Church is schismatic, and responsible for the Eastern Schism and the Protestant Reformation.

The abuse of the Papacy with which this volume abounds *ad nauseam*, reminds one of an old controversial tract of the sixteenth century. It is certainly unworthy of any University lecturer. The Jesuits, too, as defenders of the Papacy come in for their share of dispraise. Reunion with Rome is impossible, be-

cause she claims to be the infallible mouthpiece of the revelation of Jesus and the Twelve; because she condemns the Established Church as heretical and schismatical; because she claims universal jurisdiction; because she condemns Anglican Orders as utterly invalid; because she teaches Apostolic succession, seven sacraments, transubstantiation, an infallible Pope.

Dr. Headlam turns then to the other Churches "which are prepared to approach one another on equal terms." The Bible and the Nicene Creed interpreted at will are to be the doctrinal basis of "unity in variety." The orders of every Protestant church are to be recognized as valid, with episcopacy not of divine origin the common basis of church order.

In a final chapter Dr. Headlam says he is pained because whenever any proposal for Reunion is made, certain High Churchmen begin to assert their principles in a very noisy manner. He assures them that they are sectarian and Protestant unless they are willing to hearken to the voice of the Church. That is the very crux of the problem: Established Church does not dare voice the Gospel in clear infallible voice. Can we blame an honest Protestant for rejecting a scheme for reunion which empties the Gospel of the greater part of its divine content? It is mere hypocrisy to pretend to unite in a creed which admits no certain interpretation, and in a worship, or Eucharist, the meaning of which no one is able to define.

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT. By Zephine Humphrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

Miss Humphrey's latest novel is a return to the field of religious interests, with which her *Grail Fire* dealt far more successfully than does the present work. It is a singular production which, at times, might be taken for a satire directed against the "High Church" branch of the Anglican Church, did not her obvious sincerity preclude this interpretation. Blank bewilderment will be the probable effect upon any Catholic-bred reader, who is unacquainted with the lack of uniformity obtaining in that communion. For that matter, it might be interesting to know just how far its "advanced" members will feel their school of thought to be represented in the author's astonishing creation, Father Hartley. He is the rector of a Protestant Episcopal church, in which he has installed an elaborate ritual, being an ardent apostle of the "Catholic revival;" yet he says of confession that it is "one of the things about which I have not yet fully made up my mind," adding other remarks which reveal total ignorance of the nature and value of the sacrament of Penance.

Despite the absence of this great experience, he nevertheless exercises an irresponsible, individualistic judgment that is startling all the more because the author so plainly believes that he is in solid possession of the real thing, in contrast with his curate, a young man of the dangerously emotional type.

Too much space is given to the airing of Father Hartley's spiritual views, especially as these do not influence the course of the heroine, one of his admiring and trusting parishioners, who alienates her young husband by tactless preoccupation with religious externals. A few crisp words of common sense, spoken at the right time, would have preserved her domestic happiness and averted the unpleasant episode in which she and the curate are involved toward the close of the story.

Miss Humphrey has shown no lack of temerity and assurance in handling the things of the spirit; but in so doing she has merely revolved around her subject without ever really grappling it. The novel, as a whole, is neither pleasing nor convincing.

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. By Pere Suan, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.15.

This is a clear and non-controversial exposition of the teaching of the Church. As Father Martindale says in his preface: "This book will find a welcome because it is not controversial: it asserts; it does not argue. Men are tired of controversy. They want us to allow the Faith to shine. They are anxious to know what Catholic doctrine is—just to have it presented simply and coherently." It is an excellent book to put in the hands of an earnest inquirer.

NO DEFENCE. By Gilbert Parker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00 net.

In his latest book Sir Gilbert Parker gives us a stirring romance of the swashbuckler type, in which the reader is treated to a full measure of duels, murders, mutinies, revolts, and rescues. The scenes are laid in Ireland, England and the West Indies in the days following the French Revolution.

Dyck Calhoun, Irish gambler and ne'er-do-well, is falsely accused of the murder of his sweetheart's father. To save her good name he pleads "No Defence," and is sentenced to a long prison term for manslaughter. On his release he joins the English navy, and forthwith becomes the leader of a mutiny which again brings him face to face with the gallows. He escapes death by seizing a ship which he takes to the West Indies, and being a loyal imperialist, he saves the English fleet from defeat in a critical action with

the French near Jamaica. This wins him a pardon, and he is paroled by the Governor of Jamaica, who is about to win the hand of his old sweetheart. Just in the nick of time the real murderer appears, and by a death-bed confession makes it possible for the hero to marry the girl of his choice.

The author seems well able to depict the English soldier and sailor of the day, but he knows nothing of the Irish soul or character. His hero is English to the core, although dressed in Irish clothes.

THE LIBRARY OF PHOTIUS. Vol. I. By J. H. Freese, S.P.C.K. New York: The Macmillan Co.

There is no complete version of the *Bibliotheca* of Photius in English or in any other modern language. Students, therefore will welcome the translation in five volumes promised by J. H. Freese. The translator's task was an arduous one, as the text unfortunately is in many places uncertain, and no critical edition has appeared since Bekker's in 1824. The translation is well done, the notes most copious and accurate.

THE OTHER LIFE. By Rt. Rev. William Schneider, S.T.D., Bishop of Paderborn. Revised and Edited by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. New York: Joseph Wagner.

The first edition of this *Divina Commedia* in prose, as Bishop von Keppler called it, appeared in 1879. It is very popular in Germany, where it has gone through eleven editions. It outlines in a score of chapters the Catholic teaching on the immortality of the soul, heaven, hell, purgatory, and at the same time it takes the sting out of death by its consoling words to the afflicted.

NAPOLEON, A PLAY. By Herbert Trench. New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.00.

Mr. Trench has been long and honorably known as a poet, indeed one of the half-dozen most authentic artists in verse of our generation; and the recent publication in America of his collected poems in two volumes has widely extended the range of his fame. In *Napoleon* he comes forward for the first time as a dramatist. This fine play has already enjoyed successful stage representation in England, and it is to be hoped that an enterprising American manager will produce it on this side of the Atlantic. As a piece of literature it is of the highest quality, and abounds in passages of magnificent and moving eloquence. The characterization is admirable throughout and the situations and settings are engrossingly interesting. The period of the play is that of the imminent

invasion of England by Napoleon in the summer of 1805; the main characters are Geoffrey Wickham, a noble young idealist and scientist, whose dream it is to unite the people of the world in one: Geoffrey's father and mother and his brothers; and the great Emperor himself. Not since his widely different appearance in the pages of Lever's great novel has Napoleon been so intimately and understandingly treated in a work of imaginative literature. *Napoleon* is a remarkable play, and a noteworthy addition to our extremely small store of really distinguished contemporary dramatic writing.

LOVE AND MR. LEWISHAM. By H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.90.

This is a new edition of what purports to be the author's own favorite among his works. It is told in the most graceful of styles, full of deft touches. It is, indeed, clever enough to be the work of a woman, but no woman could have treated her hero with such delicate banter as that with which Mr. Wells treats the callow Mr. Lewisham, who possesses high ambitions, a determination to regulate his life by a "*schema*," a budding mustache, and a defective sense of the ridiculous. We first meet Mr. Lewisham at eighteen, tutor in a boys' school at forty pounds a year. He studies hard and regulates his dates by a *schema*, whose inexorability is that of a railroad time-table. Enter love in the person of a damsel of seventeen and the story is on. Some cynic has maintained that when Poverty comes in at the window Love flies out at the door. But in the case of Mr. Lewisham and Ethel it was not love, but Mr. Lewisham's *schema* which was given such a summary exit. Thus ended the dual between the two, Love the victor as usual, and Mr. Lewisham, after a twelvemonth marriage, feels a thrill never experienced before in the realization that paternity will give him new responsibilities replete with a genuine dignity. The empty dreams of life have had their day; he is a boy no longer. Love has fired his heart, but gives stern burdens in requital. "This is life," murmurs Mr. Lewisham, acquiescently, and he tears his *schema* into bits and flings them into the waste basket.

MAUREEN. By Patrick MacGill. New York: Robert M. McBride Co. \$2.00 net.

This is the tale of Maureen O'Malley, a peasant girl of Donegal, whose unmarried mother leaves her a heritage of beauty and poverty. After wandering far from her native village, Dungarrow, Maureen secures employment as a servant, returning after two

years to find herself still beloved by Cathal Cassidy, her admirer of old days. They become engaged, but incur the hatred of Columb Ruagh Keeran, their senior by many years and the richest and most miserly man of the village. One night as Maureen awaits her lover's return from the fair, she seeks refuge from the cold and darkness in Keeran's cottage. The shadow of tragedy broods over the final chapters. Cathal, long delayed, reaches Keeran's cabin past midnight. Next morning the village is horrified, for dawn has uncovered a triple tragedy of the night, Maureen dead, Keeran upon the floor, his head battered in, and Cathal upon the threshold with a bullet through his heart. The minor characters are admirably drawn; the chief ones are less vivid and convincing. The weaknesses of the story are glaring: it is poor both in structure and in motivation. Keeran, in the final chapters, is drawn on the lines of Dickens at his worst, and the tragic conclusion brings the reader up with the jolt of an express train coming to a violent halt. Mr. MacGill has undoubted gifts and admirable material. His admirers trust that *Maureen* does not represent the full possibilities of either.

MOODS AND MEMORIES. By Edmund Leamy. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$2.00 net.

In spite of the protestations of Mr. Don Marquis' foreword we are not persuaded that Mr. Leamy is a poet. Surely Mr. Marquis' feeling for Leamy, the man, has hopelessly befogged his critical judgment of Leamy, the writer of verses! Having carefully examined the evidence presented in this volume we find no trace of genuine inspiration, no magic of phrase, no imaginative insight, nothing even remotely suggestive of poetry. Oh, yes! It is much better than anything Edgar Guest does; but then Mr. Marquis was speaking of *poetry*!

URSULA FINCH. By Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.25 net.

Miss Clarke has again produced a book which is both interesting and entertaining; yet appreciation is mingled with constant regret over the vehemence of her characterizations. It is improbable that such utter contrasts as Ursula and Daphne Finch exist in any family. What would seem to the American mind almost exaggerated submission to parental authority is not unusual in the English household, while absorbing pride in the eldest born is almost habitual, as is, all too often, its natural sequence of selfishness. Despite these well known facts the extreme difference between the two sisters is almost certainly overdrawn. They

suffer from the same glaring emphasis which we detect in the account of the Garroni family, Ursula's employers in Italy. The entire story resembles a painting which is interesting enough, yet from which we turn away; the color is too vivid, the eye turns for relief to a more reposeful scene, appreciating anew the subtlety of suggestion.

Miss Clarke's description of Rome is alive to the city's inner meaning. It is one of the book's most interesting aspects, yet it is not sufficiently stimulating to make one eager for intimate knowledge of her work. Depth cries to depth, and here one remains all too unmoved.

THE STANDARD OPERA GLASS. By Charles Annesley. New York: Brentano's. \$3.00.

This is a new and revised edition of an excellent and standard work. It contains the detailed plots of two hundred and thirty-five operas, well told, with the chief points brought out with admirable directness. The arrangement is simple and the indices ample. Old favorites appear here, as well as such modern operatic hits as *Madame Sans Gêne* and *Mona* by the recently deceased American composer, Horatio Parker. Operatic plots are notoriously hard to remember, especially if one ventures beyond the range of a dozen favorites. This compact and handsome volume of eight hundred pages serves to refresh the memory and acquaint one with operas which he has still to see. The efficient editor has made the opera-loving public his debtor, while the publishers deserve thanks for a handsome and compact volume which fits comfortably in reticule or pocket.

QUEEN LUCIA. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

E. F. Benson's *Queen Lucia* is a clever and amusing satire on the fads and superstitions of the idle rich, Christian Science, Spiritism, and Esoteric Buddhism. "Queen Lucia" is the self-satisfied arbiter of fashion and culture in the sleepy English village of Riseholme, but she queens it over her subservient vassals only because they are more stupid and ignorant than herself.

How this irreligious and unmoral group of modern English men and women are fooled by Indian cooks and cheap adventuresses masquerading as wise Gurus from Benares and cultured princesses from Russia, is told in a most sprightly and entertaining manner. The book is not a novel, but a comedy of manners, bordering at times upon farce. Queen Lucia is dethroned for a

time, when her followers discover that she cannot tell good music from bad, and that the lions of her pink teas are all impostors or criminals. But because all these silly people of fashion must have somewhere to go, and because insincerity is the badge of all their tribe, Queen Lucia comes to her own again.

RED TERROR AND GREEN, *The Sinn Fein-Bolshevist Movement.*

By Richard Dawson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

This is another of the books, several of which have been published by the company issuing the volume under consideration, which is so evidently prepared from the standpoint of reactionary British interests as to become propaganda in its most palpable and, therefore, most useless form. Only those whose prejudices are already so highly inflamed in behalf of Ulster toryism that they need no further convincing, will find *Red Terror and Green* anything more than fantastic in its assumption that Sinn Fein has entered into an active alliance with Bolshevism.

BECK OF BECKFORD. By M. E. Francis. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.00.

All that comes to us from this author is acceptable; but to say that her latest novel fairly represents her would indicate depreciation of some of its predecessors, such as *Dark Rosaleen*. The present work, a tale of English country life, has considerable story, involving a test of fidelity to the Faith; yet the plot fails to score, for lack of skillful handling. Many points go for nothing; yet better construction could have made them effective. The book is wholesome and pleasant enough, but seems best suited to readers who are still at the naïve and unexacting age.

IN THE ONYX LOBBY. By Carolyn Wells. New York: George H. Doran Co.

There is probably no more certain escape from the commonplace of everyday life or its anxieties than a really clever detective story. On the other hand, one knows no surer form of exasperation than a tale which promises interest—and fails. Miss Wells attempts to whet our curiosity over the origin of a singularly harrowing detective feminine feud, forgetting to gratify it in her interest over an ill-conducted murder investigation. But, if technically the story is feeble, artistically it is mediocre to the last degree. The conversations between Miss Prall and Mrs. Everett are distasteful by reason of their sheer vulgarity.

THE BLACK CARDINAL, by Rev. John Talbot Smith (New York: Blase Benziger & Co.). We are glad to welcome a second edition of Father Talbot Smith's charming story, which we reviewed in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* on its first appearance some years ago. It tells of the struggle between Elizabeth Patterson-Bonaparte, the Baltimore girl who married Prince Jerome, and the domineering Napoleon, who denied her admission to his court, and refused to recognize the marriage. It was a valid marriage, nevertheless, and was so declared by Pius VII. in the face of all Europe. The scenes of the story are laid in Baltimore, Paris, Rheims, and Fontainebleau, and the characters drawn to the life are Pius VII., Cardinals Fesch and Consalvi, Napoleon, Prince Jerome, Fouché, and the delightful heroine, Elizabeth Paterson.

BLESSED OLIVER PLUNKET, by a Sister of Notre Dame (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.00 net). Here we have a brief but complete account of the life of the Venerable Servant of God, Oliver Plunket, who was Archbishop of Armagh from 1669 to 1681, when he suffered for the faith on Tyburn Hill; he was beatified at Rome last May. Ordained at Rome in his twenty-fifth year, he was the representative of the Irish bishops at the Vatican and professor of theology at the Propaganda until his elevation to the primacy of all Ireland. The scope of the book does not allow for great development of any part; but the story of Oliver's life before the episcopate, occupying but twenty pages, is perhaps unduly compressed. Still, we cannot regret that by far the greatest space is allotted to his years at Armagh. His untiring labors inspired by a truly apostolic zeal, his problems of administration, his interest in education, his courage and resignation under persecution, all this makes truly edifying reading. To listen again to the oft-repeated story of what our fathers in God did and suffered to preserve for us the precious heritage of the Faith, will arouse in us a salutary sense of shame that we think so little of their sacrifice. It is a pity that the book is priced so high; neither binding nor paper is of the quality one would expect from the price.

THE SHAPING OF JEPHSON'S, by Kent Carr (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.). The childless Lady Alicia, won by the pretty baby face of Miky James, provides in her will for his education in an English public school. Her only heir, the famous General Fowkws, Governor of an Indian province, leaves all the details of the child's future to his agent, who dishonestly keeps the boy on a most meagre allowance. The story tells how the honest lad, who was not at all ashamed of his poverty, wins his way to the leadership of his companions despite the persecution and snobbery of his rich rivals. The book will hardly attract an American boy, because it takes for granted school conditions he would not tolerate for an instant, and speaks enthusiastically of games like cricket which do not interest him in the slightest degree.

WINGS OF THE WIND, by Credo Harris, is another of the post-War novels. (New York: Small, Maynard & Co.) The author endeavors to soothe the shattered nerves of a young soldier just returned by introducing a cruise to the romantic regions of Florida and the West Indies. Accompanied by a comrade with overseas experience, he goes aboard his father's yacht and sails off to seek diversion. And he is diverted! In no time he finds himself in the meshes of an international intrigue which centres about a charming young woman. Needless to say, the cure is accomplished.

The story teems with thrilling incidents. The plot, however, is trite.

EN ROUTE, by J. K. Huysmans (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50) is a new edition of the English translation of the first novel in J. K. Huysmans' famous trilogy, comprising *En Route*, *La Cathédral*, and *L'Oblat*, in which he traced the conversion and spiritual development of a certain Durtal, a novelist and art critic in whom Huysmans himself is to be recognized, with certain reservations. *En Route* stands very well that most searching test of literary merit, a careful rereading. Few modern novels can pass through this ordeal successfully. To Huysmans is granted by modern literary criticism a high place as a stylist; a very original, at times difficult, and perhaps also rather incorrect stylist, yet nevertheless a stylist who has set his individual seal upon French prose, and has been an influence of major consequence in the development of modern fiction. To Huysmans, as to many other of the really big novelists, the novel is an instrument of culture, a branch of literary fine art, concerning itself with ideas and psychological interests of the highest concern to humanity. His work, therefore, will never find more than a restricted circle of readers, but in that restricted circle *En Route* will be recognized as one of the principal fictions of our times, and a fresh proof of the power of Catholicity to inspire great art.

THE BELLS OF OLD QUEBEC, by James B. Dollard, Litt.D. (Toronto: The Extension Press). This attractive booklet will appeal to lovers of the pious French tradition in Canada. Dr. Dollard's verses are devotional and historical in theme, celebrating such heroic stories as those of Etienne Brulé, Brébeuf, Lalement and other priests, nuns and pioneers who stamped upon "New France" the seal of glory and of sanctity.

ERSKINE DALE, PIONEER, by John Fox, Jr. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00). John Fox's posthumous novel, *Erskine Dale*, deals with the pioneer days of Kentucky and Virginia. The hero, a romantic figure of the Cooper type, is a white boy raised among the Shawnee Indians, and serves as a connecting link between them and the settlers of Colonial days. He accompanies George Rogers Clark on his famous expedition, takes part in the continual border warfare and

fight against the English in the Revolutionary War. It is a good book to give to the American boy, for it abounds in stirring adventures, and at the same time gives a good insight into the everyday life of the pioneers.

MARGARET, OR WAS IT MAGNETISM? by Gilbert Guest (Omaha, Neb.: Burkley Printing Co. 60 cents). Sister M. Angela, of the Convent of Mercy, Omaha, has written a charming story for children. Her little heroine, Margaret, travels alone from New York to San Francisco, winning the hearts of all her fellow-travelers by her simplicity and piety.

THE EVE OF PASCUA, by Richard Dehan (New York: George H. Doran Co.), is a collection of this popular author's short stories, of which the first gives its title to the volume. On the whole, the book well sustains her reputation. There are sixteen tales, widely different in character, ranging from the tragic to the farcical, and exhibiting considerable fancy and invention. They are well told; and, while none is of unusual importance, the combined result offers a very fair quality of entertainment.

LADY LILITH, by Stephen McKenna (New York: George H. Doran Co.). Lady Barbara Neave, the Lady Lilith of Stephen McKenna's latest novel, is an unmoral society butterfly, utterly unrestrained in her heartless egotism and conceit, and utterly contemptuous of the ordinary standards of decency and decorum. Why the author should picture her as a Catholic is hard to discover, for from first to last she gives not the slightest evidence of her faith. She is about to be tamed into submission by an unprincipled lover, who is received into the Church without accepting any of its teachings. His Oxford training must have been very defective from the standpoint of ethics, for he defends himself on the plea that the end justifies the means. The Great War fortunately disposes of this ardent tamer of shrews, and Lady Barbara makes little scruple about accepting the next comer, who once was kindly to her on a train journey.

The author gives us a picture of present day social and political life in London, but we sincerely trust that his heroine is not typical of the modern English woman.

INTIMATE LETTERS FROM PETROGRAD, by Pauline Crosley (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) were written in 1917 and 1918 by the wife of an American officer, temporarily attached to the State Department as an attaché to our Embassy at Petrograd. They begin with the writer's arrival in Russia, and extend to her rather dramatic escape through Finland after the outbreak of the Bolshevik Revolution. The book is remarkable for its unbiased opinions and its clear estimate of the political situation, as well as for its realistic account of the chaotic conditions of Russia in the first days of its downfall.

A POOR WISE MAN, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (New York: George H. Doran Co.) Mrs. Rinehart has taken as the theme of her latest novel the conflict between Capital and Labor in the United States. The hard-hearted, domineering steel magnate, Andrew Cardew, despising the worker as a mere machine, is drawn in striking contrast with the crafty Bolshevik, Jim Doyle, who despises the capitalist and preaches the destruction of Capitalism root and branch. With Doyle is allied Louis Akers, an immoral, unscrupulous lawyer-politician, who is responsible for many a coarse scene which our author might well have omitted. By a cruel nemesis the two daughters of the Steel King come to marry the two scoundrels of the story—a rather improbable happening in real life. Luckily, in a final chapter, the drug-clerk hero, Willy Cameron, succeeds in rescuing the heroine after the villain has been killed for treason by his radical friends. The story is well told, but our hearts are not touched by the romance of the impossible hero and heroine.

THE GIRL, HORSE, AND A DOG, by Francis Lynde (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00). Plenty of dash in this story, and genuinely interesting from beginning to end. Stannie Braughton's grandfather leaves him a mine in the West, but not without making him search for it, this because he was an idler. Between one hundred and five and one hundred and ten degrees of longitude west from Greenwich, and thirty-five and forty degrees of north latitude, this established the location. It could be identified by the presence of a girl with brown hair and blue eyes and a small mole on her left shoulder, a piebald horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Imagine the fun in following out these clues. The author has furnished this in his pages, making a most delightful book for reading.

EVERYDAY CHEMISTRY, by Alfred Vivian. New York: American Book Co.). The simplicity of teaching and of apparatus in this up-to-date text-book, will hold the attention of the pupil. Its author, Dean of the Ohio State College of Agriculture, has presented his subject in its practical relation to agriculture and home economics. The chemistry of food, plants, textiles, the soil, etc., are treated with illuminating clearness.

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY, by John L. Tormey, B.S.A., and Rolla C. Lawry, B.S.A. (New York: American Book Co.). A valuable series of agricultural texts dealing with the "art of breeding, feeding, and caring for live stock, and the fundamental laws of science upon which these practices are based." A comprehensive volume, well illustrated, and most useful to the intelligent student of modern farming, by a professor of Animal Husbandry, at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Recent Events.

Geneva.

The Assembly of the League of Nations meeting at Geneva continued throughout the month and is still in session. Hopes are entertained that by holding two meetings a day the Assembly may adjourn before Christmas. The most important constructive act in the work of the League was accomplished on December 13th, when the Assembly adopted a statute for a permanent international court of justice. The plan must be signed and ratified by a majority, or twenty-two members, of the League before it becomes effective. Provision is made for ratification by the United States. The court will sit at The Hague, will have eleven judges, but will not have compulsory jurisdiction. This lack of power in the court is considered the great weakness of the plan, and although thirty-six nations in the Assembly favored compulsory jurisdiction, France, Britain, Italy and Japan successfully opposed it.

Another important act of the Assembly was the adoption of the report of the Commission on Blockade, which outlined the economic measures to be used by the League against covenant-breaking nations. Here, too, however, the original plan was weakened by the decision of the Assembly leaving to each individual nation to decide whether a breach of the covenant, requiring the laying of the blockade, has occurred or not. The smaller nations refused to leave to the Supreme Council, controlled by the big Powers, the right to say when the blockade shall be applied.

The proposal of the Commission on Disarmament that during the next two years no member of the League should possess more armament than it had in 1920, met with strong opposition from Japan, which held that it was not fair for the League to impose conditions on its members while other nations, not members, such as the United States, were free from those restrictions. Eventually, the proposal was passed on the understanding that it was a mere recommendation, was not binding, and did not constitute a pledge on the part of the League. President Wilson declined the invitation of the Council of the League to name a representative on the Disarmament Commission, on the ground that the United States is not a member of the League.

Rejection by the Assembly of proposals by the Argentine delegation in favor of the immediate admission of all countries to the League and certain other fundamental amendments to the covenant, has resulted in the withdrawal of Argentina from the Assembly. The League decided to consider no amendments to

the present covenant till its next meeting in September, 1921. Rather than submit to this postponement the members for Argentina resigned. To balance this loss, Austria has been unanimously voted a member of the League by the commission for the admission of new nations, and the Assembly will almost certainly ratify this action. The commission has also reported in favor of the admission of Bulgaria, France alone opposing it.

At one of its first meetings the Assembly decided on a military force to insure execution of its orders. An army made up of French, British, Belgian, Spanish, Swedish, and Danish troops is to march into Lithuania to maintain order and supervise the plebiscite which the League Council has decided shall be held in Vilna and the surrounding territory to determine whether it shall be assigned to the Poles or the Lithuanians. The insurgent forces under the Polish general, Zellgouski, are to withdraw from Vilna as soon as the international army arrives. The Lithuanian Government has entered a protest against this plan and, while agreeing to the area suggested for the plebiscite, has asked for a delay of eight months before it is taken. The Lithuanian protest is caused by the attitude of Soviet Russia, with which Lithuania is officially at peace and which objects to the presence of foreign troops on Lithuanian soil. It is expected, however, that the international army will soon move into Vilna, and the plebiscite will probably be held in February.

A subject of much discussion in the Assembly has been the situation in Armenia. This country has suffered frightfully from the attacks of Turkish Nationalist forces under Mustapha Kemal. On the invitation of the Assembly, President Wilson has agreed to mediate between the Kemalists and Armenia in order to save the latter. Meanwhile, however, Armenia has been forced to sign a Peace Treaty with the Nationalists, under which Armenia's territory is reduced to only the region of Erivan, the capital, and Lake Gokcha, excluding Kars and Alexandropol. The Treaty also stipulates that practically all of Armenia's armament must be delivered to the Turks. A Soviet administration has been organized in Erivan, according to reports, and a complete accord exists between Soviet Russia, Azerbaijan, Armenia, and the Turkish Nationalists. This latest development in Far Eastern affairs has been brought about by pressure on Armenia from the north and south by Russian Bolsheviki and the Nationalists under Kemal, and also by the changed situation in Greece.

Greece.

As a result of a plebiscite held throughout Greece on December 5th to decide whether the Greek people would recall ex-King Constantine to the throne made vacant by the death of his son,

King Alexander, an overwhelming majority voted in favor of Constantine resuming power. Constantine was forced from the throne by the Allies because of his alleged pro-German sympathies during the War, and has been living in Switzerland for the last three and a half years. All preparations have been made for his return. The chief events leading up to Constantine's recall and the general circumstances surrounding the Greek situation are as follows.

When Constantine was forced from the throne under Allied pressure in 1916, his chief antagonist, Venizelos, was elected Premier and Constantine's second son, Alexander, made King. Venizelos entered into a strong agreement with the Allied Governments, and since the armistice one of the main points of his policy has been the maintenance of a large army in Asia Minor and the Near East to enforce the Turkish Treaty and hold the Nationalists in check. Recent events have largely nullified this programme—in October the accidental death of Alexander, and early in November the defeat of Venizelos at the polls. George Rhallis was declared the new Premier, and the Queen Mother Olga named Regent pending the result of the election just held. Before this last election Great Britain and France endeavored to prevent the choice of Constantine by threatening to withdraw their financial support from Greece, and since then both Governments have presented notes demanding the payment of outstanding loans and forbidding the issuance by Greece of paper money already printed against a loan of 400,000,000 drachmas, which was arranged during the régime of Venizelos. Attempts are now being made to induce Constantine to abdicate in favor of his third son, the Duke of Sparta, but apparently without success, and he is soon expected to arrive in Athens and reassume the crown.

As a consequence of Venizelos' fall from power it appears certain that the area occupied by the Greek Army in Asia Minor will be very greatly reduced in the near future, with a consequent access of Nationalist influence, and this in turn will mean a readjustment of the Allied programme—the probable abrogation of the Turkish Treaty and direct negotiation by the Allies with the Nationalists as the *de facto* power in Turkey. The result of Constantine's return will probably mean, besides the withdrawal of Allied financial assistance, the revision of the Treaty of Sèvres, which concerns chiefly the disposition of Smyrna, which, it is now expected, will be given back to the Turks. It is intimated that the Allies do not intend to put further obstacles in the way of Constantine's return to Greece. Mustapha Kemal, leader of the Turkish Nationalists, who are in revolt because of the harsh provisions of the Turkish Treaty, has achieved new importance in Near Eastern affairs, and it seems likely that both the British and

French intend to placate him by the restoration of Smyrna, despite the fact that he made savage war on Armenia and has succeeded in setting up a Soviet administration in that country.

Russia.

There has been no military movement of magnitude in Russia throughout the month. The time has chiefly been one of successive small revolts, which have successively been put down by the Bolsheviks. Of these the most important was the abortive campaign of General Bulak Balakhovitch and his army of White Russians, former allies of the Poles. This young general, who had 12,000 men when he fought with the Poles, but was reported to have gathered 20,000 when he began the campaign that has now gone against him, planned to make a dash upon Moscow after arousing millions of peasants against the Soviets while *en route*. The Bolsheviks succeeded in smashing all his detachments, and the remnants have fled toward Poland, some crossing the frontier near David Grodek, north of the Pinsk marshes, where they have been disarmed. The General himself is reported to have disappeared, but is believed to have reached Poland, where he will be interned, if found, in accordance with the terms of the Riga agreement between Poland and the Soviets. The furthest point the crusaders reached in their advance on Moscow was Mozyr.

The Bolsheviks have also virtually destroyed General Permykin's Russian army, which had attempted to coöperate with the Ukrainian forces under General Simon Petlura, and are holding the eastern bank of the Zbrucz River along its entire length. Reports also indicate that Petlura's army, commanded by General Pavlenko, has been wiped out. More than 25,000 fugitives from these armies have recently crossed the Polish frontier and have been disarmed and sent to various internment camps. Petlura and his close followers have fled into Eastern Galicia.

Anti-Bolshevik troops, formerly under General Semenov in Siberia, who have made their way, after immense hardships, to the Manchurian border, under Bolshevik pressure from Dauria in Transbaikalia, have surrendered their arms to the Chinese for the passage through Manchuria. The surrender was made on condition that the arms be returned when the men leave Chinese territory again on their way eastward. Other units of General Semenov's army have surrendered to the Bolsheviks, whom they are said to have joined after killing their officers. Semenov himself is reported to have sought asylum at Port Arthur and to have given up the struggle against the Bolsheviks.

General Wrangel's fleet, which abandoned Crimean waters after the defeat of the Wrangel forces by the Russian Soviet

armies, has sailed from Constantinople for Bizerta, Tunis. The fleet comprises one dreadnought, two cruisers, four submarines, seven destroyers, four sloops, four icebreakers, three school-ships, and three tugs. General Wrangel himself remains at Constantinople, and has recently notified the French Government that he is ready to come to Paris to discuss using his army once more against the Bolsheviki. This army, which has been reorganized since its disastrous defeat on the Crimean Peninsula, is said to number about 70,000 men, but there is no indication that it will receive further support from France or the other Allies. Meanwhile measures to bring relief to the vast numbers of Russian refugees from the Crimea who are crowded in and about Constantinople have been undertaken by Allied representatives. The number of these refugees has been placed as high as 140,000, and their destitution is extreme.

Early in December the Finnish Parliament ratified the Peace Treaty with Soviet Russia by a large majority. Negotiations at Riga, however, between the Bolsheviki and the Poles have not yet reached a successful term. The Polish Government has sent a note of protest to the Soviet Government at Moscow, objecting to the tactics of obstruction which it declares are being pursued by the Soviet peace delegation at Riga, who have been accusing the Poles of violation of the armistice and of aiding revolt against Moscow. These accusations, with their consequent delay, are taken by observers as a diplomatic subterfuge to show Poland that the Soviets have strengthened their position since the defeat of General Wrangel.

After numerous conflicts during November between the Lithuanians and the insurgent Polish forces under General Zellgouski, who are holding Vilna, a protocol of peace was signed on December 1st by both parties. The protocol, which was signed as the result of the efforts of the special commission of the League of Nations, provides for a neutral strip between the two armies and the return of all prisoners. Early in the new year a plebiscite is planned under the auspices of the League to determine the allocation of the disputed territory. Meanwhile concentrations of Soviet troops are taking place in the direction of Vilna because of the imminent occupation of that city by the League's international army. This army, which will be under command of Colonel Chardigny, Chairman of the Control Commission, is now being assembled, but the date for its departure to Vilna has not yet been determined on.

The negotiations which have been carried on for months between Great Britain and the Soviet Government for a resumption of trade relations and which were apparently on the verge of a

successful conclusion, have received another check by new demands from Moscow. These new proposals appear to be a complete departure from the conditions laid down in the previous exchange of notes last summer. The Russian Government contends that three guarantees which from the first have been insisted on by the British should not be included in the agreement. These are: first, that there shall be no Bolshevik propaganda; second, that the release of all British prisoners must be effected, and third, recognition of private debts for goods supplied or services rendered.

On the other hand, Premier Leygues of France has reversed the French policy towards Russia by coming out in favor of the lifting of the Russian blockade. He has declared that inasmuch as the Soviet Government is actually in operation, it has been decided to permit French traders and manufacturers to do all the business they can with Russia. France, in this respect, has brought its policy respecting trade with Russia into exact line with the American policy under which some months ago announcement was made that all American restrictions against trading with Russia were lifted, but that Americans so trading would do so at their own risk in the absence of recognition of the Soviet Government by the United States. France apparently has no intention of following the example of Great Britain and negotiating a treaty with Soviet Russia, but, on the contrary, maintains that diplomatic intercourse cannot be carried on with a Government which neither represents the Russian people nor keeps its promises.

At a recent election in Petrograd in which the workmen in seventy-eight factories participated, only fifteen Bolsheviks were elected as against seventy Mensheviks, representing the moderate element. According to the Constitution of Soviet Russia, workmen in all large factories every year are to elect the controlling authority in all Soviet institutions. These elections had not taken place until recently, when the growing dissatisfaction of the people forced the Soviet rulers to comply with the Constitution.

Preliminary returns of the Russian census show decreases in the population of more than ten per cent compared with 1914, due to epidemics and war losses. Moscow's population has dropped forty-five per cent, and that of Petrograd seventy-one per cent.

Italy. D'Annunzio still continues his intransigent attitude at Fiume, and has resolutely refused to recognize the Treaty of Rapallo, concluded last month between Jugo-Slavia and Italy. Regular Italian forces under General Cavaglia have surrounded Fiume, but

with instructions to refrain from attacks on d'Annunzio's legions. Four armored cars with their crews from the blockading army and two destroyers and a submarine chaser from the Italian blockading fleet have gone over to the poet's forces. Attempts by a delegation of Italian Deputies to reach an understanding with d'Annunzio have been unavailing. Although the question of recognition of the Regency of Quarnero, upon which d'Annunzio insisted, has been acceded to by the Italian Government, d'Annunzio now asks that this should merely be the first step towards Fiume's annexation to Italy. In the Treaty with Jugo-Slavia Rome conceived Fiume as a government absolutely autonomous and independent of Italy, while the poet considers himself as a temporary regent or governor awaiting the act which definitely joins Fiume to Italy. The Italian Government is now trying to find a formula which, while respecting the obligations of the Treaty of Rapallo in international rights, would lead to the recognition of the regency after another decision of the people of Fiume. To reach this object a compromise is absolutely necessary, but so far the unyielding stand and violent language of d'Annunzio have opposed an insuperable barrier. Meanwhile, in accordance with the Treaty provisions, Italian troops have begun the evacuation of Dalmatia, turning over their posts to Jugo-Slav *gendarmes*.

The Socialist meeting which was held in Florence towards the end of November was the second stage in the laborious preparations for the National Congress which has been convoked for the end of the year. The third stage will be a Socialist meeting at Imola, where the two champions of the Maximalist doctrine, Bombacci and Graziadei, have called together all the faithful followers of Lenine. After this the three groups, into which the party is divided, will prepare for the last debate in which they will contend for the mastery of the proletariat movement. The deep dissension, which now exists between the gradualist faction and the communists, threatens an irreparable break in the unity of the party.

Bologna, the headquarters of the Italian Socialists, was the scene of a serious outbreak at the inauguration of the new Bolshevik Town Council late in November. Seven men and a girl of eighteen years were killed and seventy persons, including eight soldiers of the Royal Guards, were dangerously wounded by bullets and bombs. The trouble resulted from a counter-demonstration, organized by a Nationalist group of the ex-Soldiers' League, against the Bolsheviki. Many arrests of suspects have since been made. The right of public meetings was suspended and every kind of motor traffic forbidden.

All the villages in the Tepeleni district, southern Albania, have been destroyed by a violent earthquake, according to a recent dispatch. Two hundred persons are reported killed, while 15,000 have been made homeless. The town of Tepeleni was razed.

An improvement in the foreign trade situation in Italy is shown by a statement of the Italian Finance Department, lately issued. Imports for the first nine months of this year decreased 576,000,000 lire, as compared with those of the same period the year before, while exports increased 1,762,000,000 lire. The total of imports was 11,911,000,000 lire and exports 5,517,000,000, leaving an unfavorable balance against Italy of 6,495,000,000 lire.

France. The Chamber of Deputies has adopted the Government's bill for a resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican and

has voted confidence in the Government. Premier Leygues raised the question of confidence on an amendment, moved by Deputy Avril, providing that while France should have an Ambassador at the Vatican, the Vatican should not send a Nuncio to Paris, on the ground that it was likely to interfere with French internal affairs. The Premier refused to accept the amendment, which was then rejected and the bill voted. Premier Leygues stated in the Chamber that the Government's decision to ask authority from Parliament to send an Ambassador to the Vatican was simply a question of foreign policy and that it was in the interest of France. "The Vatican," he declared, "is a moral force which France cannot afford to neglect." He reminded the Chamber that Great Britain was maintaining its envoy at the Vatican, and that the Swiss Government was resuming diplomatic relations with the Vatican, broken in 1873. Former Premier Briand voted in support of the Government.

The French delegation to the Brussels Reparations Conference are going there without any exact figures as to the damages France suffered by reason of the War, according to the newspapers. Various organs, however, declare that they recognize that the Brussels Conference will be only the preliminary stage and serve a useful purpose, even if definite propositions are not evolved. Estimates made by the various French ministries of France's damages are said to total two hundred and thirty billion francs, but Louis Dubois, President of the Reparations Commission, is reported to be dissatisfied with the form in which the documents were prepared, and has refused to present them to the Reparations Commission. Therefore, it is said, a new set of figures are being prepared in accordance with the ideas of M. Dubois, but they will not be ready till the end of the year.

French business men take a gloomy view of the present deadlock between importers and producers on the one hand and buyers—from wholesalers to public—on the other, which has produced a state of business stagnation, daily growing more serious. Buyers decline to purchase until prices fall, and importers and manufacturers declare that they cannot lower prices until they have disposed of the stocks on hand. These stocks in all the principal industries, having cost so much to import and manufacture as to be now unsalable, are the dam that is blocking the commercial activities of the country. Orders are being canceled in every direction, and factories are shutting down or working short time. Several failures of large concerns have already occurred, and more are expected.

The general strike of the clothing buyers of France is seriously embarrassing the textile industry of the Lille region and is causing partial unemployment to about 140,000 persons. The mills, instead of reducing the number of employees, are operating from thirty-two to thirty-six hours weekly, in place of the customary forty-eight. Official figures for the Department du Nord, including Lille, Tourcoing, Roubaix, Maubeuge and Valenciennes, show roughly twenty per cent less than full operating time in the woolen, cotton, linen, fabric, lace, clothing and related industries. Prices have fallen enormously, and certain good grades of carded wool which sold three months ago for one hundred francs per kilo sell today for thirty-seven francs. Other industries are affected, but are in a better situation. Hours are from ten to eighteen per cent shorter in various other lines, such as the wood-working, rubber, metal-working and chemical industries. The dockers are working five days a week on the canals. The total reduction in hours affects about 200,000 persons.

Despite the business depression through which France is passing, the French national loan has succeeded beyond the highest expectation. Although the official figures are not yet ready for publication, the estimates in the best informed financial circles vary from 32,000,000,000 to 35,000,000,000 francs. Further proof of national vitality is afforded by the fact that despite business stagnation the export figures for the month of October totaled ninety per cent of the imports. The average pre-War percentage was rarely higher than eighty. However burdensome and painful the process of price accommodation may be, it is expected that by next spring the nation's trade balance will be brought to a level, with a consequent favorable effect in French exchange.

According to various indications, the present Ministry under Premier Leygues is about to face a series of severe attacks in the Chamber of Deputies with a strong probability of overthrow.

Three important debates are foreshadowed in the brief period before the end of the year—discussion of foreign affairs and the Greco-Turkish problem, the new army law, and, last but not least, the budget of 1921. If, as is expected, a meeting of the experts of the Reparations Commission is held next week at Brussels, the still more prickly subject of reparations may come to complicate the French political situation. On any one of these matters the struggle is likely to be bitter and furious, and the Government might fall over any. When during the Parliamentary recess M. Leygues assumed the Premier's mantle from Millerand, it was generally thought his tenure of office would be nothing more than a temporary makeshift until Parliament met in November, when Briand was expected to succeed him. Briand, however, is experiencing much more difficulty in forming a government than he had anticipated and, in addition, he has two rivals for the Premiership in MM. Poincaré and Viviani, both ex-Premiers also, and no less desirous than Briand to be head of a new combination. In this rivalry consists M. Leygues' main strength, but it is hardly expected that he will be able to continue in office beyond the first of the year, if till then.

Germany.

Several interchanges of notes have occurred between Germany and the Allied Governments on the question of German defence organizations. There are two chief forms of these organizations, which have acquired their greatest strength in Bavaria—the *Einwohnerwehr*, or civil guards, and the *Orgesch*, an abbreviation of the word "organization" and the name of its founder, Escherich, the Bavarian Master Forester and a doctor of laws. While the *Einwohnerwehr* is confined to the Bavarian frontier, the *Orgesch*, in which some observers see a monarchist military instrument pure and simple, has been spreading to other parts of Germany. To the Allied demand for immediate disbandment and disarming of these bodies, Germany replied with the statement that she has never recognized any obligations to disband defence organizations which have no military purpose, and that they are only temporary and are necessary. The Inter-Allied Military Commission has repeated its demand, and requested immediate information as to what steps Germany intends to take towards its fulfillment.

The Reparations Commissions has announced that Germany must deliver to France and Belgium a total of 1,750,000 fowls within four years, 26,165 goats within three years, and 15,250 pigs within one year. The German representatives have agreed to this programme. The Commission has also announced that Germany

has almost completed delivery of the live stock advances required under the Peace Treaty. Germany has been instructed by the Commission to deliver within six months 30,000 horses, 125,000 sheep, and 90,000 cattle. The total number of horses, sheep and cattle to be delivered eventually will be fixed later.

Imminent changes in the plans for a plebiscite in Upper Silesia which Germany believes are being forced by the Allies to assure a majority for Poland and effect the annexation of that region to the Polish state at Germany's expense, are arousing a storm of opposition. The preparation period of eighteen months allowed by the Treaty of Versailles expires on January 15, 1921. In order to prevent colonization of the plebiscite area by recently domiciled Germans, the plebiscite officials will be instructed to let the known citizens vote on one day, those who have only a birth claim on another, and the recently domiciled on a third. More weight will be given to the judgment of the first class than to that of the other two classes. Against this proposed plan the Germans have raised a strong protest.

Germany has decided that the resumption of trade relations with Russia is impossible before diplomatic relations are restored. Victor Koff, the Soviet's representative in Berlin, had been granted permission by the German authorities to take up the matter of trade questions direct with Germany, but he has recently been informed that this concession could only be maintained if Germany were permitted to delegate a commercial attaché to the Moscow Commission which has care of German war prisoners. No fear is felt in Germany that she will be outdistanced by her competitors for Russian trade, such as England and the United States, inasmuch as German industry is much more favorably situated for trading with Russia. It is felt that neither England nor the United States could dispense with German assistance in the economic reconstruction of Russia.

A serious food crisis is threatening Germany. The prospects are reported to be worse now than they have been at any period during or since the War. There is a deficit of nearly 1,000,000 tons of wheat, which is the supply necessary for at least six months. One million tons have been already imported, but the remainder of the deficit is uncovered. If it can be obtained from abroad it will cost 15,000,000,000 marks, and it is admitted that this will mean that the price of bread will rise three hundred per cent during the next few months. The price of meat is high, and the price of potatoes, which are becoming ever scarcer, tends to rise and will rise considerably higher in the next few weeks.

December 17, 1920.

With Our Readers.

THE character of mankind's festivals is reënforced by the season in which they occur. Winter is cold: and Christmas reëchoes the enduring attitude of many towards Christ. It comes as the first messenger of the dawn of the new year. It is the morning star showing, while the day is yet unborn, all the promise, the life and the fulfillment of the year to come.

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IN quietness was it all accomplished. The cave was lonely and alone. So were the Blessed Mother Mary and St. Joseph. A maiden, a carpenter, some cattle and the silent night were the audience that saw the human advent of the Divine Son of God. Yet that Fact of Christmas has transformed the world and in its light all our institutions were founded and live. The year that was about to dawn was the year of the world's renewed life. The Principle of life, yea the Life Himself revealed, witnessed by His Own human birth—by the emptying of Himself—to the truth that man has no life save that which he seeks in quiet, in aloneness and in loneliness. This is not to be interpreted in a merely external sense. We may not be lonely when we are alone: nor social when we are with a crowd. There is the personal, the self in every man. He may be taken up with externals. He may be possessed by an impersonal, unimportant self. If he allows the externals to master him and the corporate to deprive him of the personal, the darkness of last year will confound him in the year to come. He may have seen, but he has not believed in, the star of Christmas. For him it has sunk into the night.

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MEN realize the great Fact; but few there are who appreciate and follow it. The price is too great. The shadow of the over-towering *ego* keeps from the soul the light of the star. The quiet, the unknown self is the very thing against which self rebels. The assertion of self seems a necessity of life. To be true, not to one's own standards, but to the standards of Christ seems unwise. We may sing the crib and the cave, but few there are who embrace and believe in its obscurity. Its meanness gives no promise of Easter glory.

We rehearse no merely religious or theoretical saying. The most confirmed pragmatist could learn wisdom therefrom. The practical man will pursue an unpractical course unless he observe

it. The worth of a man is measured by his fidelity to the truth of Christmas day. What is he worth in the quiet of his own soul? Has he confounded self and self-interest so that the latter is supreme master of the universe, or has he, bending down to the weak, unknown Babe, allowed self to be lifted up to the dignity and power of the Victorious Christ? He that exalteth *himself* shall be humbled.

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HUMAN society is made up of individuals and the whole cannot be greater, nor better, nor different from the parts that compose it. There is no such thing as social morality of itself. Individual, personal morality must not only precede, but must create it. To treat humankind as a herd is to forget its humanity which, after all, is the determining factor in the problem.

And the united body of individuals, the State, the Nation will be, and is, in its standards, its laws, in its advance or its retrogression what the majority of the individuals are. The seeds of its national corporate life are the individuals. The harvest can grow from no other. Individual life depends upon the ability to conquer, to lose self: to see that self is taken up in a higher, divine purpose. It is lived in the quiet, hidden faith of the individual in standards that are beyond—not in attainment, but in universality—himself. It is fidelity to principles even though armies move against him. The conviction, even against the majority, the mob, the business circle or the union, that right makes might: and that the only might worthy to claim the service of a man is right.

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NCESSARILY this is personal: hidden: independent: real liberty, as it is real privilege and dignity. Its seat of power is in the interior soul. The rush of external currents, of undefined yet powerful forces may easily crowd it out. They may sweep the man along on waves of corporate action where all self-assertion is denied, and the individual is submerged. The noise of the day and the passion of the mart make it impossible for him to hear: the urge of material, external life robs him of deeper sight. The inner light that not only obscures, but rightly defines, the value of earth by revealing the glory of heaven, fits his vision more perfectly and spiritually. Apart from men, in his own thoughts, thinking upon himself as a man, stripped of the world's riches and the world's employ, perhaps forsaken, he is far more likely to find himself. For a star shines upon the cave wherein each soul lives, and there does Christ come to be born again as the soul's Saviour, the soul's Life.

TO the simple songs of shepherds Christ chose to come. It is noise, advertisement, self-advancement that the world mistakes for harmony and peace. We have not so much forgotten Christ, as we have forgotten what Christ means. The obscurity of self is, to most, foolishness. Self-denial, self-sacrifice are not welcome subjects of praise in present day literature. Of course, we do not confessedly exalt self. So deep are the principles of Christ that any violation of them merits an apology. It is not for ourselves, we argue, that we are not self-sacrificing; it is for some cause with which humanity's welfare is essentially connected. The cause is greater than we are; we must champion it, else it will never prevail.

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THE great struggle between Capital and Labor is viewed as a struggle in which both must defend their rights and in the defence of them corporate action is necessary, nor must ethical principles play too scrupulous a part. The one side is banded together as capitalists and ruled by the corporate sense, the corporate action which is defined, not as selfishness, but as the right protection of self interests, personal possessions and rightful increase of invested capital. And the other side, in its defence of its rights, has borrowed of the prevalent spirit and not only defended, but demanded, all that it can get.

The personal sense of integrity: of direct responsibility has gone out. Fidelity to any such sense would be ludicrously impracticable today: the individual would find himself in a pitifully weak and helpless condition. And the individual morality or lack of morality that has brought this about has created a social system that cannot stand. No one will say that the world is a peaceful, blessed world today: nor deny that our own country faces the greatest problems in her history.

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THE laxity of morals, the indiscriminate fighting for material betterment, the widespread indifference to Christian faith and principles are evident enough to make even the chronic optimist check himself and think.

Have we not forgotten ourselves: and so forgetting lost sight of men as our brothers and our responsibility of sacrifice and love for them? To remember our better self is to begin to realize that we are the children of God. It is to realize an independent personal power, responsibility, dignity. We must neglect the crowd and all that appears so inviting. We must depart from men if we are to know what it means to be a man. And it is only when

we go away from the inns of the world and come upon the cave that we find Christ—and our real, eternal self.

THE cause of Ireland's independence appeals more and more effectively to the civilized world. A few years ago, Belgium was outraged by the German invader. Ireland is today outraged by the invader. And even those who claim that England has the right to invade, because she has invaded for so many centuries, must still explain that right, and then explain why even a rightful invader can pillage and burn and kill and crush a people under its merciless heel.

The conduct of England cannot today be justified by any true American. We say this advisedly and deliberately. For any American to condone the action of England in Ireland today, to keep silence concerning it, to say that we ought to be mere onlookers, because we fought on the same side as England in the late War, is to be false to the higher American principles of humanitarianism, of liberty, of self-government, of the right of a people to govern themselves. To say that it is purely an Irish question and that "if I were an Irishman I would be in active sympathy with Ireland, but as an American I must keep hands off"—is to deny the larger, greater fundamental principles of our American Republic. It would be equivalent to saying in 1914: "If I were a Belgian I would fight against the Germans; but as it is I must be neutral: say nothing: do nothing." As history proved, this was not true Americanism.

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WHAT we state is the doctrine of our fathers, which is too easily forgotten today. Decades ago and in the time of those who had American traditions direct from our founders, Greece fought for its freedom, for its self-government. The words used then by leading Americans, whose names are cherished as the most loyal of patriots, might be used today if we substitute the name of Ireland for that of Greece. The freedom of Greece was thought then to be an American question. In the discussion of it, as a purely American question, Daniel Webster said in the Senate: "As far as I am concerned, I hope it will be purely an American discussion; but let it embrace, nevertheless, everything that fairly concerns America. Let it comprehend not merely her present advantage, but her permanent interest, her elevated character as one of the free States of the world, and her duty towards those great principles which have hitherto maintained the relative independence of nations and which have more especially made her what she is." President Monroe, in a message to Congress, which called

forth this speech by Daniel Webster, stated: "A strong hope has been long entertained, founded on the heroic struggle of the Greeks that they would succeed in their contest, and resume their equal station among the nations of the earth. It is believed that the whole civilized world takes a deep interest in their welfare. . . The ordinary calculations of interest and of acquisition with a view to aggrandizement which mingle so much in the transactions of nations seem to have had no effect in regard to them. From the facts which have come to our knowledge, there is good cause to believe that their enemy has lost forever all dominion over them; that Greece will become an independent nation."

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THIS was undoubtedly the American opinion of the day. If an American then had said the struggle of Greece was none of his business nor of America's business; that the stories of Turkish atrocities should not be printed in the American press; that meetings should not be held to voice protests against Turkey, nor funds collected for the purpose; that no pulpit in the country should voice an appeal for the suffering Greeks—he would not have been the highest type of American patriot. America's larger duty towards the great principles, as Webster put it, that made her and keep her what she is, would have escaped his vision, as it escapes those who today are swayed by fear of offending the great Power that was lately our ally: fear of disturbing the peace of America: fear of arousing a religious war. "It is not America's business," they say; "it is a matter to be settled between England and Ireland: a case of the North and South here in 1861;" and anybody who does not take this view is, they claim, un-American. In 1823 there were some Americans who spoke in similar terms on America's position with regard to the Greeks' struggle for national liberty. Daniel Webster, whose Americanism surely no one will question, answered that it was the duty of the United States to express its sympathy with Greece, and to protest against the governments that were striving to keep Greece a subject nation. One of them was Great Britain, and John Quincy Adams referred to the excessive anxiety of the British Government to keep Greece under its own control, and added that this anxiety arose from its fear of losing the Ionian Islands. Daniel Webster, speaking on our obligation to extend sympathy and to send a commissioner, declared: "As little reason is there for fearing its consequences upon the conduct of the Allied Powers. They may very naturally dislike our sentiments upon the subject of the Greek revolution. They might, indeed, prefer that we should express no dissent from the doctrines which they have avowed and the ap-

plication which they have made of those doctrines to the case of Greece. But I trust we are not disposed to leave them in any doubt as to our sentiments upon these important subjects."

Edward Everett, whose name as representative and interpreter of true Americanism stands very high, said that Webster's speech on the Greek revolution was "the ablest and most effective remonstrance against the principles of the Allied Powers of continental Europe." The United States Government sent shiploads of provisions for the aid and relief of the Greeks.

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THE charge made frequently in the press and by many individuals that the attitude of sympathy for Ireland in its struggle for liberty, the active propaganda to arouse sympathy, are un-American, is not only unwarranted: it is itself un-American. And yet it is a charge that is made particularly against Catholics who are in sympathy with Ireland, a Catholic country. It is an attempt to jockey the Catholic body of the country into a false position: to add life to the easily resurrected cry: "Catholics are unpatriotic." "They are uninterested in America and would sacrifice America for Ireland." They who urge this revival are actuated either by religious prejudice: or by indifference: or by the fear that serious trouble with England may result. They do not look straight and fixedly at the basic principles of American patriotism. Constructively, at least, they are willing to have it written into the history of civilization that America stood by silent, while a whole people were crushed by a superior military force: their land overrun by assassins, urged officially to execute "reprisals:" their cities burned: their priests murdered: their mothers and children abandoned to starvation—America saw this and turned her eyes away, lest her instinctive, angry glance might offend a nation who lately stood with us in the fight for liberty, for the rights of all people, for the safety of democracy throughout the world.

"Devoid of principle," declares Sir Horace Plunkett, "lacking even such an elementary condition as the consent of the governed, the British policy relies on force and on force alone." . . . "The tragic demonstration that England cannot govern Ireland is complete." And the noted labor leader, Mr. Arthur Henderson, after a recent tour through Ireland, stated that the English conduct therein was as barbarous as the German treatment of Belgium.

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IT is not the Catholic sympathizers with Ireland who are un-American and unpatriotic. Catholic, Protestant, Jew or non-believer who sympathizes with Ireland today sympathizes because

he is the better American. Something more of the blood of the founders of this Republic, created to be a light to the world, rushes through his veins. He is more truly a brother to those who fought for independence; who heard Cuba's appeal; who went across seas at the civilized world's appeal—and fought that liberty might live not alone for themselves but for others.

They have the larger heart and it is to them that America may trust her larger, her full destiny. And they keep alive the love of liberty in America, for if America ever grows callous to the welfare of other nations, ever looks with indifference on the struggle for liberty of other people, then it is certain that her own liberty is about to perish.

OUR readers will be pleased to read the following tribute to Father Hecker, founder of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, contributed to the October quarterly of *The Dublin Review* by the well-known writer, Monsignor William Barry, in an article entitled, "Roman Memories:"

"A contrast bordering on the absolute we found in Isaac Hecker, the German-American, convert, missionary, and mystic, who showed his striking figure on the platform of Sant' Andrea, while he poured out a passionate strain, curiously foreign to our hearing, on the spirit of the age. Who could be more removed than he from Gallican or Febronian provincialism? But his new world was not the old. Am I fanciful in detecting between this Catholic priest devoted to his Church and the poet of the people, Walt Whitman, a resemblance as of brothers? He seemed a bird of passage from seas afar off, Western, and announcing the dawn of tomorrow beyond the sunset. America was attending a General Council for the first time—America, the destined heir of us all. His sermon, valiantly delivered in an accent we could not mistake, was aimed at Immanuel Kant; with intense conviction he pleaded for the ever-living influence of the Holy Spirit in the Church—briefly, against what men called thirty-five years later Modernism. Admirable Father Hecker, some of whose writings I knew, and whom I compared to that inspiring Dominican, Lacordaire! But the preacher did not dream of troubles destined to arise about his life and doctrine. Nor did I, listening to him in the crowd, forecast that to me would fall the honorable task of writing a sketch in this *Dublin Review* of that Life which would enjoy a wide circulation among Americans. Almost a quarter of a century afterwards I became the guest of his brother-Paulists in New York, where I preached from the pulpit he had occupied. There was no heresy in the soul of Isaac Hecker, con-

cerning whom Cardinal Newman wrote to Father Hewit in February, 1889, on receiving intelligence of his death, 'I have ever felt that there was this sort of unity in our lives, that we had both begun a work of the same kind, he in America and I in England; and I know how zealous he was in promoting it.' His intimate friend and disciple, J. J. Keane, who was Rector of Washington University when I stayed there—and I came to be well acquainted with him by and by in Rome, whence he removed to be Archbishop of Dubuque—was frequent in pointing out Hecker's central principle; the synthesis, namely, of letter and spirit, of authority with inward grace and divine light, which constituted as in a sacrament of unity the Catholic Church. This was the spiritual freedom he rejoiced in; his message to America was its application along all the lines of the coming age."

CATHOLIC higher education is one of the supreme necessities of the Catholic body of the country. With our very culpable neglect of the intellectual needs of the Church, we are prone to be indifferent to what many deem the "luxuries" of mental development.

But if we only stop to consider we will see that the world, the nation, our social movements are ruled by thought. The leaders of the world are intelligent men. Positions of influence are obtained for the most part by men and women mentally well trained. So much for the purely natural point of view. On a far higher plane Catholic doctrine and Catholic philosophy need their expounders and defenders. Both require those who know the language of ancient thought and modern learning—if the Church is to progress and civilization is to be guided aright.

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OUR Catholic colleges merit, therefore, in a special way the support of our Catholic people. Their way has been hard enough. With the decrease in money value, the increase of salary and equipment it has been made much more difficult. Our colleges spend comparatively little on salaries. The majority of them, manned by religious, ask nothing for themselves or their personnel save the means of livelihood. They are in a position, therefore, to invest all the monies they receive in actual equipment, in the direct education of the student. Money given to them is most directly productive in educational work. We bespeak for them at this critical hour the generous support of our Catholic people. One of the oldest Catholic colleges of the country, Fordham University, New York City, is now making an earnest appeal for a fund of \$2,000,000.

The work of this college in the education of Catholic youth is too well known to need emphasis here. In all the years of its history and even today it is educating, without charge, many a Catholic student. Its fees for tuition are remarkably low.

We trust that it will receive from the Catholics of the country, and particularly from the Catholics of New York, the generous support it surely deserves.

THE glorious record of Catholic missionary effort in Japan, the heroic response in the days of persecution by the Japanese martyrs, should lead us to answer generously to the appeal now being made for funds to maintain the Catholic University of Tokyo, Japan. According to Japanese law, this University must secure an endowment of three hundred thousand dollars or else it will have to close its doors. "Catholic higher education," declares Cardinal Gibbons, "is the most active need of the Catholic Church in Japan today. And that is the need which the Jesuits, through the Catholic University at Tokyo, are trying to fill."

The United States should certainly lead all other countries in contributing the financial means which are necessary for the permanent success of missionary effort. We are indebted and will be forever indebted to the earlier missionaries who from other countries came to plant the seeds of the Faith here: and our institutions in their infant helpless days were sustained by funds from the peoples of other lands. Moreover, it is essentially a mark of Catholic Faith never to be indifferent to the needs of the Church in other places and in other lands.

* * * *

JAPAN is a country ambitious for intellectualism, almost servile to it. Its leaders, and consequently its people, have been much affected by the false philosophy of Western civilization. For the permanent wellbeing of its parochial schools, of all the missionary effort, for the training of Catholic Japanese leaders, a Catholic University is vitally necessary.

Communications on the subject may be addressed to the Reverend Mark J. McNeal, S.J., 59 West 86th Street, who is officially authorized to collect funds for this University.

A SCHOOL should be established for modern reviewers on the fundamental canons of criticism. Therein would be elementary instruction on the meaning of such words as life and death: of truth and error: of natural: of preternatural and supernatural: of sin and virtue: of mind and will: of man and animal.

And when a common understanding of at least the basic meaning of these things was established, modern criticism might be of some value. As it stands today in our literary journals, it is of no value at all as a permanent contribution to human thought. Thought today has no common foundations: it is divorced from humanity: it admits of no universal processes. It is opinion: emotion: feeling: individual idiosyncrasy. The anarchy which governs it has robbed us of a common language. The building of the tower of progress is halted because of the Babel of tongues.

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READ any one of our literary reviews, all well-written as far as the use of words is concerned, and at the end you will feel that you have been listening to a crowd of foreigners, none of whose language you quite fully understood. What you did realize was that simplicity and unity were not there. Both are viewed today as evidences of narrowness.

But the Master of all life said that the way to heaven is narrow. Any gift of earth is a portion of heaven and the way to it also is simple and straight and narrow.

THE Library of Congress has undertaken to collect and forward any books given in the United States for the University of Louvain. It has already collected and forwarded twenty thousand volumes. The Librarian, Mr. Herbert Putnam, requests that the packages containing the books be strongly wrapped or cased, plainly marked, "The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., for the University of Louvain," and sent prepaid, as the Library has no fund applicable to the purpose.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

The Foundations of Spiritualism. By W. W. Smith. \$2.00 net. *Letters from a Living Dead Man; Last Letters from the Living Dead Man.* By E. Barker. \$2.00 net each. *Uncle Moses.* By S. Asch. \$2.50 net. *A Century of Persecution Under Tudor and Stuart Sovereigns from Contemporary Records.* By Rev. St. George K. Hyland, D.D. \$8.00 net. *The Sons of O' Carmac.* By A. Dunbar. \$2.50 net. *Snowdrop and Other Tales.* By the Brothers Grimm.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Early Effects of the War Upon the Finance, Commerce and Industry of Peru. By L. S. Rowe, LL.D. *Divorce.* By C. Williams. *The United States of America: A Study in International Organization.* By J. B. Scott, LL.D.

JAMES T. WHITE & Co., New York:

The Aesthetic Nature of Tennyson. By J. P. Smith.

NICHOLAS L. BROWN, New York:

Romance of the Rabbit. By Francis Jammes. \$1.50 net.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Irish Fairy Tales. By James Stephens.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

The Imperial Orgy. By E. Saltus. *Queerful Widget.* By W. B. Hawkins. *Ancient Man.* By H. W. Van Loon. \$3.00 net. *Men and Steel.* By H. Vorse.

B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:

The Evolution of Sinn Fein. By R. Henry, M.A. \$2.00.

- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
American Liberty Enlightening the World. By H. C. Semple, S.J. \$2.00.
- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Eucharistic Hour. By Dom A. G. Green, O.S.B. \$1.20.
- GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:
The Poems of Robert Burns. Edited by J. L. Hughes.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
England in Transition, 1789-1832. By W. L. Mathieson. \$6.00. *The Life and Letters of George Alfred Lefroy, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan.* By H. H. Montgomery, D.D. \$5.00. *The Meaning of Christianity According to Luther and His Followers in Germany.* By Very Rev. M. J. Lagrange, O.P. \$2.25 net.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
A Child's Life of St. Joan of Arc. By M. E. Mannix. \$1.50 net. *Sermons.* By P. A. Canon Sheehan, D.D. \$3.00. *Life of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque.* By Rt. Rev. E. Bougaud, D.D. \$2.75 net.
- CHILD HEALTH ORGANIZATION OF AMERICA, New York:
The Story of Rosy Cheeks and Strong Heart. By J. M. Address, Ph.D., and A. T. Address.
- THE PAGE Co., Boston:
She Stands Alone. By M. Ashton. *Our Little Czecho-Slovak Cousin.* By C. V. Winlow. 90 cents. *The Boy Scouts of the Wolf Patrol.* By B. Corcoran. *Famous Leaders of Industry.* By E. Wildman. \$2.00.
- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
Religion and Health. By J. J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.
- THE CATHOLIC EDUCATION PRESS, Washington:
A General History of the Christian Era. Vol. I. By N. A. Weber, S.M., S.T.D.
- GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:
Alsea Texts and Myths. By L. J. Frachtenberg. *The Eyesight of School Children.* By J. H. Berkowitz. *The National Crisis in Education: An Appeal to the People.* Edited by W. T. Bowden. *Requirements for the Bachelor's Degree.* By W. C. John.
- CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE, Washington:
The Project of a Permanent Court of International Justice and Resolutions of the Advisory Committee of Jurists. By J. B. Scott.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
The Book of Job. By M. Jastrow, Jr., LL.D. \$4.00 net.
- BIBLIOTHECA SACRA Co., Oberlin, O.:
The Problem of the Pentateuch. By M. G. Kyle, D.D., LL.D.
- B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:
Mary's Praise on Every Tongue. By P. J. Chandlery, S.J. \$2.25 net. *Twenty Cures at Lourdes.* By Dr. F. de Grandmaison de Bruno. \$2.60 net. *The Divine Office.* By Rev. E. J. Quigley. \$3.00 net.
- THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Ind.:
An Awakening and What Followed. By J. K. Stone, S.T.D., LL.D. \$1.50.
- THE SUNDAY VISITOR, Huntington, Ind.:
Order of St. Veronica. 25 cents.
- BURKLEY PRINTING Co., Omaha, Neb.:
Snapshots by the Way. By Gilbert Guest.
- CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD, Oxford, Eng.:
The Christian Family. By Margaret Fletcher. 1 s. 6 d.
- HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge, Eng.:
Living Again. By C. R. Brown. \$1.00 net.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:
The Road to Damascus. By W. A. D. *Answers to a Jewish Inquirer.* By Father T. Ratisbonne. *The Lambeth Conference. Woman in the Church.* By Rev. H. F. Hall. Pamphlets.
- THE TALBOT PRESS, Dublin:
Ireland and the Early Church. By J. M. Flood. 3 s. 6 d. net. *Essays on Poetry.* By G. O'Neill, S.J., M.A. 5 s. net. *St. Columba.* By A. B. O. Ferguson. 2 s. 6 d. net. *Irish Unionism.* By J. W. Good. 6s. net.
- PIERRE TÉQUI, Paris:
René Bériot. Par P. Paulin. 3 fr. 50. *Directoire Pratique Pour le Clergé.* 5 fr. *Les Causeries de Lucien Roland.* Par J. Riche. 5 fr.
- LIBRAIRIE VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:
Le Catholicisme de Saint Augustin. Par P. Batiffol. 2 vols. 14 fr. *Saint Grégoire VII.* Par A. Fliche. *Mélanges de Patrologie et d'Histoire des Dogmes.* Par J. Tixeront. 7 fr. *Étude de Critique et de Philologie du Nouveau Testament.* Par E. Jacquier. 10 fr.
- GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
Une Educatrice au XVIIe Siècle. Par A. de Nitray.
- NOUVELLE LIBRAIRIE NATIONALE, Paris:
G. K. Chesterton. Par J. de Tonquédec. 5 fr.

THE Catholic World

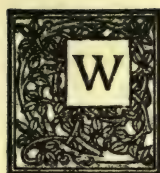
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BREAKING AND RENEWING DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS BETWEEN FRANCE AND THE HOLY SEE.

BY ABBÉ FÉLIX KLEIN.



We are convinced in France that our fellow-Catholics in America have welcomed with the same joy as ourselves the important decision of the Chamber of Deputies for the reestablishment of a French Embassy to the Vatican. The vote in favor was 391 to 179.

When I was sent to America by the French Government in October, 1918, with the Bishop of Arras, Monseigneur Baudrillart, and Abbé Flynn to bring the compliments of France to Cardinal Gibbons on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee, the question asked of us most frequently was whether, after the War, relations would be resumed between France and the Holy See. We did not hesitate to answer that they would. Events have proved that our confidence was not unfounded. It is true the question is not yet definitely settled, and there will be a strong opposition of the anti-clericals in the Senate where they have more influence than in the Chamber of Deputies—the Upper House not having been entirely renewed by elections since the War. But it would be an exceedingly great surprise if the Senate were bold enough to resist, not only the wishes of the people, but the resolution and will of the President and the Cabinet, who consider diplomatic relations with the Holy

See as absolutely necessary for the pacification of parties in France and for French diplomatic interests all over the world. Whether the question is still pending before the Senate or will have been settled when these lines appear, it will be of interest, nevertheless, to Catholics to review how relations were broken between France and the Holy See about fifteen years ago.

It is not necessary to remind readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD of all the difficulties which arose between the Church and the French Government from about 1880 up to the beginning of the War. They will remember how some Conservatives, by opposing the Republic, compromised the cause of the Church to which they were sincerely attached, and how the Radicals not only profited by this error to keep their party in power, but abused that political supremacy to make war upon the rights of conscience. I do not intend to enumerate here all the measures by which our Government during too long a period, has striven to drive religion from our national life—the most portentous of these being the persecution of the Religious Orders and the so-called “laicisation,” *i. e.*, the complete exclusion of every Christian idea from public teaching. These measures are but too well known, having scandalized the entire Christian world and aroused indignation everywhere. But the final incidents which precipitated the march of events and served as a pretext for the inevitable conclusion of these quarrels—namely the rupture of every diplomatic relation between the Holy See and the Anti-clerical Government of the French Republic, are still ignored by many people, and I think it would not be inopportune to recount these briefly.

Probably the first of these incidents will seem to American readers rather fine spun and somewhat unworthy of attention; but we must not forget that in the Old World form is apparently of much greater consequence than in America.

Article V. of the Concordat between Napoleon and Pius VII. is as follows: “The *nomination* to the bishoprics shall belong to the Chief Consul, and canonical institution shall be administered by the Holy See.” It appears as if this article, properly interpreted, safeguarded the rights of the two powers. The Government presented candidates to the Pope; their qualifications were considered and discussed if there was occasion to do so; and when an agreement was reached between the two powers, their names appeared in the Official Journal

of France. Afterwards the Pope conferred spiritual authority upon the candidates who were so nominated. Nothing on the face of it could be simpler than this. But, in fact, the Latin word, *nominavit*, means more than the French word, *nommer*, and the English word, *nominate*, and seems to indicate the conferring of real power.

For this reason Rome tried, after 1871, to change the Latin wording of its official letters instituting bishops, and which had to be registered by the Council of State; M. Thiers, then head of the Government, opposed that contention. Rome kept the word *nominavit*, but added *nobis*, that is *to us*, and declared in the letters: "We institute as bishop such a one whom the French Government has nominated to us." M. Thiers agreed that he was satisfied and things went along in that way until 1895, when M. Combes, then Minister of Worship, again demanded, but without success, the suppression of the word "*nobis*." In 1901 M. Waldeck-Rousseau announced that the Council of State would register for the last time Papal letters containing the word "*nobis*." Nevertheless, in May, 1902, two new bishops, the last under the Concordat, received similar letters containing the "*nobis*." M. Combes, then Prime Minister, refused to register them until they were corrected so as to contain the word "*nominavit*" alone. Rome tried to negotiate and proposed divers formulas acceptable to both parties. The Government did not respond, and Leo XIII. died before the matter was adjusted. His successor, Pius X., yielded and altered the letters to the two bishops, which were then registered in the form demanded by M. Combes.

The Minister, it seems, might have been content with that great victory. He wished, however, to go further and declared that, in future, the candidates chosen as bishops by the Government would be nominated in the Official Journal of the Republic without waiting to inquire whether the Holy See would accept them or not, or whether it would consent to confer upon them canonical institution. It will be conceded that it was difficult to justify such conduct, even if it were true, as they said, that the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Lorenzelli, did not always do his utmost to render the negotiations easy. That suppression of the preliminary understanding was without doubt contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the Concordat, and it would have placed in a strange position

such candidates for bishoprics as the Government might thus nominate, and the Holy See subsequently refuse to accept.

Then happened what might have been foreseen. Priests worthy of the honor refused to be nominated under these conditions, and none of the vacancies which subsequently arose were filled. It came to pass in that way that fifteen dioceses were deprived of bishops. The Government was unwilling to yield. The Pope could not do so. In one of its essential features the machinery of the Concordat was no longer working. Nevertheless, the Concordat was still in force. Two incidents more and we shall see it broken. These two incidents were the protest of the Vatican against the visit of President Loubet to Rome and the removal of the Bishops of Dijon and Laval by the Pope.

I do not mean to insist here on the question of the temporal power of the Pope. But this point is clear: the Holy See does not wish to recognize by any formal act of renunciation the spoliation which it suffered in 1870, and until a recent Encyclical of Pope Benedict's, it required absolutely that the heads of Catholic countries should not come to Rome officially and thus apparently condone such spoliation. All Catholic sovereigns have thus far conformed to this request. For example, the Emperor of Austria, although bound to Italy by the Triple Alliance, always refused to return the visit made to him by the King of that country in Vienna. The French Government did not think it its duty to conform to the demand; and having received in Paris in October, 1903, a visit from the Italian sovereigns, it was thought that courtesy and the interests of France demanded of the President to return the visit in Rome. So M. Loubet was sent there for that purpose in April, 1904.

Neither with Leo XIII., who died during the negotiations, nor with his successor was it possible to arrange the matter amicably. In the name of Leo XIII., Cardinal Rampolla had informed M. Delcassé that "the presence in Rome of the head of a Catholic State disregarded the imprescriptible rights of the Holy See," but our Minister of Foreign Affairs declined to enter into any discussion on the subject. Pius X. and Cardinal Merry de Val were equally ignored in 1904. M. Delcassé confined himself to declaring in the Senate, at the moment of the vote for funds necessary to defray the expenses of M. Loubet's

journey: "The proposed visit is not an affront to anybody. Our actions are no more offensive than our intentions. To perform an obvious duty, to return a visit, to carry to Italy in the person of its sovereign the respects of France, and thus strengthen for the common good of the two countries the bonds of friendship based not only on sentiment but on interest—who can fairly take offence at a step so natural?"

Rome did take offence, and after the visit of M. Loubet, a confidential protest, dated April 28, 1904, was sent by the Cardinal Secretary of State to all the Powers with which the Holy See is in diplomatic relations. The official coming of the President of the Republic to Rome was considered there as a grave offence against the rights and the dignity of the Holy See, and the position was taken that the Holy See, upon which devolved the duty of protecting such rights and dignity in the common interest of Catholics throughout the world, was in duty bound to make the most formal protest against that visit in order that such an occurrence might not constitute a precedent. In response the Ambassador of France remitted to the Vatican on the part of M. Delcassé this note of acknowledgment: "The Minister of Foreign Affairs directs me to say that having himself taken care to state clearly in Parliament the character and purpose of the voyage of the President to Italy, he can only repudiate the suggestions contained in the note of April 28th."

Things rested there, as long as the protest of Rome remained secret; but at the end of about a month M. Jaurès, the leader of the Socialists in the French Parliament, having obtained a copy of it, published it in his newspaper, *L'Humanité*, and the storm burst. The newspapers friendly to the Government declared that France had been grossly insulted, and the Cabinet of M. Combes ordered the immediate recall of the Ambassador at the Vatican. The Prime Minister declared in the Chamber of Deputies, in the session of May 27th: "This recall indicates that we are not willing to tolerate the interference of the Pontifical Court in our international relations, and that we wish to finish once for all with the superannuated fiction of a temporal power which disappeared more than thirty years ago."

Was that the final rupture between the Pope and the Republic? Not quite, although very nearly. The Papal Nuncio

still remained in Paris; and the French Government, while recalling its ambassador, had nevertheless left a secretary as *chargé d'affaires*. Relations were not, therefore, entirely broken. A slight bond still remained between the two powers: the affairs of the Bishops of Dijon and Laval were to cut the last remaining knot.

Monseigneur Geay, Bishop of Laval, and Monseigneur Le Nordez, Bishop of Dijon, had long before been denounced to Rome, and openly attacked in certain newspapers controlled by the party of Conservatives as utterly unfit to govern dioceses. It is very difficult to know the truth of the matter, for political passions were much involved in the opposition to the two bishops, especially as regards the Bishop of Laval. For my part, I would willingly believe that he was weak and unwary, rather than guilty, and it is certain that the people of his diocese, who are much attached to the monarchical régime, attacked him violently on account of his Republican opinions, long before they thought of blaming his moral conduct. As for the Bishop of Dijon, it must be admitted that opinions were unanimously against him, and without declaring him guilty of all the misdemeanors which have been laid to his account, I think that he had done enough to deserve his disgrace.

At any rate, the question which arose was not that of knowing whether those prelates were innocent or guilty, but whether the Pope could, without prior agreement with the French Government, compel the resignation of the prelates. From the viewpoint of religion and common sense, it would look as if the religious authority alone had the right to judge the worthiness or unworthiness of ecclesiastical ministers, especially in a system so strongly hierarchical as Catholicism. From the Concordat strictly interpreted, it may be maintained that the bishops, having been nominated by mutual consent, could only be deposed by mutual consent; and even Rome seemed to recognize this principle, since it requested the resignation of the Bishops, instead of issuing an order for their deposition. Whatever be the view taken, the following are the facts.

Already in 1900, under Leo XIII., the resignation of Monseigneur Geay, Bishop of Laval, had been requested; he resigned, but withdrew his resignation. Leo XIII., who believed

him guilty, but who felt all the difficulties and possible results of such a complicated affair, withheld action in the matter, and no more was said about it for four years. But in May, 1904, Rome once more requested the Bishop's resignation. Monseigneur Geay having informed the Minister of Public Worship of this fact, the Cabinet instructed the French *chargé d'affaires* at the Vatican to hand a note to Cardinal Merry del Val, in which it was maintained that, according to the Concordat, a bishop's powers could not be taken from him any more than they could be conferred on him, without a decision of the Republican Government. The note ended with the following threatening sentence: "If the letter of May 17th be not annulled, the Government will be forced to take such measures as are demanded by such a derogation from the pact which binds France to the Holy See." Cardinal Merry del Val, having answered the Cabinet in a note, and the latter not even deigning to examine the communication, Monseigneur Geay, on July 10th, was ordered by the Cardinal to come to Rome within ten days under penalty of being suspended from the exercise of his powers.

Matters took a similar trend at Dijon. The disorder of that diocese was at its height; the Bishop was insulted in his Cathedral by the Catholics, and the seminarists refused to be ordained by him. Pius X., saddened by these events and convinced, not without cause, that the Bishop was unworthy, notified him through the Nuncio on March 11, 1904, to cease all ordinations in his diocese until further orders. M. Delcassé, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, informed the Cardinal State Secretary of the Vatican that he considered such orders as null and of no effect; at the same time he protested both against the measure itself, which he declared to be opposed to the Concordat and a violation of form, because, according to him and to all former Governments, the Nuncio, being simply a diplomatic agent, had no right to intervene directly with bishops.

Nevertheless on July 9th, Cardinal Merry del Val again ordered Monseigneur Le Nordez to come to Rome within fifteen days under penalty of suspension from all his spiritual powers. The Minister, on his side, forbade the Bishops of Dijon and Laval to leave France, and sent an ultimatum to Rome, declaring that if the letters of July 9th and 10th were not with-

drawn, or if the threats therein were put into execution, "the French Government would be compelled to look upon the Holy See as having no longer respect for its relations with a power, which, whilst it fulfilled its conditions under the Concordat, had a right to the prerogatives which the Concordat conferred on it. The Government of the Republic was leaving to the Holy See all responsibility for the resolutions which should become necessary."

Cardinal Merry del Val replied by conciliatory explanations to that ultimatum, which was handed to him on July 23, 1904; but he maintained, in principle, the right of the Pope to deprive unworthy bishops of spiritual power. Without any discussion, M. Delcassé telegraphed to the French *chargé d'affaires* to hand the following note to the Vatican: "Forced, in view of the reply made by his Eminence, the Cardinal Secretary of State, dated July 26th, to recognize that the Holy See maintains acts accomplished without the knowledge of the power with which it has signed the Concordat, the Government of the Republic has decided to put an end to the official relations which, by the will of the Holy See, have become superfluous." And the *chargé d'affaires* having read that note was to add that the mission of the Papal Nuncio was considered to have come to an end.

This note was read and handed in without delay, and on July 30, 1904, the *chargé d'affaires* of France to the Vatican left Rome while the Nuncio received orders from the Pope to quit Paris. Thus ended sadly the relations which had existed for fourteen centuries between France and the Holy See.

Shall I tell in a few words what became of the two unfortunate bishops who had served as a pretext for a rupture which had long been inevitable? They both sent in the resignation which the Pope required; the Bishop of Laval did so with much humility, the Bishop of Dijon resisted longer and did not yield until he obtained from Cardinal Merry del Val a letter stating that his resignation was spontaneous, and congratulating him on the generous action which he was accomplishing for the greater welfare of his diocese. Both lived afterwards in retirement, forgotten both by friends and foes alike. Their personalities were lost sight of in the tragic course of those events which they had in part helped to bring about.

While they were bidding an eternal farewell to their

dioceses, the Chamber of Deputies was voting, with a very large majority, the following order of the day, introduced by M. Larrien, president of the Left delegation, that is to say, nominal leader of the anti-clerical army of the Bloc: "The Chamber, realizing that the attitude adopted by the Vatican has rendered the Separation of Church and State inevitable, and counting on the Government to bring the vote to effect immediately after the budget and military law are settled, passes on to the order of the day."

The French Government which had only resorted to these extremities in order to bring about the suppression of the Concordat, did not wait long before it sought to have this carried into effect. The rupture had taken place at the end of July, 1904; at the next session of Parliament, in the autumn of the same year, M. Combes proposed to the Chamber of Deputies a project of law on the separation of Church and State. A commission was immediately nominated and the discussion commenced in the spring of 1905. On July 3, 1905, the Chamber voted the law, the Senate continued the discussion at its autumn session, and voted it also, without changing a single word. On December 11, 1905, it was promulgated and declared to be in force after one year.

It is not our object today to comment upon this law, but readers knowing the regrettable conditions under which it was introduced and voted upon, will not be surprised that it contained articles which obliged the Holy See to condemn it and to forbid its acceptance. As happens in the greater number of divorces, the Church and State, an ill-assorted pair, were violently irritated against each other, and none dared to hope that they would consent to settle their dispute by an amicable division of interests. But, whereas in other separations there are law courts to decide what shall be the shares of husband and wife, in the present case there existed no arbiter between the two, and the only thing which could happen was that the stronger of the two, namely the State, should take the lion's share and decide everything according to its own will, without once deigning to consult the weaker, namely the Church. Conversation was all the more difficult between them, inasmuch as the French ambassador had been recalled from Rome and the Papal Nuncio withdrawn from Paris.

After recounting these distressing incidents of our pre-war politics, what a comfort it is now to hear the manner in which the highest representatives of the Church and of the State in France are speaking of each other! I do not want to protract this already long article, but cannot better conclude than by quoting, on the one side the last speech of Prime Minister Leygues asking the Chamber to reestablish the Embassy to the Vatican, and on the other side an extract from the first letter addressed to his diocese by Cardinal Dubois, the new Archbishop of Paris.

"The thirtieth of July, 1904," said M. Leygues, "the Government of the Republic broke its relations with the Vatican; the fourteenth of March, 1920, the Government of the Republic proposed to reestablish them.

"What occurred between these two dates?

"There was the War which shook the world to its foundations; and Victory which brought about a new way of thinking among all people. Combined with the results of social and spiritual order, Victory gave us peace at home as well as abroad, and renewed our confidence in the future. After the trial we must be ready to solve with equity and dignity problems which formerly divided us . . . The long struggle of ideas between France and Rome are over. Other cares absorb us. . . Among the moral forces there is one which, being strongly and hierarchically organized, acts on the mind and the conscience of three hundred millions of men: that is the power of the Catholic Church. . . ." To be officially represented at the Vatican "is for our interest, for our security, for our dignity."

Then the Cardinal:

"Circumstances favor us. The War, with its sufferings, its dangers and sorrows, with its heroism also and glory, has tempered again the soul of France. It has brought it nearer to God. It taught again, to many who had forgotten them, ideas of justice and right. It has inspired in the hearts of soldiers, united in the same sacrifices, sentiments of a fraternity which, we hope, shall be henceforth inviolable . . .

"The political atmosphere is purified. The spirit of justice and sympathy of which the present Government has given many proofs has replaced ill-will and suspicion. The sacred union, which was one of the conditions of victory, is considered

one of the surest guarantees of peace. The highest authorities proclaim the necessity of it, and have sworn to maintain it, while the good citizens, who are the majority, applaud. The clergy is no longer excluded from public ceremonies; its influence is acknowledged and, in certain circumstances, they call for it, they praise it, and sometimes, even, they reward it.

"The diplomatic relations with the Holy See are about to be renewed. Truly we are advancing towards more justice and liberty."

And now my American friends, with whom I so often had to speak of the sad conditions of the Church in France, must realize how happy I feel to be able to give them such good news. To express my personal joy, which I am sure they will share, I know of no better way than by quoting, in conclusion, these few words of our new Archbishop of Paris: "The Catholics, who have suffered so much for half a century, witness with joy these happy symptoms of national pacification. We are glad to look at the future with confidence. The sad realities, resulting from long religious struggles, are over, let us hope. May they give place definitely to a situation better for the Church and more worthy of France!"

RELATIVITY OR INTERDEPENDENCE.

BY JOHN T. BLANKART.



SCIENTIFIC activity and investigation are almost correlative terms, and both imply a prying into and a testing of physical phenomena. The farther this prying has been conducted, the more undreamed of the results arrived at, the better the scientific world is pleased. If that scientific world happens to be one materialistically inclined, as the present one is, the mere note of novelty is not alone responsible for the pleasurable sensation of discovery. Materialism knows and admits that it has not yet satisfactorily explained the great questions which revolve around the causation and the existence of the cosmos, and no doubt one of the chief reasons for joy over each new discovery is the hope that this new thing will help toward a solution, or perhaps completely solve, the riddle of the universe.

It is small wonder then that there has been a very agreeable stir in scientific circles ever since Einstein gave his findings and his theories to the world. The positive denial of the time-honored ether, the plausibly propounded theory of relativity, the new catch word "space-time," the indisputable and easily featured proof of the bending of the light ray were too much to be received with calm passivity. Here was a wonderful new thing, in fact a whole array of new things. And better, the new things were explained in relation to existing things, nay rather, if one only had the required genius and profundity, these new discoveries were actually the long sought redemption of materialistic thought. What matters if other German scientists whispered feebly, "plagiarism," or that there were vile rumblings of race propaganda. A prophet is never recognized in his own country, and persecution has ever been the fate of the world's great discoverers. Outside his own country Einstein has met little else but enthusiasm. Scientific journals clamor for Einstein articles, progressive universities are organizing Einstein clubs, and Einstein himself is proclaimed a greater even than Newton.

Much of this enthusiasm has been proffered unreservedly without much scientific and still less philosophic consideration of Einstein's tenets. Sir Oliver Lodge in his article, "The New Theory of Gravity," states: "The present writer holds it dangerous to base such far-reaching consequences, even if anything like them can legitimately be drawn—which is doubtful—on a predicted effect which may after all be accounted for and expressed in simpler fashion."¹

In his article, "The Physical Aspect of Einstein's Principle of Relativity," published in *The Dublin Review*, H. V. Gill writes: "Before the revolutionary assumptions of Einstein can be universally accepted, it has also to be shown that no simpler theory is sufficient to account for these phenomena, especially the bending of a ray of light."²

Before entering upon an examination of Einstein's tenets, I wish to introduce to the reader a new book by Arvid Reuter-dahl, entitled *Scientific Theism versus Materialism, the Space-Time Potential*.³ This book is perhaps the most ambitious and most profound scientific philosophic work that has appeared in years. It is not merely an unusual attack on Materialism, but it is itself an original and comprehensive investigation of the laws of the cosmos. We introduce it with reference to Einstein because in certain respects, especially in nomenclature, it has such marked resemblance to his work that in view of its independent production it should arouse surprise and suspicion, whereas in many respects it differs so radically from the German mathematician's theories as to call forth some very profound thought. The fact that Einstein has a theory of "Relativity" and Reuter-dahl a theory of "Interdependence" is in itself significant, though there is as wide a divergence in the meanings of these two terms as there is in the procedure and conclusions of the two men. We shall first of all consider the system of Reuter-dahl because it offers a good firm vantage ground from which to attack the system of Einstein.

From the very outset it impresses itself upon one that Reuter-dahl is a firm believer in the immanence of Divine Intelligence throughout the universe. The materialistic substitutes for God, "the gods of science," as he calls them, arouse

¹ *The Nineteenth Century and After*, December, 1919, pp. 1199 and 1200.

² *The Dublin Review*, July, August, September, 1920; p. 86.

³ Published by the Devin-Adair Co., New York. Ready early in February. Price, \$6.00.

his indignation. He will have nothing to do with them. In the past it has been a frequent custom of Theistic writers to use the generally accepted theories of science for their own ends. The result has been that they convinced those who were already convinced. Materialistic scientists, if they read the theistic production at all, said: "No, no, you have misinterpreted us." Reuterdaahl, well aware of this, grants them nothing but proven facts. He has a theory of his own, but before he propounds it he clears away the theoretical rubbish Materialism has left him. It is really amusing to go through the second, third and fourth chapters of his book, which contain the principal attack on Materialism. His procedure is almost epic. The word "dynamite" fitly suggests what happens to their most cherished idols. From the very definitions of materialists themselves, he shows conclusively that such scientific concepts as mass, force, energy, and work are conceptual links in a closed chain, out of which science cannot extricate itself. We should like to view the countenance of the eminent physicist, Thomson, after reading the criticism of his "tubes of force." Reuterdaahl concludes this portion by giving Materialism its *coup-de-grâce* in the exploding of the long cherished ether hypothesis.

To the casual thinkers about these subjects a few words of explanation may here be helpful. Everyone admits physical change. Materialism holds that physical change is brought about by the action of one or more material groups upon another material group. But what is action? The materialist would say the result of force. You proceed to ask what is force? The materialist tells you it is mass multiplied by acceleration. Is then mass responsible for force, or force responsible for mass? This is the closed chain, the vicious circle of Materialism. You may ask further what is the significance of destroying the ether hypothesis. Return to the concept of physical change, which according to materialists is brought about by the action of one material group on another material group. Forget for a minute the above question as to what makes physical entities act, and consider the question as to how they act on another. How do they get in contact? Remember Materialism logically can posit no selective intelligence. The only way force can travel from one aggregate of matter to another is by means of some transmitting medium.

So Materialism gathered its conceptual instruments and material, and constructed a conceptual bridge. That bridge it called Ether. Take away the bridge and the whole materialistic edifice comes down like a card-house. Reuterdaahl has convincingly destroyed that bridge.

Having cleared away the materialistic fallacies he proceeds to construct his own system. By the usual process of deduction from the known to the unknown he postulates a creative, providential, imminent and transcendent God. The cosmos he regards as a unitary, interacting, rational, purposive and teleological system, a finite projection of the Infinite. Unless these basic truths are granted, he maintains no consistent model of the universe can be constructed.

The finite projection of God, manifest in space and time, he divides into three worlds: the World of Energy, Force, and Life; the World of Conscious Selves, and the World of Sub-consciousness. His Space-Time Potential deals only with the physical universe, and hence its problem is the interpretation of the manifestation of God as the ultimate source of the Potential charted in Space and Time.

The Space-Time Potential is for Reuterdaahl what the Space-Time Continuum is for Einstein, but it is only in name that the two conceptions are similar. Einstein's conception will be treated later in our discussion. Since Reuterdaahl's Space-Time Potential is fundamental to his entire system, we will endeavor to give the reader a simple illustration which will bring forth its principal features. We shall use the ordinary chessboard and its men as our illustration. The chessboard itself corresponds to a plane section located anywhere in space. The chessmen in our illustration represent action centres (ultimate material particles) and action groups (atoms, molecules, and planets), located at different points on the plane in space. Man has endowed the chessmen with certain well-defined powers of action. God the Creator of the physical universe has endowed the action centres and groups with definite deterministic, but interdependent powers of action. These powers, in the case of the action centres and groups, are not therefore exclusively independent, but they are interdependent powers. Here again our illustration conforms with Reuterdaahl's Space-Time Potential. The pawn on the chessboard has certain independent powers of action and

motion, but these powers are restrained and limited by the powers of the other men on the board. The chessboard and its men, taken in conjunction with the *time* required to effect a change in the location of these men, constitute an interdependent, interacting system.

Because of the individual and the combined powers of the chessmen and because of their relative location on the board, each chessman represents a certain possible future effect when any arrangement, due to the motion of one or more of the men, has been disturbed. The word, "future," at once suggests the element of time. In accomplishing the desired result in the game of chess, it is not only important that the men be marshaled into strategic locations, but it is of paramount importance that this be accomplished in the least possible time. Here again our illustration holds good, for in the Space-Time Potential of Reuterdaahl the action centres and groups move in such a manner and along such paths that the least amount of time is required for the motion. This necessarily means that the path of motion also is the shortest possible. By virtue of its location and interdependent powers, each action centre and group represents definite possibilities of future action. Every centre, because of its relative location in the plane, associates with itself a definite possible or potential action for every definite moment in time. These possible action values may, therefore, be charted in space. Every point in space will signify a definite potential or possible amount of action. Moreover, if a centre of action arrives at a definite point in space, it must assume that action magnitude which pertains to that precise location. It must not be inferred that space, in Reuterdaahl's system, is an action agent which dictates the value and magnitude of the action at each and all of its points. Without genuine interdependent interaction between the action centres, the possible action value at a point would be meaningless. On the contrary, physical or real space is a responsive chart which is constantly evolved by interdependent interaction. This is the reason why space is such an elusive and peculiar reality differing from all other types of physical reality. Space, therefore, is not a thing, but it is, as it were, manufactured or evolved by the interaction of things. Extension becomes, for Reuterdaahl, a phase of action. It is evident that the action possibility or potential may change, from moment

to moment, in complete responsiveness with the total involved interaction.

The element of time is, therefore, linked irrevocably with space in the system of Reuterdaahl. This is the reason why he uses the hyphen between space and time in his concept, "Space-Time Potential." Time, however, is not, in Reuterdaahl's system, fused with space as a single physical entity as it is in the theory of Einstein. Time is not, for Reuterdaahl, an action agent capable of influencing physical phenomena. On the contrary, physical time is a durational chart which is evolved during physical interaction. This is the norm of its distinctive type of reality which is, in one sense, independent of space, yet in another sense, interdependent with it. An action centre is also both independent of and interdependent with other action centres, for the reason that an action centre has been endowed with certain well defined properties without therefore losing its responsiveness to interdependent interaction. In fact, the deterministic feature of the action centre makes interaction possible. In somewhat the same manner time is interdependent with space. In Reuterdaahl's theory space and time never become a fused, single, thing-like composite as in the theory of Einstein. For Reuterdaahl space and time are, as it were, by-products of interdependent interaction. In Einstein's system fused space-time becomes a permanently abiding physical entity or continuum. The complete world chart of physical action is, in the system of Reuterdaahl, the Space-Time Potential.

This world chart of physical action differs in one respect from our illustration of the chessboard and its men. In the case of the chessboard the men are moved by the two contesting players, whereas in the case of the action world chart the movements and actions are automatically and deterministically co-responsive. The world chart and its action centres, after having been created by the Absolute Reality (God), functions automatically in precisely the same sense that a machine performs its work automatically. In the case of a machine power must be supplied from an external source. In the language of science, a difference of potential must be maintained if a machine is to continue to function. The same is true of the action world chart; the ultimate effective difference of potential cannot be found within the system. In vain we travel

along the endless chain of physical action, within the Space-Time Potential, in our search for the ultimate source of that difference of potential which we may consider as the cause of the continuous functioning of the cosmos. Reuterdaahl solves this problem by ascribing the source of this ultimate difference of potential to the Absolute Reality of God, thus consistently completing his cosmic system.

In the development of the physical aspect of his system, Reuterdaahl introduces a number of new conceptions such as the neutral energon composed of monons or action centres. The electron of modern science is the energon in its condition of maximum expansion, while the positon is this same energon in its state of maximum compression. The energon may, therefore spacially expand into an electron and contract into a positon within the deterministic limits of interaction. The ultimate particle, the monon, is also capable of this cyclic change. Reuterdaahl's atom is composed of energons rotating in circular orbits, and arranged in such a manner as to constitute, in their totality, a spherical material unit. Passing from the outside of his spherical atom toward the centre, we find these energons varying in extension from their maximum condition as electrons to their minimum size as positons. Reuterdaahl's atom is, therefore, composed of a series of concentric spherical surfaces containing energons in orbital motion, whose size conforms with the potential dictated by interaction for each and every particular surface. Consequently its interactional responsiveness is such that it can account for such phenomena as arise in spectroscopic analysis. It obviates the difficulties of fixedness inherent in the justly famous Bohr atom. R. A. Millikan, in his work, *The Electron*, has pointed out this serious imperfection in the Bohr atom.

From these fundamental action groups Reuterdaahl constructs his model of the physical universe. Any physical phenomenon whatsoever may be conveniently considered as a case of interaction between an excitant and a concurrent system. The phenomenon of light is so considered and in that case the electron is the excitant system. Every excitant system interacts with a concurrent energonic system. In the case of light its velocity is a result of this interaction. For Reuterdaahl the velocity of light is constant, because it is the ratio of the velocities of the excitant and the concurrent systems. All

physical constants are ratios obtained by the comparison of one change with another. Reuterdahl holds that the velocity of light is no exception to the universal rule. In other words his system of Interdependence is, in this respect also, a system of complete relativity. Einstein maintains, as one of his principal tenets that the velocity of light is absolute, but in no way does he show us how this is possible in a relative system. Reuterdahl clearly indicates that the constancy of velocity of light is possible because of the relative interaction out of which it arises as a ratio.

The mathematics and the records of scientific investigations contained in Reuterdahl's work are not the province of this article. Suffice it to say that his system of Interdependence works beautifully whether we consider the action of falling bodies, the movement of a particle in a fluid, the motions of the planets, or the path of a light ray. In fact, Reuterdahl's calculation of the amount of the bending of a ray of light is much closer to the actual observations made by the English Solar Eclipse Expedition of May 29, 1919, than the computation of Einstein.

In justice to the scientific accomplishments of Reuterdahl a few words should be added in regard to his gravitational theory, because it differs so radically from the long accepted Newtonian theory. Leaving all mathematics aside we shall briefly indicate how he has corrected Newton. The latter held that gravitational attraction was universal. In a partial way this is a theory of Interdependence, but the interdependence was based purely on attraction, leaving out the equally necessary element of repulsion which plays such an important rôle in chemical and electrical phenomena. In Reuterdahl's theory both attraction and repulsion are included in his greater generalization of interdependent interaction. Newton's most serious error, however, consisted in the fact that he abandoned his generalization when he developed the orbits of the planets. Newton considered only the sun and the earth in developing the elliptical orbit of the latter. He regarded the sun as a central force. In other words, Newton omitted the greater part of the universe in this investigation and, in so doing, he abandoned completely the basic tenets of his great generalization which included all bodies in the universe. Reuterdahl's development is free from this serious error.

From what has been said one may gather some faint idea of the work of Reuterdaahl. He has given us a clear and consistent model of the entire cosmos in a system whose ramifications and possibilities extend to all the great categories of knowledge, and it becomes rational because he has at the outset posited the existence of a Divine Being. It is this last that vitalizes his whole wonderful system of Interdependence. Now let us turn to Einstein.

Our present inquiry shall be a critical examination of the metaphysical tenets of Einstein. The average reader, no doubt, has an idea that the German mathematician made some startling scientific discoveries but, unless he has read some such book as *Relativity—the Special and General Theory*, he can know very little of Einstein's complete scheme. We have, therefore, considered it advisable to explain his "Relativity," to show how this Relativity applies to Space and Time, to sketch his process of constructing the entity "Space-Time," and to give some idea as to what he means by "Four Dimensional Space-Time." The mere statement of a case leaves it open for consideration, and the points of attack indicated at the close of the article may help the reader to develop his own criticism.

The word "relativity" may convey no definite idea to many readers. In the following we shall endeavor to make the meaning clear by a few simple illustrations. Let us consider an iron rod having a fine point punched into the metal near each end. Let us assume that the distance between these two points is exactly three feet. Suppose now that we heat this rod. It is a well known fact that an iron rod will expand with heat. Consequently, if we measure the distance between the two points on the heated rod we will observe a length slightly greater than three feet. If we cool the rod below the temperature at which the original measurement of three feet was made, then we will note a slight decrease in length. What then is the real length of the rod? We must answer that we can make no definite statement unless we also observe the exact temperature which existed at the *time* when the holes were punched. Let us further assume that the measuring rod which we used for locating the punch holes is of wood. Now it is a known fact that the amount of expansion and contraction of iron and wood for the same amount of increase or decrease in

temperature is not the same. The wooden measuring rod would be of only *relative* value to us in our attempts to measure the changes in length which occur in the iron rod when we increase or decrease its temperature. If we can maintain the temperature of the wooden measuring rod the same from the time that we punch the holes in the iron rod until we have completed the entire experiment, we would be able to record the changes in length of the iron rod *relatively* to the wooden measuring rod, and in *relation* to the changes in the temperature of the iron rod. How certain are we, however, that the wooden rod is exactly three feet in length? The length of the wooden measuring rod may have been determined by a third rod of material other than either wood or iron. That would still further complicate matters, and it would seem that an absolute length of exactly three feet cannot be found.

The above simple illustration is one *type* of *relativity*. All types of relativity deal with methods of precise measurement somewhat analogous to the above. The fundamental notion connected with the term "relativity" is that physical measurement of any kind whatsoever must take account of the conditions which exist at the *time* of the measurement, and that the measuring device itself is affected by these conditions. Hence our measurements of physical things, which are subject to continuous change because of changing conditions, can never be absolute but must always be of a relative nature. A body is of a certain length in relation to another body which is used for purposes of measurement, and the lengths of both depend upon other existing conditions. Since there is no end to the series of conditions which may affect our results we are caught in an infinite series of *relativities* or *relations*.

Suppose now that it should prove to be a fact that motion affects the length of a bar in such a manner that the bar becomes shorter when in motion. This shortening is considered by Lorentz to take place in the same direction as the path or direction of the motion. A ball moving from the left edge of this page to the right edge would, according to Lorentz, suffer a shortening of the diameter which is parallel to or coincident with this direction of motion. This shortening effect depends upon the speed at which the ball is moving. For ordinary speeds the shortening is so small that it is negligible, but for

high speeds Lorentz considered that the amount of shortening is sufficiently great to be observed.

This inference of Lorentz became the keystone in that type of Relativity which has been advanced by Einstein. The Relativity of Einstein deals principally with motion and its measurement as a relative phenomenon. From the purely scientific standpoint, it is an attempt to formulate certain specific mathematical relations which will provide for the relative effects produced by and involved in the motion of the observer and the observed body. But the measurement of the speed of motion of any and every body must necessarily involve the use of light in order to make the observations visible. Einstein in his Theory of Relativity tried to make proper allowance for the fact that light itself is a moving something, and therefore the speed of light had to be taken into consideration in precise measurements of the speed or velocity of moving bodies. This fact still further complicates the theory of Einstein.

Before we proceed further with our discussion, we must try to clarify the above considerations by a few simple illustrations which are familiar to everyone. Let us imagine that we are in a railroad coach which is traveling at the rate of thirty miles per hour, and that another train is moving at the same rate, in the same direction, along a track which adjoins the one upon which our coach is moving, and this adjacent track is exactly parallel to our track. Then let us suppose that our coach is exactly abreast of a particular coach of the other train. In respect to a particular point of our coach, a point exactly opposite on the other coach will neither advance nor recede, provided that the speeds of the two trains do not change from the assumed thirty miles per hour. In fact, if the speeds decreased or increased the relative positions of the two points would remain the same, provided that the rate of decrease or increase of both trains is the same. In respect to each other the two points, one on one coach, the other on the other coach, would be at rest, despite the fact that both trains are in motion, in respect to a point on the platform.

This is an illustration of the common and well known type of relative motion. Now let us assume that our coach moves with a speed of twenty miles per hour, and that the other coach continues to move in the same direction with a speed of thirty miles per hour. Then it is evident that the speed of the

selected observation point on this coach in reference to the speed of the observation point on our coach will be the difference of the two speeds, that is 30-20 or ten miles per hour. Suppose now that we replace the other coach with a beam of light traveling with a velocity of 1,341,081,790,000 miles per hour; then, according to the old school of relativity, the velocity of the observation point on the beam of light in reference to the observation point on our coach is the difference of the two velocities, that is 1,341,081,790,000-20, or 1,341,081,789,980 miles per hour. Lorentz and Einstein and all the modern relativists state emphatically that the old school of relativity is wrong in this conclusion, for the specific reason that the velocity of light is not influenced or modified by the velocity of the observation point, nor does it depend upon the velocity of the body from which it emanates. These conclusions are only strictly true when light travels in a vacuum. Einstein refers to this constancy of the velocity of light as "the second principle on which the special relativity theory rests."⁴

In order that our observations of moving bodies shall do justice to this astounding inference concerning the velocity of light we must, according to Einstein, introduce a corrective mathematical expression into all our calculations pertaining to physical phenomena. This corrective mathematical expression allows for this peculiarity of the velocity of light, and it is known as the Lorentz Transformation.⁵

Upon the above as a foundation Einstein constructs his general theory of relativity, by degrees as it were, carefully preparing the reader's mind for a revision of the latter's notions concerning time and space as independent forms of observation of physical phenomena. Referring to the ordinary conception of time Einstein states: "As a matter of fact, according to classical mechanics, time is absolute, *i. e.*, it is independent of the position and the condition of motion of the system of coördinates."⁶ Einstein, in his theory of relativity, abandons this notion of classical mechanics. Time, for Einstein, is not absolute, but it is relative. To make clear this relativity of time we must again resort to a mechanical model. Suppose that at

⁴ "Time, Space, and Gravitation," by Albert Einstein, *Science* for January 2, 1920, p. 9.

⁵ *Relativity*, by Albert Einstein, p. 39.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 66.

any given place a railroad track has been constructed upon a trestle at any convenient height. Immediately above this track imagine another track exactly parallel, both horizontally and vertically to the one below. Upon each of these tracks place a flat car of absolutely the same dimensions. On one side of both cars arrange a perpendicular mirror, and precisely opposite each of these mirrors place an observer, in both cases equidistant from the mirror. Let us designate the observer on the trestle car as A and his mirror as a and the observer on the lower track as B and his mirror as b . Suppose both cars to be at rest. Then let both observers send a beam of light to their respective mirrors. These beams of light will be reflected back to both observers along lines which are perpendicular to the mirrors. Suppose that A finds that it requires five seconds for the beam of light to trace the return line from his mirror. Since the return line from b to B is of equal length and since the velocity of light is constant, it follows that B must also report five seconds for his experiment.

Now keep A 's car stationary and set B 's in motion, and let them repeat the experiment. Since A repeats the experiment under the identical conditions as before, he will naturally record the same five seconds. And since B and his mirror b move simultaneously, they will keep the same relation as they had when stationary and B will also record five seconds. Now suppose A adverts to the experiment below. He directs B to set his car in motion, and when he comes directly below A 's observation point to send a beam of light to his mirror b . Now the line Bb described by B 's light will, according to A 's observations, not be parallel to the line Aa , for the reason that by the time the light ray reaches b the car will have moved down the track. By the time the ray has been reflected back to B the car will be still farther down the track. In other words, from A 's observation point the line of light from B to his mirror and back again, $Bb-bB$, will describe a line which, of course, will be longer than the perpendicular line $Aa-aA$ and, since the velocity of light is constant, will require more than five seconds to travel according to A 's watch. Let us say it requires six seconds. In the meantime, however, B 's watch has registered only five seconds for the same operation. We may now suppose A and B in a violent discussion as to the correctness of their respective watches.

At this point Einstein, the scientific pacifist, steps in and tells them that according to his theory of relativity, both watches are relatively correct in their time records. He points out specifically that for *A*, the watch used by *B* relatively runs slower, and that six seconds recorded by *A*'s stationary watch is exactly equal to five seconds recorded by *B*'s moving watch. This is equivalent to saying that one second for *B* measured on his moving watch, is of precisely the same duration as one and two-tenths seconds for *A* measured on *A*'s stationary watch.

It is evident that, since the velocity of light is very great, the above illustration cannot actually be duplicated in practice. However, in principle the illustration is a correct representation of the manner in which Einstein derived his theory of the relativity of time. He concludes that temporal durations are dependent upon the relative conditions of motion of the event. For Einstein, then, measurements of time, as well as measurements of space, are merely relative measurements, and time is meaningless unless we specify the precise location and condition (rest or motion, etc.) of the event measured, as well as the precise location and condition of the duration-measuring clock.

If one admits the above conclusions, it will indeed be difficult to conceive how two separate events occurring in different places can be regarded as transpiring at the same time. How are we going to determine the time of either event when both events, if referred to a third clock located in a location foreign to both events, will appear to have happened at a new time which differs from the previously recorded time? This reasoning may be extended indefinitely without our ever being able to say that we have discovered a particular time which is absolute, and which would serve as a basis for maintaining that two events may happen at the same precise and absolute moment of time. Reasoning in this manner, Einstein concludes that simultaneous events are impossible at different locations. Space then, according to Einstein, exerts, as it were, an influence on time. We may almost say that space, in a manner, is a generator of time or, at least, time is the ever-present shadow of space from which space can never divorce itself. Every physical phenomenon involves both space and time. If space intervenes between two events, then the shadow of time also intervenes forever, making absolute simultaneity

impossible. For Einstein the fusion of space and time into a single entity, space-time, consequently follows as an intellectual necessity. Without further ado, and without any other and more sufficient reason than the above, Einstein constructs his intellectual alloy space-time for which he claims physical reality. Space and time as separate conceptions belong only to the observer who separates the single unitary physical reality space-time into two merely intellectual constituents, space and time. Eddington referring to this phase of Einstein's theory states: "He (Einstein) assigns space and time solely to the observer; in nature there is left something which for want of a better name we may call space-time."⁷

Let us now consider this intellectually fused alloy space-time. Einstein proceeds in his diagnosis of the "space-time continuum," as he calls his fused product, by an analysis of the geometrical properties of ordinary space. When this analysis is complete he introduces algebraic symbols to represent the essential elements of his geometrical space. The remaining portion of his development is comparatively easy, for one can accomplish almost anything with mathematics if the criterion of agreement with physical reality is not used in order to determine the precise nature and significance of the resulting mathematical relations. Space regarded separately from time is a three-dimensional continuum whereas, according to Einstein, "the world in which we live is a four-dimensional space-time continuum."⁸ To the average reader this matter of a three or four-dimensional something is nothing short of a mystery. Suppose then that we think first of directions and, for the time being, we forget the obnoxious term dimensional.

Draw any straight line *AB*, and you have *one direction* and *one length*. Perpendicular to this line draw another line *CB* intersecting *AB* at *B*, and you have your *second direction* and *one width*. Now drop a third line *DB* to the point *B*, so that it will be perpendicular to both *AB* and *CB*. You now have a *third direction* and *one height*. Any one of these three lines is perpendicular to both of the other lines. Now try either to imagine or to construct a fourth direction line which is perpendicular (making a right angle with) each and

⁷ "Einstein's Theory of Space and Time," by A. S. Eddington, *Contemporary Review*, December, 1919, p. 642.

⁸ *Relativity*, by Albert Einstein, p. 65.

all of the three lines AB , CB , and DB . The non-Euclidean geometers risk their entire conceptual structure on the success or failure of this attempt. One can readily see that the imposed condition is impossible of realization either conceptually or actually. The metageometers, with no regard for common sense consistency, claim complete success for this attempt. Another favorite, and equally impossible, trick of the pangeometers is to suggest that a cube be moved in a direction perpendicular to each and all of its three sides for a distance equal to the length of one of its sides, thus generating what they call a "tesseract." The word "tesseract" is all that this procedure ever can generate, because it is impossible to conceive or actually locate a line or direction which is perpendicular to all of the three axes with which we begin. As far as physical reality is concerned the attempt is pure nonsense. Such speculation may give delight to a few mathematical fanatics, but for sane people it is a ridiculous pastime.

The usual manœuvre of the mathematician, after he has given us a geometrical conception, is to represent the involved quantities by algebraic letters. In the present case, for three-dimensional space, all we require is three measurements in directions parallel respectively to the three axes of reference. Hence the letters x , y , z are used to represent these three measurements both in amount and in direction. In a four-dimensional world a point cannot be located, so it is claimed, by less than four directional measurements, hence, for such a world, we require the four algebraic quantities x , y , z and u . Hermann Minkowski made the transition which amalgamated space and time into a single unity space-time by merely substituting the algebraic symbol t to represent time values, thus giving us four quantities x , y , z and t for the single system space-time. For the mathematician that procedure is generally all that is necessary to transform a conceptual notion into reality. We have, then, a space-time world assured by these four letters, x , y , z and t . In this way, time no longer is an independent quantity; time is deprived of its absolute significance and becomes relative in every physical measurement. The final transformation required to perfect the new space-time four-dimensional world was to substitute the imaginary quantity $\sqrt{-1} Vt$, where V is the velocity of light, t is the time interval, and the $\sqrt{-1}$ is an imaginary quantity.

We could not conceive of Einstein's world system getting along without this imaginary quantity. The original space-time world, by this mathematical trick, is sufficiently camouflaged to pass in review before the most acute body of physico-mathematicians, without calling forth a single protest or challenge. Physico-mathematicians can now use their new creation with impunity as a four-dimensional system similar and practically equivalent to the parent notion which dealt with spacial relations only. In fact, Einstein and the relativists so regard this creation of Minkowski. No matter what protests may be offered by the relativists of the Einstein School, their new four-dimensional space-time creation is treated as a spacial affair throughout.

Einstein and his followers proceed to use this new creation with mathematical acumen, and it becomes the basis of Einstein's general theory of relativity. The more the relativists think of their alloy space-time the more certain they become of its physical reality. It assumes tangibility, and becomes an occult mold responsive to the requirements of physical phenomena. Space-time becomes a physically omniscient and omnipotent governing being which guides unerringly all particles in their paths through the universe, and controls their future destiny. The almost tangible ether gives way to this new Frankenstein of modern physics. The occult space-time continuum supersedes the more realistic, though equally inconsistent, ether. In this new space-time continuum particles travel by the shortest path. Space-time is like an inflexible though infinitely responsive mold which eternally creates and determines the path of particles.

The old Newtonian generalization pertaining to the universality of gravitation may now be forgotten. The notion of Newton that every particle in the universe attracts every other particle in a definite manner, is now obsolete since the Minkowski-Einstein space-time continuum makes all this unnecessary. No longer must we regard the earth as traveling along an elliptical orbit about the sun; rather must we think of our planet as gliding along the thread of a machine screw of enormous pitch, circulating around the machine screw once every year while advancing in the direction of its length in a line which is almost straight. The entire phenomenon of gravitation, in the hands of Einstein, has become a matter of accel-

eration. The space-time continuum has become curved, and the curvature has been so arranged that it accounts, according to Einstein, for the principal effects of gravitation. A ray of light will travel in the space-time mold in a manner which allows for the observed effect of gravitation. The cause of the uniform acceleration is, as held by Einstein, the gravitational field, whatever that is, in this new theory of relativity. The question here suggests itself to us, why introduce the term "gravitational field" at all unless direct use is made of the concept in the manner of Reuterdahl and his field of interaction.⁹ The Space-Time Potential of Reuterdahl does everything that Einstein's space-time continuum is supposed to do, but in a manner that is consistent and intelligible without resorting to impossible concepts like the Minkowski-Einstein space-time composite.

In connection with the above exposition of Einstein's substitute for the Newtonian theory of gravitation, it is interesting to recall a series of articles by "Kinertia," published by *Harper's Weekly* during the months of September, October and November of the year 1914. In these articles "Kinertia" speaks of the corkscrew path of the Earth and Moon in space, in fact there is an illustration depicting this type of motion.

In his first article "Kinertia" states: "Years before that (he refers to his later work) when in England, where some of our coal mines had vertical shafts about 1,500 feet deep, I had studied the cause of weight by having the hoisting engine drop me down with the full acceleration from about 500 feet. Then, by retardation during the lowest 500 feet, I could experience increase of weight all over me so marked that my legs could hardly support me. That taught me that acceleration was the proximate cause of weight, but at the time of these experiments I still thought the acceleration of the falling cage was really caused by the earth's attraction."

The following quotation from Einstein, in view of the above, is of peculiar interest: "The acceleration of the chest will be transmitted to him by the reaction of the floor of the chest. He must, therefore, take up this pressure by means of his legs if he does not wish to be laid out full length on the floor."¹⁰

⁹ *Scientific Theism Versus Materialism, the Space-Time Potential*, by Arvid Reuterdahl, p. 124.

¹⁰ *Relativity*, by Albert Einstein, p. 79.

An unbiased perusal of Chapter XX. of Einstein's work, *Relativity*, when compared with "Kinertia's" articles, which appeared in the year 1914, will result in only one verdict; "Kinertia" may justly claim priority over Einstein in so far as the fundamental tenets of the *general* theory of relativity is concerned, which deals more particularly with the phenomenon of gravitation. Einstein's article, "*Die Grundlage der allgemeinen Relativitätstheorie*," which deals with the phenomenon of gravitation and which is the keystone to his general theory of relativity, was published March 20, 1916.¹¹ The "Kinertia" articles indicate that "Kinertia" discussed these problems as a student under Lord Kelvin in 1866. "Kinertia's" work is far superior to that of Einstein in the fact of its direct simplicity. "Kinertia" did not find it necessary to resort to the fictitious and impossible space-time four-dimensional continuum in order to develop the same theory which later was brought out by Einstein in the elaborate mathematical garb of invariants and covariants. In the year 1914 Reuterdahl, at the request of the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, pointed out the consistent and inconsistent tenets of "Kinertia's" Theory. The same criticism applies, at the present time, with added force to the doctrines of Einstein. The "Kinertia" articles offer food for thought when considered in connection with the colossal claims made by Einstein's supporters concerning his almost super-human originality. In fact, one begins to doubt the justice of these claims and to wonder if the charges made, by a fast growing group of German scientists who, like E. Gehrcke, P. Lenard, and Paul Weyland, hold that Einstein is both a plagiarist and a sophist, are not, after all, true.

We have done little justice in the above to the rare dialectic skill with which Dr. Einstein has applied his intellectual anæsthesia to the minds of his readers. All intellectual obstructions have been removed, and the reader is prepared to venture forth boldly into the mysterious realm of "curved" space *whose geometrical properties depend upon the matter present*. This most curious inference of Einstein is the master stroke in his skillful massing of inconsistent sophistries. We find Einstein stating: "According to the general theory of relativity, the geometrical properties of space are not independent, but they are determined by matter. Thus we can

¹¹ *Annalen Der Physik*, Verlag Von Johann Ambrosius Barth, Leipzig, 1916.

draw conclusions about the geometrical structure of the universe only if we base our considerations on the state of the matter as being something that is known."¹² This assertion is a half-truth of high sophistic value, and on a par with the other half-truths upon which Einstein's system of colossal sophisms is founded.

In the following we shall endeavor to point out briefly some of the most evident fallacies of Einstein's Theory of Relativity outlined in the preceding discussion. For a more complete discussion of the Einsteinian inconsistencies the reader is referred to Reuterdahl's new work, entitled *The Fallacies of Einstein*, which soon will be published. In this connection the writer desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to this work for his exposition and criticism of Einstein's theories.

The reader is adroitly introduced to Einstein's system of physical metaphysics by a consideration of the relative merits of two types of truth, the conceptual and the physical or actual. Einstein, at the outset, proves himself a poor metaphysician. He does not properly distinguish between truth and fact. In fact, his entire system is founded upon this error which bursts forth in every one of his sophistries. Dr. Einstein might do well to read the work, *Truth on Trial*, by Dr. Paul Carus, from which we quote the following: "Truth is not of the senses but of the mind. The senses never produce either truth or untruth; it is our faculty of the purely formal (commonly called reason) that works out judgments that are either true or untrue, and we verify these judgments by exactness in the application of logic, arithmetic, geometry, etc.—facts are always particular, truths are always general; facts are verified by the senses, truths by the mind; facts change, truths (if they were ever real truths and not errors) remain true forever."¹³

Einstein's application of the word "truth" to the changing conditions in objects, is therefore a palpable misnomer of which he takes undue sophistical advantage. Such changes in the external world are merely facts. The mind formulates, classifies, and judges these facts conceptually, thus deriving what the philosopher means by truth. Consequently, these

¹² *Relativity*, by Albert Einstein, p. 135.

¹³ *Truth on Trial*, by Paul Carus, pp. 60, 61.

truths, whether mathematical or logical, are formal or *a priori*. Reason is not independent of the external world, but it is in complete harmony with it because, like a flame, it is fanned into its full vigor of activity by the winds of environment. The interaction between intellect and matter is grounded in the depths of reality. The harmony between both is *not an accidental development* growing out of experience. On the contrary it is rooted in the very cosmos as one of its greatest verities.

Einstein's entire system is built on the supposition that the world as given by the senses is, after all, the only world worthy of consideration. His system depends primarily upon *a posteriori* knowledge. Geometry must be made to conform with the behavior of things in the physical universe. We must correct all our mathematical notions to fit physical conditions. He supposes, of course, that a discrepancy exists. We deny this assertion most emphatically. While Einstein is demanding that we fit our geometry to reality, he stands prepared to foist upon us a conceptually and speculatively made geometry, the non-Euclidean, into agreement with which he tries to force our real universe. His very speculative product has no counterpart in reality. Nevertheless, he tries to compel reality to obey the mandates of this man-made concept. If a bar in motion is shortened, then our *geometry of space* must account for this effect and must be its cause. Real physical causation becomes ridiculous in the presence of the new intellectual monster *geometrical causation*.

Every sane scientist admits that allowances must be made for the particular conditions which exist for every individual experiment. No sane scientist demands that we must reconstruct our intellect in order to allow for these variations in experimental conditions. When Einstein asks us to think our world in four-dimensional terms he literally requests that we reconstruct our intellect. Possibly Einstein's intellect has inadvertently, and because of much consort with imaginary quantities, been able to attune itself to the weird disharmonies of a non-existent four-dimensional world. Our intellects are not so readily reconstructed. If changes occur in physical bodies when in motion this need not particularly alarm us. The very structure of a body may be easily changed by the application of heat, and hence the sane man does not try to cool

the body by changing his intellect, but uses his intellect in such a manner that a readjustment of physical conditions is brought about. The discovery that a ray of light requires more time to travel over a longer path than over a shorter one, need not disturb a well-balanced mind. What else can be expected if light travels at a constant rate under all conditions. It is remarkable that the astounding discovery that it takes light longer to travel over a longer path than over a shorter one, was made by an application of the much despised Euclidean geometry. Evidently this portion of Einstein's theory is exempt from the effects of his all-pervading space-time. Because of these things and others which have perturbed the mind of Einstein, we do not need to turn all our clocks into alarm clocks.

Is it reasonable to expect that a stationary observer will record the same results for a moving event as for a stationary event? A stationary observer can make allowance for the effects of motion, and reproduce the phenomenon for observation without resorting to moving clocks for his time record. Two people can look at each other at the *same time*, notwithstanding the fact that a certain distance separates them. Despite the fact that there is about three hours difference in physical time between New York and San Francisco, a man in New York can talk over the telephone to a man in San Francisco at precisely the same time. Simultaneous events are, therefore, possible. We need not be surprised that an intellect which has proved itself capable of such gross crimes against reason and common sense, feels no hesitancy in asserting that the geometrical properties of "curved" space depend upon the matter present. Let us remove the matter entirely from a portion of "curved" space and it follows, according to Einstein, that the geometrical properties disappear. Pour the water out of a glass and the geometrical properties of the enclosed space vanish. Remove the air by a vacuum pump in order to satisfy still further the condition prescribed. Unfortunately for Einstein the geometrical properties of the empty space in the glass cannot be removed by a vacuum pump.

The above brief criticism is intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive. The scope of this article has permitted the presentation of only the mere outlines of the systems of Reuterdaahl and Einstein. The first article on the

Special Theory of Relativity was published by Einstein in 1905.¹⁴ Reuterdaahl first presented an outline of his Theory of Interdependence in 1902, thus antedating Einstein's first article by three years.¹⁵

Einstein has stated: "If any deduction from it (the theory of relativity) should prove untenable, it must be given up. A modification of it seems impossible without destruction of the whole."¹⁶

If this article has indicated to the reader that by that statement Einstein has, perhaps, signed the death warrant of his Theory of Relativity, the writer shall feel that part of his purpose has been accomplished.

IMMACULATA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

A FATHER'S little children disobeyed
His household laws, and grieved him very sore;
And they, having grieved him, grieved, and so no more
Was the old joyaunce by the children made.

Because their hearts away from him had strayed,
(Never his heart from them), they did implore
One sister who was love to the heart's core
To ask their pardon, they ashamed, afraid.

She went, and love-like, looked up to his face,
Saying, *Forgive them!* And the father smiled
Upon his one love-perfect little child.

*I give thee thy sweet prayer, O full of grace:
I pardon them, My dove, My undefiled:
I set My children in their old dear place.*

¹⁴ *Annalen Der Physik*, September 27, 1905.

¹⁵ Transactions of the American Electrochemical Society, April 5, 1902.

¹⁶ "Time, Space, and Gravitation," article in *Science*, January 2, 1920, p. 10.

THE POET OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BY F. MOYNIHAN.



IT is now six hundred years since Dante died at Ravenna. During that time his legend has grown apace, and his *Divina Commedia* has become the heritage of mankind. True to the surname of its author—Alighieri, the Wing-bearer—his ærial song has not dipped its pinion, but has kept its steady flight through the ages. Taking all truth for his province he, Durante, the enduring one, has been able “to look Time’s leaguer down.” This he has accomplished by a genius which compassed heaven and earth in the oneness of the Divine Idea, and by an artistry that sounded all the stops of human nature. He is numbered with the great world-poets—with Homer and Virgil, in whom is mirrored the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome. He out visions the frigid Puritanism of Milton, and he supplements Shakespeare, the poet of the secular world. And as the poet of Christendom, he transcends them all by virtue of his plenary inspiration which envisages the natural and the supernatural in a synthesis that is the root-conception of the Universe. His Sacred Poem, “to which heaven and earth set their hand,” is the title-deed of a fame that has survived the rise and fall of empires, and that will last until the trump of doom shall sound the passing of mortality.

The keynote of the *Divina Commedia* is struck in the first canto of the *Paradiso*, which sings the glory of God. There is enunciated the Eternal Law by which all created things conform to the Divine Excellence, after which they are patterned, by fulfilling the conditions of their being. Love is the principle “whereby God draws back to Himself all creatures that He has made—whether inanimate, sensitive, or rational—by the tendencies or inclinations He has given them to seek the end for which they were ordered and disposed.” To this final end of creation nature tends of itself by virtue of the laws that govern its operations; to this tend the heavens by their orderly revolutions; to this the angels by their ministry and govern-

ance. In man alone are God's purposes set at naught by means of his free-will which may follow after "unreal semblances of Good." This deordination of human love from God, its true Goal and Object, introduces a discord into the cosmos of existence, and necessitates the suffering, temporary or eternal, which is the inevitable penalty of sin. Inasmuch as mortal sin unrepented of involves a willful aversion from the Supreme Good, it condemns the sinner to an eternity of misery—the theme of the *Inferno*. The process of purification whereby are purged away the remains of sin which, after the guilt is forgiven, still adhere in the soul because of its devotion to a perishable good, forms the subject of the *Purgatorio*. In the *Paradiso* is contemplated the union of the justified soul with God, its Author, in the ineffable joy of the Beatific Vision.

Midway in his career, Dante finds himself astray in a dark wildwood, his onward course barred by the leopard of sensuality, the lion of ambition, and the wolf of cupidity. To teach him a way of avoidance, and to lead him to the Delectable Mountain, Virgil, the embodiment of Human Philosophy, is recalled from Limbo to show him the fate of the lost. He is summoned at the instance of Beatrice Portinari, the lady enskyed and sainted, whose ideal beauty and goodness had become for Dante the means of ascent to the love of God. Having as his guide, then, Virgil, whose vision of Hades he interprets in terms of Christian thought, our poet descends the spiral circles of Hell, over which preside the demons of pagan mythology. On the portals of the *città dolente* is writ the divine rescript that decreed its existence:

Justice incited my sublime Creator;
Created me divine Omnipotence,
The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.¹

There are three grand divisions of this nether world in which the vices that comprise human wrong-doing, *viz.*, incontinence, violence, and malice, are expiated by modes of punishment corresponding to their enormity. Of these the last, being sins of the mind and peculiar to the rational nature of man, are the most flagitious. The *Inferno* depicts the hideous consequences of these vices in a series of physical images that body forth their moral turpitude. The penalties meted out to the wicked symbolize the character of their various crimes.

¹ *Inferno*, Canto iii., 4-6.

It is the fate of the sinner that he must live forever in the moral hell of his sin, which becomes its own Nemesis. Thus the victims of lawless desire, Paolo and Francesca, are whirled round eternally in the blasts that typify their own gusty passions. The sullen are sunk in the fumes of their own distempered humor. Hypocrites go tricked out in the gilded, leaden mantles of their sanctimony. Heretics, like Farinata and Frederic II., who denied the immortality of the soul, are encased in the fiery tombs of their hopeless infidelity. Judas and his kind are pent in the icy abandonment of their cold-blooded treachery. Rarely does any sentiment of pity interpose to mitigate the moral inexorableness that prompted these judgments. Only in the ruthless episodes of Francesca da Rimini, of Count Ugolino, and Pietro delle Vigne, is Dante's heart intenerated by the doubtful doom of humankind.

In bold, sweeping strokes Dante paints the background of this fuliginous Under-world. His genius is the golden bough that makes us free of its secrecies. With him we journey by the sad wave of Acheron and hear the *alti guai* of the damned. We descry through the murky air the lurid mosques of the city of Dis, and blench at the eldritch shrieks of the fiends and the Furies who would deny entrance into their citadel. We hearken to the boiling of the river of blood as Phlegethon runs hurtling down unplumbed abysses. We scale toilfully the beetling crags that wall in the cloisters of Malebolge. We cower beneath the impending bulk of the giant, Antæus, as he looms above us like the leaning tower of Garisenda. We tread the realms of thick-ribbed ice—the dungeon of Lucifer—where Ugolino gnaws forever the skull of Ruggieri. About us is the fetid atmosphere of sin, charged with the nameless abominations of the reprobate. The only respite from these horrors is the occasional inset of natural landscape—some pastoral of Italian uplands, some idyll of the Casentine's cool runnels, or Ulysses' sea-faring—that gratefully relieves the calenture bred by the mephitic reek of Hell.

Emerging from the shades of Hell into the light of the sun and stars, Dante enters on the *via purgativa* of salvation. On the seven terraces that girdle the conical Mound of Purgatory the penitent souls are purified from the remains of the seven deadly sins. Cato of Utica, the type of liberty, is the custodian of the Mount where moral freedom is regained by a discipline

in rightly ordered love. Love may err through an evil objective and issue in Pride, Envy, Anger; spiritual Sloth is due to defective love; excessive love of material things begets Avarice, Gluttony, Luxury. The modes of purification are those symbolized by the Angel with the keys who keeps ward by the gate of Purgatory—*viz.*, Contrition, Confession, and Satisfaction. The spirits humbly avow their sins, rejoice in the remedial pains of their sufferings, and make reparation by rehearsing memorable examples of their faults, and instances of the opposite virtue, pictured them from Christian and pagan lore. The proud go bent beneath the burden of heavy stones; the envious lean helplessly on each other, their eyelids sutured with iron wire; the angry grope their way through clouds of pungent smoke; the covetous lie abject, face to earth; the gluttonous are wasted with hunger and thirst; the incontinent are chastened with searing flames of fire.

Dante shares in their penance, and vies with them in the practice of the Beatitudes by doing justice to his political and personal enemies. Angevin and Hohenstaufen, Guelf and Ghibelline are admitted to a place in his *Purgatorio* without reference to his prepossessions. Wherefore, when he has completed the rounds of penitence, and the last stigma of sin is effaced from his brow, he is crowned and mitred by Virgil as lord of himself in perfect moral liberty. He now enters the bosky pleasance of the Earthly Paradise at the summit of the Mount, where Beatrice, the figure of Divine Revelation, manifests herself to him in a pageant of the Church Militant. He is ministered to by Matilda, model of the glorified active life, who renews and quickens his moral being in the streams of Lethe and Eunoe. Thus is he rendered "*puro e disposto a salir alle stelle.*"²

The *Purgatorio* is the most winningly human part of the *Divina Commedia*. It abounds in exquisite artistic sketches—cameos imaged from the classics and Holy Writ; vignettes of land and sea, wood and river; delicate nocturnes of Italian hamlets with their

. . . . squilla di lontano
*Che paia il giorno pianger che si muore.*³

² "Pure and disposed to mount unto the stars."—*Purgatorio*, Canto xxxiii., 145.

³ ". . . . from far away a bell

That seemeth to deplore the dying day."

—*Purgatorio*, Canto viii., 5, 6.

Many an engaging portrait is limned in its pages—the knightly troubadour, Sordello; the intriguing sluggard, Belacqua; the modest person of Nella; the lovely, wailing figure of La Pia. The poem is instinct with the spirit of aspiration, of loving-kindness, of angelic visitings, of Divine clemency. That the Goodness of God has wide arms of mercy is vouched for by the salvation of King Manfred and Buonconte (by virtue of “*una lagrimetta*”) at the last; by the redemption of the Emperor Trajan because of his good deed; by the conversion of the poet, Statius, through his reading of Virgil. Nowhere else is the state of suffering souls so vividly realized, nor the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints so well authenticated as in their constant pleas for intercession of the faithful.

The *Purgatorio* is also the most autobiographic of the books. It gives us a sense of intimacy with Dante’s personality in its strength and tenderness, and with the secrets of his art: “I am one who when Love inspires me, take note; and, in that manner which he dictates within, go signifying.” It introduces us to the circle of his friends: Forese Donati; the musician, Casella; the painter, Giotto; Guido Guinicelli, his master in the “*dolce stil nuovo*.” It stresses his political creed—neither Guelf nor Ghibelline—which recognized the Pope as the spiritual, and the Emperor as the temporal, head of the Roman Empire. And in that poignant scene of his humbling by Beatrice, because he forsook her memory for false earthly loves, it marks the climax of his human drama which is to be resolved only in the quiring symphonies of Paradise.

As Dante, in the company of Beatrice, who “imparadised his mind,” speeds from the lowest to the highest of the Ptolemaic heavens, ruled over by the angelic hierarchy, he traverses the *via illuminativa* of divine knowledge. The fullness of knowledge ending in the ecstatic vision of God, thus becomes the substance of the *Paradiso*. It is, as it were, a new Apocalypse wherein through the medium of light, motion, music, he seeks to shadow forth the glories of the supernal world. In the various heavenly spheres which accord with the degree and mode of their beatitude, the spirits of the blessed assume sensible form, and initiate him into the arcana of the divine science. The mysteries of Predestination, of the Godhead, of the Redemption; the exalted dignity of the Blessed Virgin; the creation of the angels; the problems of grace and free-will

are the staple of their teaching. The spirit of mediævalism is everywhere operant in the conception and imagery. Piccarda Donati in the Heaven of the Moon teaches the unison of the Blessed in perfect charity with the Will of God, which is the law of their being:

*E la sua voluntade è nostra pace.*⁴

In the Heaven of the Sun the great Doctors of the Church, St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure, discourse the praises of St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Dominic. From the gleaming cross of living lights composed of the warrior-saints in Mars, Cacciaguida lessons his descendant in the fortitude which must stead him in the wanderings of his exile:

Thou shalt have proof how savoureth of salt
The bread of others, and how hard a road
The going down and up another's stairs.⁵

The just rulers who constitute the golden Eagle of the Heaven of Jupiter, voice the divine sanctions of the Roman Empire, and its right governance.

Beyond the Heaven of Saturn, where meditate the monastic contemplatives, lies the last stage of Dante's pilgrimage. He is examined in the three theological virtues by the Apostles, Peter, James and John. Then, after viewing the *Primum Mobile* circling in movements of seraphic love of God, Dante, under the auspices of the great mystic, St. Bernard, enters the *via unitiva* of the Empyrean. There he beholds the sainted hosts of the heavenly court (among them his patronesses, Lucia and Beatrice), queened over by Mary, Mother of God, in the semblance of the great White Rose of Paradise. By virtue of St. Bernard's superb canticle of intercession to the Blessed Virgin, Dante obtains the grace of the Beatific Vision. With eyes euphrasied by the *lumen gloriæ*, he gazes on the Divine Exemplar in Whom is resumed the essence of all created things. He contemplates the Triune God, and apprehends mysteries which "eye has not seen, ear has not heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Then his vision ends, consummated in the blessedness of "the Love that moves the Sun and all the stars."

Dante's poem reflects the drama of a soul that came through much tribulation from the human to the divine, from

⁴ "And His will is our peace."—*Paradiso*, Canto iii., 85.

⁵ *Paradiso*, Canto xvii., 58-60.

time to eternity. It is the product of a finely tempered nature, "impressionable in every guise," through the alembic of whose genius things earthly are sublimated into their heavenly values, and Christian truth is distilled from pagan lore. It records the discipline by which the youthful troubadour of love was lessened into the Christian stoicism and mysticism of the *Divina Commedia*. For Dante is at once poet and philosopher, Scholastic and mystic, Aristotelian in mind and Platonist at heart. He has the Scholastic acumen and the mystic insight to sift the material that nature and life present to the senses, and to disengage its spiritual content. He has the faculty of moral vision that pierces through the show of things, and lays bare the soul of men and cities. He has the Stoic *gravitas*, and the fine impatience of the worldly concerns men waste their lives upon:

The heavens are calling you, and wheel around you,
 Displaying to you their eternal beauties,
 And still your eye is looking on the ground;
 Whence He, Who all discerns, chastises you.*

"To Heaven" is the concert of his many-voicèd poem, as it ranges on, heedless of aught else. Especially today is its ethos invaluable to us amid the human predicament of life when the freedom of the will is impugned, personal responsibility discounted, and the sense of the supernatural well nigh lost. It lifts us from the low levels of a soulless materialism into the serene altitudes of an art piercing with all its spirings of utterance into the infinite.

It was the dream of Dante that one day "with other voice, with other fleece" he would return to Florence, and there at the Baptistry of his beloved San Giovanni be wreathed with the laurel crown. His frustrate hope has been retrieved by the suffrages of the ages which accord him the title: *il divino poeta*. He is the Virgil of the *Roma Immortalis*, the city of God, "whereof Christ is Roman." His *Commedia* has been called the swan-song of Scholasticism; it exemplifies rather the power of the wing, the flight of the eagle: those who today enter into its secret places can feel upon them the impulsion of its spirit, and can still hear beating through the clear, cold air "the mighty pulse of the eagle's wings as he soars with steady eyes against the Sun."

* *Purgatorio*, Canto xiv., 148-157.

THE PADRE SETTLES THINGS.

BY A. B. W. WOOD.

I.



FIRST became a factor in their lives in the spring of 1918. At that time I was chaplain to the 5th Canadian Infantry Brigade. This was part of the 2d Canadian Division which was holding the Mercatel sector south of Arras. Crawford, the man in the case, had just succeeded to the command of B Company of the 23d Battalion, with the rank of Captain. There was no special activity in progress down there for the time being, but every week or so one or other of the battalions would carry out a raid on the enemy trenches. These were small affairs in themselves and attracted little attention. At the same time they meant a great deal to those taking part in them. I could never see the real use of them. I felt the small results obtained were not worth the danger involved—but that was none of my business.

My permanent quarters were with the Quartermaster of the 23d. I would visit the battalions of the Brigade regularly, and was always expected to be at the regimental aid post with the doctor when a raid was in progress.

I received word one day that a party from D Company of the 23d was to carry out a raid the following evening, and that Crawford was to be in charge. I was sorry to hear it. Crawford was one of my best officers. He was an exemplary Catholic, and exercised a wonderful influence over the men. The possibility of losing him disturbed me. I had come to look upon it as almost a rule of warfare that the best men were practically bound to be killed. But Crawford was a new-comer to the Battalion, and the Colonel thought he should be given a chance to distinguish himself. It was true that if he came through safely and did well, his influence would be increased; but it meant a frightful risk.

On these occasions I used to go up with the transport in the evening. I remember that evening well. It was the close

of a delightful spring day. I could not help enjoying the ride through the country lanes past the sweet-smelling hedges ablaze with a riot of untrammelled blossom, radiant in the last golden glow of the setting sun. Overhead a lark was panting her farewell to the dying day. But still I was depressed with foreboding; these things struck me as nature's protest against the hovering spirit of destruction. When after sunset we entered the danger zone, I was not surprised to hear the whine of a shell overhead and to catch a poisonous whiff, which sent us into a headlong gallop, tugging at our gas-masks as we went.

I went down to report to the Colonel and, incidentally, protested against Crawford's participation in the raid. The Colonel looked at me with impatient surprise. "What's the matter with you, Padre?" he asked, "you ought to know by this time that this is no game we are taking part in. He must take his chance like the rest of us!" I said, I supposed so, and just then Crawford came in to make his final report. He looked a queer figure. His face and hands were blackened to make them less conspicuous, and his smart officer's tunic was replaced by the ill-fitting garment of a private; three microscopical stars on the shoulder-straps alone denoted his rank. As was to be expected, he made use of the opportunity to go to confession and receive Holy Communion; I always carried the Blessed Sacrament on my person in those days. He had no delusions about his prospects; he knew the business too well. He prepared himself for everything.

It was then that I first heard about the lady. He requested me, in case anything should happen to him, to take a pocket-book which he had in the top left-hand pocket of his tunic and send it to a Miss Rita Walsh at an address in Halifax. He gave me no further information about her, and did not seem inclined to; I did not press him. I took the address, told him that I hoped I should never have to use it, and with a fervent "God bless you" left him.

I went over to the aid-post, and found the doctor bustling around making his preparations. His clinic was a very good specimen of its kind. At the entrance the trench ran into a tunnel. One side of this was excavated to make an ante-chamber about twenty feet square. This was designed to give protection to the stretcher cases waiting for treatment, and to

those dealt with and waiting for the ambulance. Congestion was thus avoided both in the trench and in the operating-room. Two stairways led from the ante-chamber down below, one for the entrance, the other for the exit. The entrance stair went down about forty feet and opened into a large waiting room, where the walking cases could be dealt with; in case of a rush, stretchers could be placed there, too. Then came the operating room proper provided with wooden frames to accommodate four stretchers; this opened on to the living quarters of the doctor and his assistants, from which the exit stair led again to the ante-chamber above. The whole was very adequately protected against anything less than a high explosive shell.

The doctor was an old friend of mine, and greeted me warmly. With him was a stranger, a Staff Major of the Royal Army Medical Corps by his badges. He looked a person of great distinction, as indeed he was. His name was Wharton; at home he was professor of surgery at one of the great London colleges of medicine. He had discovered a method of preserving human blood in such a way that it could be carried into the front line, and transfused into a casualty as soon as he arrived at the aid-post. The advantage of this was evident. It was almost impossible to practise transfusion from a living subject up there; many a man died before reaching a point where it could be arranged. If the scheme were practicable, it opened up the prospect of saving a whole class of lives hitherto regarded as doomed. At that time he was visiting the aid-post of every battalion projecting a raid, with a view to proving the efficacy of his method and so persuading the Government to arrange for its universal adoption.

We spent some time in conversation. At one o'clock, the zero hour, a dull rumble overhead told us that the barrage had opened up. We could not talk much after that. Our sole thought was the welfare of the hundred men crawling through the barbed wire on No Man's Land. We could do nothing but wait. I said my beads. We grew really anxious when three hours passed without a sign from above.

We were a long way back, and it took some time to get the wounded down to us. They came finally, however. First there were about twenty walking cases: then arrived a German officer on a stretcher, heralded by the sound of many

groans and guttural exclamations; and, lastly, a case, the sight of which at once absorbed all my interest and brought a sudden catch to my throat. It was Crawford; he looked so pale that at first I took him for dead. His face showed white under the partially rubbed-off black covering, and his lips were colorless. I bent over him; he was still breathing, but it was plain that he had almost reached the limit of his physical resources. He was bleeding from a bad shell-wound in the shoulder. The first aid men had done their best, but without success. The jolting of the stretcher, especially around the awkward corners of the communication trench, had aggravated the trouble. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly.

This was just the sort of case for which our Professor was waiting. After one glance at Crawford, he began his preparations. Quickly he tested the patient's blood to ascertain his type, selected a flask of blood from a corresponding donor and began the work of replacing the lost vitality. Meanwhile the regimental surgeon cleansed the wound and stopped the loss. Everyone in the dugout followed the proceedings with the keenest interest; the operation was a novelty; all could appreciate its importance. Besides that, every fighting man there was from Crawford's company, except the German. Even he was curious; he called me over and asked for an explanation of what was going on. I told him, and he uttered an exclamation of astonishment and admiration. "*Sie haben doch wunderbare Wundärzte!*"¹ he said; he seemed vastly relieved at the discovery.

Very gradually the faintest tinge of color showed in Crawford's cheeks; I had washed off the black coating, and he began to look a little less ghastly. He opened his eyes and looked straight into mine. "They got me, Father!" he whispered. Then he stirred, but a stab of pain from the shoulder made him wince, and for a moment the faintness returned. I still felt that the operation was too novel for its success to be taken for granted. Ordinarily, Crawford would have no sort of a chance. I whispered in his ear that if he would make an act of contrition, I would absolve and anoint him. Poor chap! But a few hours ago he had made a full confession of his life in preparation for just such a possibility as this.

In a moment or two he gained sufficient strength to let me

¹ "You have wonderful surgeons, then!"

know that he had made the act of contrition. He closed his eyes and his lips moved silently. Then he beckoned ever so slightly with his head to indicate that he wished to speak to me. "Father! . . . don't . . . neglect . . . the case . . . for . . . Rita! Top . . . left-hand . . . pocket." The orderlies had ripped off the tunic. I found the case, and showed it to him. "Ask . . . the . . . boys . . . to . . . pray . . . for me," he went on. Then he gave me a message for his father, spoke of the rest of his family, and remembered a few outstanding debts. I was to tell his father of these.

The Colonel came in just then. He hurried down as soon as he heard the news. He had been told that Crawford was dead, and was relieved to find that it was not so. At the same time the outlook seemed serious enough. The Colonel began to blame himself for sending Crawford up. He whispered an apology into his ear. Crawford smiled, and shook his head. After all, it was only a question of duty both for the Colonel and himself.

The Major continued all this time to pour preserved blood into the wounded officer out of his little brown flasks. I did not notice how much was used. Each bottle held a pint. I saw a change made several times, so that the quantity must have been considerable. After about an hour and a half he pronounced the patient out of immediate danger; he was still weak, but by that time could talk without great difficulty. Soon it was announced that the ambulance was ready. I should have liked to travel down with him, but my work was not yet finished. As I wished him "Godspeed!" I still felt dubious about seeing him again. I kept the pocketbook and jotted down his messages. I would wait for further news before sending them. There was no need to shock his family and friends until it was certain that he had gone.

Of course, he did not die; he recovered pretty rapidly. I wrote to him later to know what to do with the pocketbook. He asked me to keep it until we should meet again; he preferred not to have it intrusted to the tender mercies of the field post. I stored it away among my treasures in my altar case, and there the matter rested for the time being.

II.

I stayed with that brigade through the late spring and early summer; then I received unexpected orders to report for duty at the McKenzie General Hospital at Boulogne. I was not at all pleased at the change. I had grown to love the work in the line; it was full of interest and excitement. Hospital work would be more impersonal and less satisfying. But there was no choice; I had to go.

McKenzie was a large hospital with about two thousand beds. It was installed in huts, occupying a large area. It took me some time to get around these and make the acquaintance of the staff.

Although such a big establishment, it lacked a Catholic chapel. I found the only place where I could offer my daily Mass was a garret in the roof of the only stone building there. The first morning I had a small congregation, consisting of a nurse and one or two patients in their grotesque blue uniforms. After Mass the nurse introduced herself as Sister Walsh. She was a cheery little thing, with typical black eyes and hair and red cheeks; she told me she was attached to the femur ward, and invited me to come and see her.

Her name conveyed nothing to me then; it was only later when I called at the Matron's office for the list of names of the Catholic nurses that I found her Christian name to be Rita and her home, Halifax. At once the recollection of a commission intrusted to me for a certain Rita Walsh of Halifax flashed across my mind. Her complete home address was noted on the Registrar's file. It was the same as that given me by Crawford.

It struck me at once as strange that Crawford had seemed so deeply interested in her and yet did not seem to know that she was in the service. Her card gave her record. She was in England when he first spoke to me of her; she had been over four months.

That evening, as soon as I decently could after dinner, I left the mess room and went over to the femur ward to get my curiosity satisfied, if possible. I found Rita sitting in her little office at the end of the hut. She offered me the remains of a chair, and turned towards me with a pleasant smile.

"How do you like the hospital after the Fifth Brigade?" she asked.

Somehow, I was startled a little at the question; she knew where I had come from. I had not quite expected that.

I said I had not yet had time to settle down. No doubt, I should like it well enough after I was accustomed to the place and the work.

As a rule, I found it sufficiently easy to be affable with people: this time, however, I felt distinctly ill at ease. I could not bring myself to put to this self-possessed little person the question that was uppermost in my mind. My tongue seemed tied. I imagined that she was aware of my distress and was inwardly amused at it. She had a book on her knee; for a moment or two she sat silent, running her fingers through its pages.

Finally, I made an effort, pulled myself together and blurted out my question.

"Sister," I said. "Do you, by any chance, know Captain Myles Crawford?"

The roses on her cheeks glowed just a little more brilliantly. She continued fumbling with her book and did not look up; but she answered quite calmly:

"Yes, Father, I know him very well. I have known him for some years."

"Did you know that he was badly wounded?"

"Yes, but I heard a day or two ago that he is already out of hospital and practically well again."

This astounded me. I took it for granted that it meant that she was corresponding with him. Yet Crawford told me to write to Halifax and, although he had written to me several times, had made no reference to her.

"Do you hear from him often?" I went on.

She became more serious and answered in a whisper:

"Why no, Father; I do not think he would dream of writing to me."

This gave a new aspect to the situation. I knew very well that Crawford, a few weeks before, during what we believed to be his last moments, had been dreaming persistently of writing to this young woman or of getting me to write for him. Now it appeared that she knew nothing of this state of his mind.

I was at a loss what to do or say next. The matter was

clearly not my affair. My mere curiosity gave me no right to demand details; but there was a complication somewhere.

She relieved the tension by jumping up and inviting me to see the ward. The subject was dismissed for the time being.

A femur ward with its long rows of scaffolding from which hang wooden troughs containing broken arms and legs embedded in plaster, is always a curious sight. Her ward was very full. She took me faithfully from bed to bed. She had a cheerful word for every man and seemed to be very popular. I found a few men whom I knew, and made some appointments for confession and Holy Communion the next morning.

After we had gone the round she invited me back to the office for tea. By this time we were on excellent terms. I was not very surprised when, under her deft guidance, the conversation drifted again towards Crawford. She knew all about him, his standing in the 23d, his promotion to the command of his company and, finally, his wound and the treatment that had saved his life. She knew Major Wharton. He had lectured in the hospital recently and cited Crawford's case in illustration. Still she insisted on my telling the story as I knew it. I described the scene with every detail I could think of. I said nothing though of the pocketbook and Crawford's last message.

Then she began to tell me something of what she knew of him. They met in Montreal when she was training. I learned then that he had broken off his course in medicine to enlist. Her eyes glowed with enthusiastic admiration as she talked of him. She described his conscientiousness and gentleness, his promise of a great career so seriously hindered by his enlistment. I made up my mind that if ever a girl loved a man, Rita loved Crawford.

I thought it odd that she did not ask me how I came to associate her with him. Never once did she speak of any personal relation between them, nor did she attempt to discover from me anything that he might have said concerning her. She asked innumerable questions about the externals of his life, but kept strictly to them. I concluded that she had adopted a definite policy with regard to him and was following it rigidly.

I found out at what convalescent home Crawford was staying and wrote telling him that I had met her. His answer

was as unsatisfactory as my talks with her. "I heard you had gone to McKenzie," he wrote, "and supposed you would meet Miss Walsh. The nurses in my hospital told me she had come over and was working there. Give her my best regards when you see her. I am a McKenzie man, you know, and studied with her. I doubt if she would be particularly interested in the contents of the pocketbook under the circumstances. No doubt, we shall meet before long. Please keep it till then, if it is not asking too much of you."

I began to get impatient. Here were two young people obviously wrapped up in one another, obviously made for one another, who insisted, as it seemed, to me perversely, on remaining apart. I almost made up my mind that the thing was so ridiculous as to call for direct action. Then I decided it was dangerous to meddle with a love affair. Nature must take her course.

III.

Rita's career at Boulogne came to an end about two months after I first met her. It happened this way.

The most unpleasant feature of hospital life was the recurrence of air raids. They took place continuously throughout the summer. For some time we fortunately escaped immediate damage; and then one night our turn came.

We all heard the "swish," and instinctively threw ourselves on to the ground. When the bomb exploded, it seemed as though the whole place must be shattered. Glass splinters were falling everywhere; when, after a moment or two, we found ourselves still alive, we were almost dumbfounded with surprise. I started out at once to look for the centre of the damage, as I knew I should be wanted. The bomb had struck just outside the femur ward. The end wall was thrown down; the eight end beds were buried under the debris; the unfortunate occupants were killed outright. The moonlight streaming in showed the rest of the ward in hopeless confusion. The beds adjoining those buried were overturned. All had been displaced: the framework from which the broken limbs were hung was everywhere thrown down. The men were in agony; some were clutching at the troughs holding their casts, trying to rearrange them. One man, near the door, was lying on the

ground with his broken cast twisted over his body; not one had his dressings intact.

I found Nurse Rita already busy with the unfortunate man on the floor. She gave him an injection of morphine. As soon as the drug took effect she replaced his twisted broken limbs as far as possible and got him ready for the stretcher-bearers. Soon a number of willing hands arrived on the scene; the first case was hurried off to the operating-room. Rita busied herself with one after another. In the operating-room every doctor, who had any gift at all for surgery, was hard at work. While the patients were being dealt with there, Rita prepared fresh beds for them in another hut, supervised the erection of the framework over each bed for the newly set limbs and saw to it that all was in readiness on their return. Outside the raid still continued; all this work was done in the faint moonlight to the accompaniment of the drone of the enemy *aëroplanes* and the pounding of the anti-aircraft guns. One by one, the sorely tried men were brought back to their beds and settled, as far as could be, in comfort. Rita was unceasing in her activity and thoughtfulness.

With the last of the redressed cases came the Colonel to inspect the new arrangements. Rita had assumed full responsibility for these; the authorities had been so busy with the immediate treatment of the men that they had not given a thought to the ward. The Matron accompanied the Colonel; she had just realized that one of her nurses had been exposed to a certain amount of danger. They found the ward looking almost as if nothing had ever happened to it. By this time the raid was over, and the lights were on.

Both Colonel and Matron went over to the ward nurse to congratulate her on her work. It was then that we first noticed that an unauthorized circle of faint red decorated the upper part of her white apron. She smiled as the Colonel spoke to her, and was just about to reply when suddenly she collapsed on the floor in a dead faint. In a moment the Matron was down beside her. It was then discovered that Sister Rita was wounded. Apparently she had managed, by changing her apron from time to time, to hide the fact that the front of her light blue uniform was deeply stained with blood. She was taken at once to the operating-room, where but a few minutes before the men she was providing for had been treated. There

we found that a piece of the bomb had hit her above the breast. Apparently she had stanching the blood, and herself placed a temporary dressing on the wound.

The surgeons were disturbed by the problem how it had been possible for her to keep up at all with such a wound. After a great deal of discussion we decided that we were in the presence of one of those cases of the triumph of the mind over the body, often heard of in war time. The excitement and the absolute need of her services must have driven all thought of pain out of her head. She told us afterwards that she did not realize she was hit until she actually found herself in bed after the wound was dressed.

This discovery made of her a heroine. The whole hospital united to do her honor. The Matron herself nursed her, the Colonel undertook her surgical care, and every member of the staff tried to find some way to be of service to her. A person who could carry on for two hours after receiving a wound that would lay out an ordinary individual, could not be made too much of.

She remained the star patient of the hospital for a week. There was no accommodation there for sick nurses; they were sent, as a rule, to a special hospital at Wimereux; but there would have been a mutiny at McKenzie if she had been removed that week. When the excitement died down, the Colonel decided that the very natural sentiment regarding her must give way to the practical needs of the hospital. He arranged for her to be evacuated to England; and in spite of a good deal of murmuring, to England she went.

Her departure was a triumph. The ambulance which took her away was a mass of flowers; the whole staff, together with every patient who could stand either alone or with assistance, assembled to shout and wave their last good wishes. I went down to the boat with her to impress upon the staff there the importance of their new patient. Her fame had preceded her; everyone was interested in the girl who had defied a wound to hinder her until her work was done. I saw her comfortably settled and went back to the hospital to report progress.

The Colonel recommended her for the Victoria Cross, but, after all, her achievement was not quite up to the standard of bravery required for that venerable decoration. She eventually received the Military Medal.

IV.

My leave came through a few days after. I was grateful for this as I had been in France for a year and needed a change. Moreover, the air raids of the previous weeks had upset me. I went over by the afternoon boat the same day as the warrant arrived; early in the evening I was in London.

I went down to a friend's house in Kensington, where I was to stay; from there I telephoned the convalescent hospital at Hammersmith for news of Crawford. I learned that he was discharged and was on leave, preparatory to returning to France. It was too late to make any further effort to find him that day. I spent a quiet evening with my friends.

The next morning I went to the Bank of Montreal in Waterloo Place, first, to draw some money and then to see if I might not run across somebody who could give me news of Crawford. I met a number of men whom I knew, of course, but nobody who had seen him lately. Then I went down to the Automobile Club in Pall Mall and ran into him in the vestibule.

He seemed extraordinarily fit; he was a new man. He ran over and seized both my hands.

"How about it, Padre?" he said. "Isn't old Wharton a trump with his pickled blood?"

I agreed that the "pickled blood," as he called it, certainly had done wonders for him. He said he had tried to find out whose blood it was that he had received; it appeared that was impossible. Major Wharton kept particulars of the type but, like a true scientist, took no interest in the individual.

"I don't even know if it was a woman or a man to whom I owe my life," he went on. "The only unsatisfactory thing about that pickled stuff is that it is so beastly impersonal. I really think Wharton might keep some record of the people he gets it from, so that his patients can know to whom they are indebted."

"I don't know," I answered. "The blood might be sometimes taken from queer people. Suppose you had to go down to Dartmoor and fervently thank some murderer for saving your life."

"Oh, well," he said. "I'd like to know anyway. So long as his blood was healthy, nothing else would matter much. I

hardly think a man's character is transfused with his blood! There would have been some strange mix-ups in this War if it was. When did you get over?"

"Last night," I replied. "I have fourteen days of freedom. What are you doing? Can't we be off together somewhere?"

"No," he said. "It's too bad, but the very next tomorrow that ever is sees me starting once more for the 23d Battalion. I'm just busy getting my truck together."

I was silent for a moment. I looked at him again; then the sight of him was blotted out by the vision of a young girl lying pale and silent in a hospital ward a mile or two from there. I knew that the one thing she longed for was just to see this radiant young man. I was convinced further that the young man was by no means indifferent to her if he would listen to his heart. Then I came to a sudden conclusion. I would settle this thing.

"Do you know Rita Walsh is in town?" I asked him.

"Is she?" he replied with studied indifference. "On leave, I suppose."

"No, man!" I said impatiently. "That little girl is a heroine. Come over here and listen."

I led him to a lounge in an alcove. We sat down and then I told him the story of the raid.

It was all news to him. When I got to the part where she was wounded he was obviously moved. I related every detail; I amplified and adorned the tale. He sat drinking it all in and thirsting for more. When, at last, the recital ended, he turned to me with a strange look in his eyes, but remained silent.

Then I took the decisive step. "Crawford," I said earnestly, "do you care for this girl?"

"Padre," he answered, "I care for her more than anything else in the world."

He was looking down at the floor, leaning over with his clasped hands between his knees.

"Then why don't you marry her and make both of you happy?" I went on.

"I would have been ready to do it long ago if it had depended on me," he replied. "I was attracted to her when we first met and for some time we saw a great deal of each other. Then one day she asked me if I knew that she was engaged to be married. It was a shock to me. Up till then we had been

nothing more than good comrades in our relations, but I already cared for her. She said she had been destined from childhood to marry this man; when she was nineteen, it was formally arranged. She had consented out of reverence for her parents; besides the man was her old playmate, and she liked him well enough. After that there was nothing more for it but to put aside all thought of anything further. For the sake of my own peace of mind I stopped seeing much of her. I felt that if I was to do the honorable thing, I should have to keep away from her altogether, so I took pains to avoid her. Then I came over here, and heard nothing more of her until I was in hospital this last time; then I learned that she had come over. That pocketbook I wanted you to send had in it nothing but a few dance programmes I had filched from her, and a note or two she had sent me. I was sentimental enough to want her to know, if I died, that I had thought of her. I think she must have seen how things were going with me and that is why she told me of her engagement. I tried my best to put her out of my mind, but she has always been the one girl for me. It's hard when things come that way, but there is nothing to be done."

I sat leaning back in the opposite corner of the lounge watching him intently as he spoke. He remained with his eyes fixed on the floor, clasping and unclasping his hands continuously. His voice was low, but decisive. As I listened, I thought that what he had done was exactly typical. He was one of those men whose sense of duty is painfully keen: such men will make extreme sacrifices to satisfy their consciences. They are the salt of the earth; but often they cause intense suffering to themselves and others by exaggerated adherence to principle. Their actions are worthy of the highest admiration so long as their motives are sound. They become tragic, when their consciences are mistaken.

My mind was working rapidly. I knew that Crawford's Catholic sense of reverence for the priesthood, coupled with his personal affection for me, would lead him to attach great weight to my opinion. I was compelled to come to an immediate decision. He was returning to France the next day. He was going into the thick of the most furious fighting of the War. To postpone a settlement now might well be final. I whispered a "Hail Mary," and began:

"Crawford," I said, "I have been a priest for a good many years. It has been a regular part of my duty to marry people. I have watched the working out of a good many of my marriages, and have long since formed the opinion that the love we read about in story books is a very real thing. It is fundamental in deciding the success or failure of married life. I can tell by the attitude of the couple towards each other as they stand before me to take the marriage vows whether they care for each other or not; and if I see that love is absent, I am always apprehensive for their future. Occasionally, I have been mistaken, but very rarely. When two people show during the marriage ceremony that their hearts are truly one, I pronounce the nuptial blessing over them with especial fervor and satisfaction. I feel that God has indeed joined them together and that the marriage is true."

He continued to stare at the floor.

"In this case," I went on, "I have come to know you two people very well, indeed. My lot has been cast with both of you under circumstances where I have really been enabled to see something of your inner lives. It is remarkable that I should have come in contact with just you two under such conditions. Now I am going to tell you something you do not seem to know, and I am going to give you what I consider a decisive opinion on the whole matter. I have been wondering for a long time exactly what it was that came between you and Rita, because I have known positively for weeks that she cares for you as deeply as you care for her."

He started at that, turned around and looking me full in the eyes and with a very red face, said: "Do you really mean that?"

"I do," I answered. "I mean it so sincerely that I assert positively that I believe it would be a serious mistake if either of you married anyone else but one another. I have no idea how serious is the obligation under which Rita has placed herself to this other man. I do know that it would be grossly unfair to him if she married him. In justice to him I think she should long ago have broken off any engagement between them. As to her parents, she is of age, and they have no right to dictate in such a matter. Do you know the man?"

"No, I know nothing about him."

"Has he been over here?"

"I don't know."

"Well," I went on, "I have seen Rita daily for two months. During that time she talked continuously of you. The sole obstacle between you that she ever referred to, and that indirectly, was that you were indifferent to her. I think we were intimate enough for her at least to have mentioned this engagement, if it existed. She showed me as plainly as a modest girl can, without saying it in so many words, that her thoughts are centred on you. My opinion is that the other factor in the case has been disposed of. If not, he ought to be, and it is your job to do it."

He still seemed incredulous. He had reached a point where the conviction of his duty had become a part of him. A struggle was going on in his mind between a strong desire to take me at my word, and the established opinion that had so long held sway there. For characters like his, a very powerful influence indeed is necessary to dislodge one of these firmly-grounded principles. The outcome depended solely on the amount of confidence he had in me.

It seemed an age before he spoke again. Then he looked up suddenly and smiled.

"Well, Padre," he said, "you have never failed me yet. It may be that you are right. I had quite made up my mind that I had no chance. Perhaps I should not have broken off the thing so abruptly."

"It is not too late yet," I answered. "An omnibus in Piccadilly will take you down to Wandsworth in twenty minutes. Five minutes more will land you in the Nurses' Ward, and then you can see for yourself."

"Right you are," he said with decisive cheerfulness. "I'm off!"

I gave him my telephone number and told him to call me up later and tell me how he found things. He strode away: I watched him disappear through the great swinging doors. Then I went down to my friends for lunch.

The expected telephone call came at two o'clock.

"Come right down at once, Padre," said Crawford's firm voice; it did not sound depressed or disappointed. "We want you quickly!"

It took me half an hour to get there. I found Crawford standing by Rita's bed. She was lying back, looking very

feeble; her cheeks were sunken and she could not sit up; but there was a pretty glow on her face and a new light flashed from her eyes; she was holding Crawford's hand tightly in both her own.

There were two other nurse patients in the ward profoundly interested in what was going on. My two did not seem to mind. Army life was always lived in public anyway.

"When can you marry us, Padre?" was Crawford's greeting.

Things had moved quickly when they once began. He imagined I could marry them then and there. This might have been possible in Canada; in England more formality was demanded. I said I thought I could manage it tomorrow. He looked downcast at that.

"But . . ." he began.

"But nothing. You run up to Argyle House and get an extension of leave and permission to marry for both of you while I go and see about a license."

He cheered up again.

"Right-o," he said. "*Au revoir*, dearest."

He bent over and kissed Rita as naturally as though he had been doing it for years. It seemed hard to believe that this was the man who had been arguing so stubbornly with me a few hours before. Rita said nothing, but smiled all that was in her heart.

I went off to get a special license which cost me twenty-five pounds, and a dispensation from the banns which cost me nothing. About six o'clock I go back to the hospital to find my couple jubilant. Authority had unbent to the extent of an extra seven days' leave. I fixed the wedding for the next day, and left them to themselves.

We had a magnificent wedding. I used my privilege as a chaplain and said a nuptial Mass in the ward. The bride's bed was moved round in front of the altar; a veil and orange blossoms had been produced from somewhere; the ward was gayly decorated. Crawford had got hold of a 23d man on leave to act as best man; the Colonel of the hospital gave the bride away; she was assisted by about sixty nurses, all of whom, I presume, were bridesmaids. An organ was brought in, and the wedding march played as the bride's bed was

moved back to its place after Mass. It was the strangest and most satisfactory wedding I ever officiated at.

After an interval, during which we made our thanksgiving, the wedding breakfast was served around the bride's bed. She managed to cut the cake with her groom's sword, though the effort cost her some pain. The sight of her face dispelled any lingering doubt I might have had regarding the part I played in the affair.

They were together for a week; then Crawford went back to the battalion and did not see her again for seven months. He brought back the 23d to Canada as Lieutenant-Colonel, V. C. Rita was a long time recovering. She resigned her appointment, but stayed on in England until her husband returned from France.

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I met them again in California when they were on their long-deferred honeymoon. The War saddened so many romances, it was a joy to find one that had survived it. There are few things in life so beautiful as a genuinely happy marriage; I felt that this one approached the ideal. I often thought over the part I played in it. Nothing can persuade me but that I settled things right.

THE PRESENTATION.

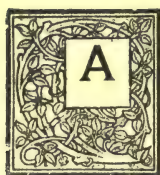
BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

WHAT need of offering the Son of God
Upon the altar of this mighty fane,
Since now thy Babe is lying on thy heart,
Thou Shrine of God, His Altar without stain.

"AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE OF THE TEMPLE."

(A Discussion of Some Modern Tendencies in *Æsthetics*.)

BY MICHAEL ANDREW CHAPMAN.



SURVEY of the religious world outside the Catholic Church today reveals, among other interesting developments, a tendency towards elaboration in public services which seems, to some, to indicate a drift towards the Church. While chiefly noticeable in the Episcopal Church, this *bouleversement* of Reformation tradition is not lacking among other non-Catholic denominations. Except for the small country meeting-houses, where the old baldness and bareness still persist, it would be hard to recognize, in almost any Protestant temple, the simplicity and austerity of worship which was once the boast and the distinguishing mark of those "reformed religions" whose battle cry was "the true worshippers shall worship Him in spirit and in truth, without outward symbolism or forms." The old colonial meeting-house has passed away with the old partisan shibboleths. Our separated brethren themselves are eager to admit this in connection with their schemes for "Christian Unity and Federation."

By many this new-found laxity is looked upon as breadth and liberality, as a sign of the passing away of bigotry and the casting aside of "the fetters of dogma." This is neither the time nor the place to discuss whether such be the true significance of inter-denominational cordiality, or whether, perhaps, a widespread indifference to religion as such, and distrust of denominational dogmatism, indeed of any dogmatism at all, may not quite as well account for the facts. But it is interesting to notice that this shift of standards and hushing of party cries have been accomplished by a steady change and growth in the matter of ecclesiastical architecture and the enrichment of common worship. There was a time when our Presbyterian neighbors, for example, would not permit the use of musical instruments in their services. Nowadays they

are likely to be the possessors of the finest pipe organ in town! Elaborate church buildings, stained glass, the cross on the steeple, and other outward and visible signs which were once anathema have become, in our own day, commonplace and usual. Where formerly only extemporaneous prayers were heard in the pulpit, modified Prayer Books are used. Where once the Ecclesiastical Year was unknown, Christmas and Easter services, and even Lenten and Holy Week devotions, have attained an increasing popularity.

With the exception, of course, of the Episcopal Church (of which I will later speak more particularly) these developments can only seemingly be approximations to Catholic usage, for it is evident that, in spite of them, the spirit of modern Protestantism is no less really anti-Catholic because good taste and indifference and a grudging admiration have made our friends less outspoken with regard to their feelings towards the Church. Indeed, the doctrinal trend has been all the other way, and so far from a path being discerned for a return to Catholic Truth, it can be seen that each sect has abandoned even the original Protestant doctrine which called it into being.

It is not, then, to a sort of resurging Catholicism that these interesting developments are to be traced, save indirectly through the advance of the High Church Movement among Episcopalians. For the particular observances which are copied by Protestants are taken from the usage of the Episcopal Church. Were this not the fact, it might well be doubted if Protestants would tolerate them.

If we consider the Episcopal Church itself we find, perhaps, the most remarkable phenomena of all. That a Church, which owed its inception to a revolt against "the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities" should, within the last fifty years, produce in countless parishes liturgical practices which can hardly be distinguished from those of the Catholic Church, is only less remarkable than the exposition of Catholic doctrine which has followed the ceremonial revival in that denomination. With this theological growth I am not here concerned, more than to say that its importance has been greatly overestimated, not only by Episcopalians themselves, but by Catholics who have wished to see in it the dawn of a really important movement back towards the Old Religion.

The improvement in externals has, quite evidently, far outrun the advance in dogmatic statement and belief. It is the constant lament of the leaders of the High Church Party that while their people are willing to allow almost any extreme of ceremonial usage, they are slow to appropriate the doctrines which these ceremonies represent.

It is true that Catholic truths are preached from a great many Anglican pulpits, and that a respectable percentage of Episcopalians have adopted Catholic practices, even including confession and Communion fasting. But it is also true that in vastly many more Anglican Congregations an advanced ceremonial may be seen, unaccompanied by any widespread or enthusiastic acceptance of Catholic doctrine and practice. It is also most interesting to note, in passing, that in almost every instance where that Catholic ceremonial and practice have been introduced among Episcopalians, it has been with the plea that such things were not "distinctively Roman." On the whole, it would seem fair to say that the High Church Movement has progressed, at least so far as the laity are concerned, along æsthetic lines rather than by a hearty acceptance of Catholic Truth.

Nor is this so strange as it may at first seem. Modern life has been distinguished, not merely by an increase in material prosperity, in mechanical and scientific progress, but by a renaissance of art which has made itself felt in civic, no less than in religious, communities. Increased prosperity has naturally brought improved living conditions, not only in the necessities of life, but more especially in its luxuries. Consider the advance in domestic architecture, to say nothing of public buildings, since Ruskin sounded the death knell of Victorian ugliness. Surely it is more than a coincidence that Ruskin and Newman were contemporaries¹—that the æsthetic movement in England was launched within the same decade as the Oxford Movement.

The middle years of the reign of "The Good Queen" witnessed an awakening, the strength of which is not yet spent. Ruskin, Morris, and the Pre-Raphaelites revolutionized British art at the same time that Newman, Pusey and Keble were scandalizing the Establishment by their endeavor to offset the

¹ Newman's Conversion was in 1845. Ruskin's *Modern Painters* appeared in 1843. The "P. R. B." was formed in 1848. William Morris printed *The Earthly Paradise* in 1868.

Reformation and bring the Church of England back to at least a resemblance of primitive Catholicism. It cannot be denied that each of these momentous movements influenced the other, and all the more because both appealed to the mediæval glories of a nation and a Church which had forgotten them. The academic utterances of Newman and Ruskin were popularized by their followers.

But it was when the Oxford Movement became a ceremonial revival in the hands of men like Lauder and Machonochie that the storm broke, with the result that in the popular mind the "Anglo-Catholic Revival" became a matter of "Ritualism." And as such there can be no doubt that it won the day, in spite of such bitter opposition as has been seldom seen in modern religious controversy. Together the Pre-Raphaelites and the Puseyites met the storm of conservatism, and together they weathered it and found at last a quasi acceptance. Both were expressions of the new-born spirit of the times. It may even be questioned whether either could have been victorious without the other. Transition, change, revolt and elaboration were in the air. Art, literature, religion, even politics, were re-stated in the Mid-Victorian period.

Now all this is germane to the present discussion in so far only as externals are concerned. Perhaps it was a coincidence (though it would seem extremely unlikely) that the High Churchmen came along with their ceremonial revival just in time to be so deeply influenced by the revived mediævalism of the Pre-Raphaelites, but it is surely significant that Anglican ceremonial has, until very recent years, developed entirely along the lines of English mediævalism. Perhaps it is a coincidence that Keble's poetry placed him with Wordsworth and Tennyson in the first dawn of British Romanticism, while his association with Newman and Pusey set him in the van of the Oxford Movement and made him the dominant factor in directing Anglican devotional life. But even if these things, and others that could be mentioned, are mere parallelisms, they are at least of interest, and they do go at least some little way in combating the idea that ceremonial restoration in the Episcopal Church, or in the other Protestant denominations, is a sign of a really strong tendency towards Rome. Judged only by the external signs, without considering such "coincidences" they might seem such. But look deeper, and it becomes evi-

dent that the external development is almost, if not quite entirely, an æsthetic tendency, while the really religious movement is set in quite an opposite direction.

The constant flow of converts from Anglicanism to the Catholic Church is sufficient witness to the fact of the equally steady, though much more voluminous, current of the rank and file away from dogmatic religion. It has been said that the Oxford Movement, as a doctrinal and practical movement, is a spent force in Anglicanism, and recent events would seem to lend some weight to the contention. At the same time, however, the ceremonial movement has spread to such an extent that the old-fashioned Low Church service has become a curiosity. Not only has the general level of elaboration in Episcopal services been raised far above that which the original Oxford divines dreamed of, but it has overflowed, as we have seen, and bids fair to inundate the conventicles of various sectarians who are very far indeed from the likelihood of accepting the principles and doctrines which are supposed to underlie such observances. Whatever optimistic and "pro-Roman" Anglicans may say of "the teaching value of ceremonial," one can hardly think of the Presbyterian minister who preaches in surplice and stole as anxious to expound the Catholic doctrine of the priesthood, or the Congregationalist who decks his communion table with cross and candles as ready to accept the doctrine of the Real Presence.

A year or two ago there was held, in England, a gathering of Non-conformist ministers composed of Presbyterians, Independents, Universalists, Unitarians, with a sprinkling of other sects including Theosophists, who called themselves "The Liberal Catholic Congress." After indulging in elaborately ornate services in which candles, vestments, and incense were used, a quasi-creed was enunciated in which belief in much ceremonial was combined with an almost total absence of anything like orthodox faith. In a way it was like the Positivism of Comte, without the Positivism! What the outcome of the Congress was I do not know, but the accounts of it, in such papers as the English *Church Times*, read as though the movement among sectarians towards Catholic ceremonial and away from Catholic Truth had reached its *terminus ad quem*, if not its *reductio ad absurdum*.

But what all this extraordinary acceptance of forms and

ceremonies by Christian people, whose fathers denounced such things as worse than idolatry, *does* mean is simply this—that man is fundamentally and incurably a ceremonialist, and that his innate necessity for outward pageantry in connection with religion cannot be permanently crushed, even by the narrow bigotry of a Puritanism now extinct. Today it is true as never before that old party cries are stilled, that old denominational boundaries no longer hold. But it is also true that outside the Catholic Church the old enthusiasm for religion, as such, has vanished along with denominational feeling. If the sects are at last drawing together it is over the down-trodden hedges of differences which were once thought of as vital, and which are today viewed with indifference because all dogma has been set aside. “Higher Criticism,” “The New Theology,” “Liberal Protestantism,” “Freedom from Dogma”—these go hand in hand with “Christian Federation.” And all of these are possible because the men who urge them no longer believe with the intensity of conviction which made their forefathers exiles and Pilgrims for the sake of mistaken conscience. If certain ceremonial forms have gained favor among the Protestant denominations, it is because they have lost their meaning, or because their real meaning has been so changed and explained away that they no longer offend men grown careless of the transcendent importance of dogmatic truth. Such a statement as this may not hold in the case of the Anglicans, whose *bona fides* no one can doubt, and whose growth in the appreciation of Catholic Truth in spite of Protestant surroundings is the religious wonder of the age. But it certainly is true of other Protestant denominations that they have accepted and make use of such observances, not because they are Catholic, but because they are “so pretty” or “so devotional.”

What then can be the interest, for Catholics, in such developments and movements? Chiefly this, I think, that the mere acceptance of more or less elaborate ceremonial by Protestants removes one of the foremost difficulties in the way of gaining a hearing for the Catholic religion, just as the increasing acceptance of Catholic Truth by people who must still call themselves Protestant Episcopalians, makes submission to the whole of Catholic faith less arduous for those who are earnestly seeking, according to the light given them, the True Church founded by our Divine Redeemer. Can there be any

doubt that many have come to a degree of knowledge of Catholic Truth through the preaching of High Church clergymen, who would never, humanly speaking, have been open to the most eloquent exposition of it from a Catholic pulpit? The very fact that Protestants, of various names, are today making use of outward forms and ceremonies which, but a generation ago, were denounced as awful superstitions, is, in itself, a hopeful sign that individuals, if not "Churches," are coming to realize the fundamental fallacy of the effort to spiritualize divine worship at the expense of externals. To many, if not most, Protestants the Catholic religion is a religion of external observances and of externals only. The sectarian who ventures into a Catholic Church is confused by the ceremonial, even while his æsthetic sense is intrigued by its stateliness and beauty. But the idea that there are great spiritual realities underlying the outward splendor is a thought quite alien to the Protestant mind—a thought, however, which once grasped is apt to assume an exaggerated importance. It is this that has led to the insistence on "the teaching value of ceremonial" among High Church Episcopalians.

To the Catholic the beautiful ceremonies of Holy Mother Church are *expressions* of the Faith that is in him, yet there can be no doubt that our ceremonies, though not primarily intended as teaching agents, do most vividly impress inquirers with the reality of the truths which are expressed by them. The act of becoming accustomed to things is a great aid in the acceptance of them. A surplice, seen for the first time by Protestant eyes, may be a "rag of Popery." But worn Sunday after Sunday by one's own Protestant neighbors in one's own Protestant church it is robbed of its terror! So anything which makes Catholicism less of a mysterious bugbear to Protestants is to be welcomed as an ally.

It would, perhaps, be invidious to inquire how largely matters of taste enter into a man's religious convictions and habits. To some such things matter not at all. But to the majority, especially today, the æsthetic appeal is not a vain one. The Catholic Church has always understood this, and from the earliest days has made art her handmaid. Yet even in the days of her greatest æsthetic glory, she held her handmaid in the proper place of subordinate ministry to the great realities that mattered most. The beauty of the Catholic temple, as of

Catholic ceremonial, is incidental, something desirable, yet easily dispensed with. Therein lies a danger for us, children of the new age of reawakening æstheticism—a danger lest we underestimate the function of art, and music, and architecture, and ceremonial, as means to the end not only of edifying the faithful, but of attracting those without, till they find themselves, in spite of prejudice, drawn within the circle of the influence of Catholic truth.

To an increasing number of Protestants today all religion has been reduced to a superficiality—it is not, to them, even “morality tinged with emotion”—indeed, it bids fair to become nothing more than Social Service mitigated by æstheticism. The pendulum has swung a long way back, and in its swing it has somehow scratched the surface of Catholic art. Surely the Church can, without loss of prestige, make the most of this unique (though illogical) development of modern minds. For it is of the *ethos* of the Catholic Church to become “all things to all men” for their salvation, without relinquishing one iota of her divinely given authority. Hers is the rightful heritage of Beauty no less than Truth. She sees men reawakening to the appeal of that ancient Beauty, which is forever new; she sees them lying impotent, though they know it not, indeed ready to repudiate the implication, at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple.

Strange it is that Protestantism, which has lost its grip even on the half-truths which brought it forth, should in these days be stirred by the appeal of “the beauty of holiness,” that beauty which is the rightful heritage of those who seek holiness in the only way in which there is or can be any assurance of finding it. The “shadow of Peter passing by” has overshadowed some of them, disgusted, distorted, as shadows always are. Modern Protestantism lies impotent, helpless, by its own fatal admission; begging alms of every new philosopher and philanthropist who holds out the hope of a cure through some “restatement,” some “federation,” some plan of humanitarian or social service. Dare we think the day is past when Peter can say to such, with the voice of divine authority: “Arise and walk.”

THE CENTENARY OF JOHN KEATS.

BY BROTHER LEO.



JOHN KEATS died in Rome, February 23, 1821. One hundred years have passed—years of appreciation and misunderstanding, of indifference and adulation, of neglect and recognition—since the young English poet, having fled to Italy a victim of tuberculosis, quietly breathed his last in the arms of Joseph Severn; one hundred years since Shelley, so soon to share his rest in the Protestant Cemetery in the Eternal City, poured forth his grief in the lyric ecstasy of the *Adonais*; one hundred years since above the grave of Keats was carved the epitaph he had himself composed: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." One hundred years; and their passing has amply proved that epitaph untrue!

John Keats had no doubt of his high poetic gift; but neither had he assurance that the gift had reached maturity when his death-warrant hemorrhage came to him in his twenty-sixth year. A quarter century is but a little space wherein to wrest the prize of immortality. Fronting death in an alien land, far from the smoke-haloed metropolis of his birth, far from the coterie of his Hampstead friends, far, even, from the Tory reviewers who had plucked to pieces the first flower of his muse, he saw his poetic career less a fact accomplished than a promise unfulfilled; to him came no intimation of the "jabberers about pictures and books" who would be concerned with his name, his character and his writings a century after his demise. Yet today undying laurel crowns the "wonderful lad" who felt the flowers growing over him one hundred years ago in Rome; and the time is fit to review a century of opinion and conjecture, to evaluate the contribution made to English literature by Keats, the poet, to reshape and rectify our notions of Keats, the man.

The man was born in a stable, his father a hostler, his mother a liveryman's daughter; and—be it said gently, but none the less firmly, for it is the truth—to the man clung the cockney odor of stale straw even to the end. But the poet was

cradled on Parnassus, and in the flush of his young manhood the undying spirit of beauty kissed him on his lips. Keats, the man, slinks across the field of memory weak, unmanly, unwholesome, a figure pathetic, inconsequential, uninspiring; but Keats, the poet, clad in the shining armor of the spirit, goes marching down the ages "with thunder, and with music, and with pomp." Let those who insist that the artist cannot be finer and greater than the man, wrestle with this riddle as best they can; let the scientist prate of the subtle influences of heredity and the philosopher dilate on the potency of unsuspected social forces. The emergence of the gorgeous poet from the chrysalis of his unlovely manhood is but another verification of the old-fashioned belief that a beneficent demon inhabits the mortal bodies of singers of immortal songs, and tunes their fleshly hearts to ethereal melody. The phenomenon of John Keats does not need the ministrations of psychoanalysis; it asks us only to marvel and enjoy.

. . . His fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity.

During the century of his posthumous celebrity, Keats, the man has suffered most from the adulation of his devotees. Not without discernment did Matthew Arnold, years ago, protest against "the admirers whose pawing and fondness does not good but harm to the fame of Keats."¹ In a persistent effort—actuated by generous and disinterested motives but most unfortunate in its ultimate effects—to dissipate the misunderstanding that during his lifetime and immediately after his death clouded the personality of the young poet, most of his biographers and interpreters have swathed the true Keats in the fair but unconvincing folds of over-appreciation, and have made him the centre of a misleading eulogistic legend. The myth of the "Johnny Keats" of "the Cockney School of Poetry," so indignantly repudiated by his friends, was no graver a distortion of the truth than is the modern and more tenacious myth of the vigorous, manly, well-balanced and thoroughly lovable Keats, fostered with so much scholarly impressiveness by such investigators as Sir Sidney Colvin and exploited with so much picturesqueness and verve by such popularizers as Mr. Hancock and the late Hamilton Mabie.

¹ *Essays in Criticism*, Second Series, p. 105.

The hundred years just passed have brought to light a sufficiency of documentary data upon which to establish our conception of Keats, the man. We have authentic descriptions of his personal appearance; we have contemporary estimates of his character and dispositions; we have his own letters, written with no prospect of their eventual publication, to his relatives and familiars. We have had time to allow indiscriminating affection to settle and transitory prejudice to subside. And in the light of what we know, it is impossible to yield assent to the eulogistic legend.

The eulogistic legend seeks to make of Keats a virile, wholesome figure, the possessor of abounding vigor and unruffled poise, something, even, of a scholar, a congenial companion and a thoroughly normal being with plenty of "flint and iron" in his make-up. The earlier conception of Keats, for all its exaggeration, seems to have been nearer the truth; for the cold facts are that John Keats *was* effeminate and eccentric, moody and vacillating; that, even allowing for his truncated education, he was conspicuously unlearned outside of one constricted field; that, even as a child, but more manifestly during the last months of his life, he was a victim of hysteria and neuroticism.

Haydon's life mask of Keats does not embody the lineaments of a manly man, and Severn's portrait, even though painted many years after the poet's death, suggests less the presence of flint and iron than what Sir Sidney Colvin finds to be a characteristic of Keats' poetic heroes, "a touch, not the wholesomest, of effeminacy and physical softness."² In both are emphasized the full, protruding, sensuous lips. And Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes) quotes a description of Keats given by a lady "whose feminine acuteness of perception is only equaled by the vigor of her understanding." She saw the poet at Hazlitt's lectures in 1818: "His eyes were large and blue, his hair auburn; he wore it divided down the centre, and it fell in rich masses off each side of his face; his mouth was full, and less intellectual than his other features. . . . The shape of his face had not the squareness of a man's, but more like some women's faces I have seen—it was so wide over the forehead and so small at the chin."³

² *English Men of Letters' Series*, Keats, p. 99.

³ R. M. Milnes, *The Poetical Works of John Keats. Memoir*, p. xxvii.

The impression that "stout Cortez" discovered the Pacific Ocean is not the only evidence of misinformation found in Keats' works. "We expect," says one of his most sympathetic biographers, "that a modern poet shall have some conception of the world-scheme as ordered by modern science; that he shall be consistent with the facts of common knowledge. The sunlight, for Keats, penetrates brilliantly into submarine deeps. He would cool his claret in a cellar a mile deep, where the temperature would be very hot. He causes strawberries and apples to ripen at the same time and grows them beside almond trees and cinnamon. Such things will pass, under poetic license, as possible in the empire of the gods. But the fact that the gods must be invoked so often in the apology, shows that Keats, in the main, is oblivious of natural law."⁴

These are not weighty matters, to be sure, and to make much ado over them were to join hands with the pedants who scold Shakespeare for giving the ancient Romans hats and Bohemia a sea coast; yet they are significant in the case of Keats who, in addition to his sparse linguistic attainments and his stippled knowledge of literature, manifested in other respects a very narrow range of interests. Much that is human was foreign to him. We have been told how thoroughly he absorbed Lemprière; rightly to appraise his intellectual equipment it is not less necessary to recall that he contemned philosophy without knowing anything about it, that in religion he was an innocent bystander, that in the decade of Wellington and Waterloo he was the one English poet who voiced no rapture of national triumph, that in the age immediately following the French Revolution he was untouched by the wave of enthusiasm that tossed Wordsworth on its foaming crest and swept Byron to his death in the swamps of Missolonghi. Sage advice, under the circumstances, was that proffered by his chronically magniloquent friend, Haydon: "Collect incident, study character, read Shakespeare and trust in Providence."

A fourth of this monition Keats did take to heart. He read Shakespeare, lovingly if uncritically, and quoted and misquoted him in his letters. Unsurpassed schooling was that for a poet, and as a poet Keats profited much; but Keats, the man, derived from the Bard of Avon no appreciable knowledge of either himself or his fellowmen. Professor Bradley is at

⁴ A. E. Hancock, *John Keats, a Literary Biography*, p. 27.

pains to assure us that Keats' insight into human nature "appears, on the whole, more decidedly in the letters than in the poems."⁵ The letters reveal an insight very ordinary and very faulty. The reading of Shakespeare bred in Keats the amiable delusion that he might write "a few fine plays—my greatest ambition, when I do feel ambitious."⁶ Poor Keats! His was the human weakness of believing that we may some day do supremely well that which we are congenitally incapable of doing at all.

The letters of Keats are fascinating and illuminating documents, and they are by no means void of expressions of stanch resolve and generous impulse; but the too placable readers who accept such passages as keys to the character of the man who wrote them, ignore the fact that, while it is a relatively facile thing to be stanch and generous with pen and ink, the manly sentiments promulgated on paper are not necessarily carried into fruition in the writer's life. Byron was not the only romanticist who could truthfully confess, "I praise the virtues which I cannot claim." The letters show that Keats had his moods of vaulting independence, his moments of glowing human sympathy; but, too, they are symptomatic of what he calls "a horrid Morbidity of Temperament," "an unsteady and vagarish disposition," and their prevailing attitude is that of "a sick eagle looking at the sky." For many of his extravagances we are eager to make considerate allowance—he was a young man, and often a man physically ill; but in justice we must concede the soundness of Mr. Paul Elmer More's dictum that, "he was never quite able to distinguish between the large liberties of the strong and the jaunty flippancy of the underbred."⁷

That Keats was wayward, undisciplined and neurasthenic the letters give abundant evidence; and the testimony of his familiars—Bailey, Leigh Hunt, Clarke, Haydon, and his own brother, George—tends to confirm the impression. At school he manifested an ungovernable temper and a spirit abnormally pugnacious. "We quarreled often and fought fiercely," declares his brother, "and I can safely say, and my school-fellows will bear witness, that John's temper was the cause

⁵ *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, p. 219.

⁶ *Letters of John Keats to His Family and Friends*. Edited by Sidney Colvin. Letter cxxv.

⁷ *Shelburne Essays*, Fourth Series, p. 100.

of all." "His *penchant* was for fighting," Edward Holmes testifies. "He would fight anyone—morning, noon, and night, his brother among the rest. It was meat and drink to him. . . This violence and vehemence—this pugnacity and generosity of disposition—in passions of tears or outrageous fits of laughter—always in extremes—will help to paint Keats in his boyhood." And Charles Cowden Clarke: "His passion at times was almost ungovernable; and his brother, George, being considerably the taller and stronger, used frequently to hold him down by main force, laughing when John was 'in one of his moods.'"⁸ No indication this of normal boy nature, but of unbalanced character and what Haydon described as "terrier courage."

The child was father to the man. Lowell comments euphemistically on "the flush of his fine senses and the flutter of his electric nerves;" it would be more accurate to say that Keats, body and soul, was magnetized to the point of disease. He was even physically disproportioned, as Hunt observes, his head, "a puzzle for the phrenologists, being remarkably small in the skull," and his hands, prematurely old, "faded and swollen in the veins."⁹ It is the fashion to disparage the unflattering comments of Haydon, but Haydon, for all his own eccentricity, was a keen observer and a searching character analyst; if biased, he was certainly biased in Keats's favor. And it is from Haydon we learn that Keats "was haughty, and had a fierce hatred of rank;" that once Keats "covered his tongue and throat, as far as he could reach, with Cayenne pepper, in order to enjoy 'the delicious coolness of claret in all its glory;'" that, despite the painter's remonstrances, "he distrusted himself and flew to dissipation" and "for six weeks he was hardly ever sober;" that during his illness he was "enraged at his own feebleness, seemed as if he were going out of the world with a contempt for this, and no hopes of a better," that "he muttered as I stood by him that if he did not recover, he would 'cut his throat.'"¹⁰

This picture of the neurotic Keats is not pleasant to contemplate, and the exhibition of it might well be spared but for the need of correcting the idealized portrait enshrined in the

⁸ *English Men of Letters Series*, Keats, pp. 7, 8, 9.

⁹ Leigh Hunt, *Autobiography*, vol. II., chapter xvi.

¹⁰ B. R. Haydon, *Life, Letters and Table Talk*, p. 207, *et seq.*

eulogistic legend of Keats, the man. That same legend would have us believe that Keats was unaffected by the severe and largely unfair criticism—really, a bit of dirty politics—vented upon his *Endymion* by *Blackwood's* and *The Quarterly*; that Shelley in the *Adonais* and Byron in *Don Juan* and Severn in the inscription on Keats' grave were all in error in their assumption that the comminations of the reviewers practically killed the poet. Now, while the earlier opinion that Keats was "snuff'd out by an article" is manifestly an exaggeration, we are not so sure that his extreme sensitiveness to adverse criticism was not a contributory cause of his premature decline. Certain it is that the offensive epithet, "the Cockney School," "stuck like a barbed arrow in his heart."¹¹ His expression of truculent indifference to the opinion of the reviewers may be, as the proponents of the eulogistic legend protest, an evidence of his fearlessness and manly independence; but it may also be not unreasonably accepted as proof that the poet was whistling to keep up his courage. He was apprehensive even before the event. He has hopes of the non-appearance of the article in *Blackwood's*; he does not "mind it much," yet if he is to be abused as his friend Hunt had been abused, he feels that he must "call the writer to account." And later, in a despondent mood, he wonders if he should not "go to Edinburgh and study for a physician. . . It's not worse than writing poems, and hanging them up to be fly-blown on the Review shambles."¹²

Keats' tender love for his little sister, Fanny, is the one undimmed radiance in the story of his life. His letters to her have a tender charm. He chats with her about his daily doings and his prospects; he is mindful of her liking for toys and for sweetmeats; he is solicitous about her health and counsels her how to dress against the cold; he exerts himself to find a home for her reluctantly discarded dog. In his relations with this orphan sister John Keats is admirable, lovable. Hers was the one womanly influence which breathed an unalloyed benediction on his few and troubled days of mortal life.

Almost until the very end, Keats seemed to have been untouched by feminine charm. He who could reshape the surpassing comeliness of Venus and the Graces, he who so keenly responded to the picturesqueness of the Isis and the

¹¹ William Hazlitt, "On Living to One's Self."

¹² Letter xcii.

sublimity of the Scottish highlands, he who so passionately loved "the principle of beauty in all things," was inexplicably indifferent to the light that lies in woman's eyes. He could write to Taylor in August, 1819: "I equally dislike the favor of the public with the love of a woman. They are both cloying treacle to the wings of Independence." The sentiment would be most commendable in a monk; it is all but uncanny in a romantic poet, and events soon proved that Sir Galahad had already ridden to a fall.

Romeo was smitten with Rosaline ere he succumbed to Juliet's charms. Eight months before he professed his ascetic aloofness from the cloying treacle of feminine favor, Keats had recorded his impressions of a young lady from East India whom he met at the house of a friend: "She is not a Cleopatra, but she is at least a Charmian. She has a rich Eastern look; she has fine eyes and fine manners. When she comes into a room she makes an impression the same as the Beauty of a leopardess. . . . She kept me awake one night as a tune of Mozart's might do."¹⁸ The oriental Charmian was Keats' Rosaline; and less than a month later he met his tragedy and his Juliet in the person of Fanny Brawne.

In affairs of the heart there is no disputing about taste, so those cavilers are beside the point who insist that Fanny Brawne was distinguished neither for beauty nor for brains, that she did not and could not reciprocate the fervor of Keats' devotion, that his friends and hers agreed that the betrothal was ill-advised. With the character of the lady we are not here concerned. It is enough to know—say, rather, it is too much to know—that Keats, depleted of vitality, doomed to proximate death, sadly bruised if not wholly crushed in spirit, concentrated in his hectic affection for Fanny Brawne all the energy of his diseased nerves and all the ardor of his undisciplined heart.

It is too much to know; for I am one of those who maintain that the publication of Keats' letters to Fanny Brawne, by H. B. Forman in 1876, was not only an error in taste, but a positive breach of decency. Art has its reticences—or used to have; and artists are entitled to theirs. But the thing was done; the letters are here; they are inescapable; and inescapable, too, is the conviction one must form from their perusal that—even

¹⁸ Letter lxxiii.

after making generous allowances for the poet's physical illness and the fine frenzy of his love—the man who wrote them was utterly unbalanced, deplorably abased, the groveling, whimpering victim of emasculated and rachitic passion. They signalize the acme of neuroticism.

Such was Keats, the man. But another being—splendid, aspiring, in a sense incomparable—was Keats, the poet. Practically all his enduring verses were written within the brief space of two years; and they constitute a little volume, but a great book. English literature is a goodly and imposing fabric, the noblest and most variegated, truth to tell, in all the world; but English literature would be measurably poorer and thinner and duller, bereft of the products of Keats' enchanted loom. The opening line of *Endymion* has passed as a proverb into familiar speech; across the chasm of a century our spirits today are soothed and gladdened by the sonnet he wrote on the flyleaf of his beloved Shakespeare en route to Italy and his doom, with its exquisitely phrased delineation of

The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of cold ablution round earth's human shores;

the picture gallery of our imagination is enriched with many a glowing triumph of his inspired brush—Isabella in the forest intent upon her lovelorn quest; Clymene, her "eyes up-looking mild," in the melancholy council of the Titans; the dying glories of the autumn fields;

some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;

and, in poignant loveliness,

the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

Many another hundred years shall come and go ere those pictures lose their lustre or their matchless colors fade.

A detailed survey of Keats' poetry has no place in this brief retrospect. In Mr. E. de Selincourt's scholarly edition¹⁴ and Sir Sidney Colvin's latest book¹⁵ are garnered the assured

¹⁴ E. de Selincourt, *The Poems of John Keats*. 1905. The notes are of especial value.

¹⁵ Sir Sidney Colvin, *John Keats—His Life and Poetry, His Friends, Critics and After-Fame*. 1917.

facts and the reasoned conjectures anent its literary history. Let us content ourselves with some general considerations on the literary character and abiding worth of Keats' unique contribution to English song.

The extent of that contribution we cannot estimate unless, to begin with, we recognize its limitations. Amiel remarked that La Fontaine's lyre lacks the religious string. Keats' lyre lacks the religious string and the patriotic string, the string of vibrant, manly passion, the string that twangs with the zest of combat, the string that evokes, when touched by Goldsmith's stubby fingers, memories of rural sports and childhood's halloved joys; it lacks, too, the string of imaginative philosophizing, of speculation on the life of man suffused with pensive fancy. But, with all its lack of variety, how superbly Keats' lyre resounds with music of the spirit!

And yet, even while we thrill at the prospect of the stately temple of English speech reared by this truly "wonderful lad," even while we admire the dexterity he so often shows in the choice and arrangement of significant and suggestive words, even while the spell of his imagination transports us to faery seas forlorn, we are regretfully aware that his vision is kindled of a light that never was on sea or land, that his projections and embodiments of eternal beauty are not authentic revelations of human life and destiny, that the men and women who palely gleam amid the folds of his delicately woven tapestries are but idealized and unconvincing portraits of men and women as they are. The supreme literary artists are masters of word magic and framers of exalted dreams, and in these respects John Keats may claim comparison with the mightiest of them all. But the supreme literary artists are also and fundamentally revealers of human character, initiators into the mystery and complexity of life. Such are Shakespeare and Dante and Goethe, Virgil and Milton and Corneille; but such is not John Keats. That was the door to which he found no key.

Had Keats lived longer—alluring thought!—had Keats been enriched by ampler experience and reading and suffering, he might indeed have entered into the company of those truly immortal bards who are kings and priests and prophets of humanity. But his work must be estimated, not by its promise, but by its actuality. And as it stands it cannot rank with the

supreme literature of the world, for the one sufficient reason that its vital content is thin and its vital outlook narrow. He saw life steadily; he did not see it whole. True artist that he was, he himself perceived the lack, and looked forward to the day when his dim, chaotic perception of the truth of life might be strengthened and clarified:

What though I am not wealthy in the dower
Of spanning wisdom; though I do not know
The shiftings of the mighty winds that blow
Hither and thither all the changing thoughts
Of man; though no great ministering reason sorts
Out the dark mysteries of human souls
To clear conceiving; yet there ever rolls
A vast idea before me.

Keats' verses are not wholly lacking in intuitive perceptions of certain fundamental truths of life, not entirely devoid of expressions pregnant and bejeweled of human wisdom and human aspiration. He can appreciate

that severe content
Which comes of thought and musing;

he can recognize a familiar variant of "the insolence of office" in the person of the great man who is "only blind from sheer supremacy;" but, for all their melody and beauty and pictorial appeal, his verses are relatively barren of those nuggets of world wisdom eternal and sublime that may be so bountifully gleaned from the lavishly strewn pages of Homer and Shakespeare and the deep-eyed Florentine. A piece of literature rich in its vital content—a play like the *Ædipus Tyrannus*, a poem like *The Ring and the Book*—may be absorbed into one's life philosophy, and be made a guide to the formation of character and the shaping of conduct. To follow such a course with *Hyperion* or *Lamia* were as futile as to attempt to cross the Atlantic on a raft of reeds or to tunnel the Alps with a paper-knife.

Any conjecture as to what might have been the quality and extent of Keats' contribution to vital literature, had he been blessed with riper years and wider vision, must take into account his penchant for mythological themes and pre-Christian

world conditions. The nineteenth century English poet was all but exclusively concerned with wood nymphs and satyrs, pagan rites of marriage feast and harvest time, the legendary strife between the Titans and the Olympians. It is an extraordinary example of literary xenoglossy. His devotion to the pagan past and his discontent with the world in which he lived, are beautifully voiced in the lines of his famous dedication to Leigh Hunt:

Glory and loveliness have pass'd away;
For if we wander out in early morn,
No wreathed incense do we see upborne
Into the east, to meet the smiling day:
No crowd of nymphs soft-voic'd and young and gay,
In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,
Roses and pinks and violets to adorn
The shrine of Flora in her early May.

It was a clear recognition of the essential paganism of Keats' outlook on life that prompted Shelley to entitle his memorial dirge the *Adonais*, that inspired Mrs. Browning, in her *Vision of the Poets*, to eulogize Keats as the beloved of Venus and that wrung from Wordsworth the qualified praise that *Endymion* is "a pretty piece of paganism." And it was an error in taste and perception, usually unerring and keen, that led a more recent interpreter to characterize *The Eve of St. Agnes* as "a vision of beauty, deep, rich, and glowing as one of those dyed windows in which the heart of the Middle Ages still burns."¹⁶ For the heart of the Middle Ages, as even Carlyle could see, was that living, motivating Catholic faith the least suggestion of which is missing from Keats' gorgeous pagan idyl. Apart from its title, there is nothing Catholic in the poem.

And yet Mabie's comment suggests a searching, though elusive truth, for the paganism of Keats, like all the other paganism in modern literatures, is not the ancient paganism at all. In the course of his somewhat prosaic, but eminently sensible review, of Keats' poems, in *The Edinburgh Review* for August, 1820, Francis Jeffrey took occasion to observe: "There is something very curious, too, we think, in the way in which he, and Mr. Barry Cornwall also, have dealt with the pagan mythology, of which they have made so much use in

¹⁶ Hamilton Wright Mabie, *Essays in Literary Interpretation*, p. 255.

their poetry. Instead of presenting its imaginary persons under the trite and vulgar traits that belong to them in the ordinary systems, little more is borrowed from these than the general conception of their conditions and relations; and an original character and distinct individuality is bestowed upon them, which has all the merit of invention, and all the grace and attraction of the fictions on which it is engrafted.”¹⁷

As has been sagely remarked by a man who in his own work abundantly realized the possibilities of correlating poetry with religion, “the poetry of paganism is chiefly a modern creation.”¹⁸ To the denizens of the ancient world paganism was a sordid, chilling thing, like the cluttered and unswept stage of a modern theatre at ten o’clock in the morning; it was the English, French and German poets of more recent centuries—men who, so to say, loved the old gods as conceptions but did not worship them as divinities—that installed colored footlights and a calcium in the wings. Christianity wreaked a strange revenge on the rites she had supplanted; she destroyed their dominion over the souls of men, but preserved them as æsthetic garnishings in the new order of civilization. She converted the sacred trees into wayside crosses, the Pantheon into a Christian church; and to her sculptors and her poets she consigned the ancient divinities to touch them with a beauty hitherto unknown. And all unawares, Keats, willy nilly the child of centuries of Christian art and thought and living, carried on the traditional procedures and flooded the pallid statuary of the elder paganism with streams of rich and idealizing light.

But we remember Keats a hundred years after his death, not for his denatured paganism, but for the incomparable timbre of his singing voice, the splendor of his tones. To Wordsworth—whenever the Tiresias of Windermere deigns to write real poetry—we go for insight into nature, for a placid holiday amid rustic sights and sounds, for a corrective view of man set off against the background of stream and cliff and wold. To Browning we go in our unshaven moods to participate in a stag party of the spirit, and to ponder the disjointed and trenchant observations of our cryptic and penetrating

¹⁷ Francis Jeffrey, “Essays on English Poets and Poetry,” from *The Edinburgh Review*, p. 391.

¹⁸ Francis Thompson, “Paganism, Old and New.”

host. To Thompson we go when the soul, grown world-weary of bread and cheese and broken resolutions, demands rococo embellishments of eternal verities, and an æsthetic festival of waxen tapers and flowers drooping, heavy-eyed, in vases arabesque. But to Keats we go, rather than to any other English poet, when we yearn, not for philosophy or information, not for spiritual re-creation, but for some appeasement of our native hunger for beauty—beauty single and consonant and unalloyed.

For John Keats is eminently and unapproachably the poet of the beautiful in word and implication and spacious dream. Of the Ygdrasil of his universe, beauty was the flower and the fruit. He looked upon fine phrases like a lover. The poet in him sought thirstingly the elusive loveliness that permeates creation, the loveliness that even man's foulest perversions cannot wholly banish from the world, the loveliness which is the perfume of God's presence when He walked of old in the garden, and which still lingers in the works of His hands. In the contemplation of that beauty John Keats drank delight; in the expression and interpretation of that beauty John Keats tasted contentment and surcease. "I feel assured," he tells a friend, "I should write from the mere yearning and fondness I have for the beautiful, even if my night's labors should be burned every morning, and no eye ever shine upon them."¹⁹ Much has been written about Keats' theory of his art, about his technique of verse-making, about his philosophy of the beautiful in poetry and life. As appositely might we seek to formulate the æsthetic convictions of his own full-throated nightingale. Hence, literal-minded commentators and unimaginative pursuers of "scientific" research, metric surgeons with your scalpels and anæsthetics! Wretched fact-grubbing reincarnations of old Apollonius that ye are, has not the singer himself given you your convincing answer:

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?

Is the poetry of John Keats, the embodiment of his vision of the beautiful, the record of his never-ending pursuit of the beautiful, needed in this modern world a century after his

¹⁹ Letter lxxvi.

death? The bare fact that such a question can be asked, is cogent proof that the reply must be a categorical and emphatic affirmative. The forces of evil still wage war against God as Infinite Goodness and as Infinite Love; but, in even a more marked degree, do they seek to drive from men's minds and hearts the conception of God as Infinite Beauty. And too often the forces of evil are strangely abetted by the apostles of righteousness. The phylactery of the Pharisee may still be glimpsed in the marketplace, the rigorous ideal of the Jansenist has not spent its force, and the art-effacing whitewash still drips portentous from the Puritan's brush. With our hybrid architecture and our futurist art, with our popular music reverting to the Voodoo incantation and our popular literature exploiting salacious ugliness, blatant and unashamed, acute is our need for the poetry of John Keats to teach us the distinction between melody and noise, to convince us that the sensuous is not the sensual, to refresh our eyes with the vision of beauty, and lead our aching and reluctant feet unto the realms of gold. A renewed discernment of the reflection of God's Beauty in the world, a renewed realization of the possibilities of loveliness inherent in the very words we heedlessly toss hither and yon in our workaday lives, a renewed reverence for the evanescent pulchritude we glimpse in a glowing phrase or a sunset splendor, an organ cadence or a tempest's wail, an ocean vista or a woman's face—these are what come to us when we set foot within Keats' magic bower, these, and a strength-assuring sleep,

Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

And ours is no transient need. Even as the world shall always need the saint, so shall it always need the poet; both, working ever against seemingly insuperable odds, are destined in the Divine economy to bring mankind to the liberating truth. For Keats was right: Beauty *is* truth; truth, beauty. To recognize the validity of his contention we need have recourse neither to Plato and the *Timæus*, nor to Lessing and the *Laocoon*, nor to Cousin and his trinity of truth, beauty and goodness. "To the materialist philosopher," writes Amiel, "the beautiful is a mere accident. . . . To the spiritual philosopher the beautiful is the rule, the law, the universal founda-

tion of things. . . . Beauty is . . . a memento fallen from heaven to earth to remind us of the ideal world.”²⁰ A little learning scoffs; true wisdom is chastened—and adores.

One day, a hundred years ago, a carriage glided through the streets of Rome; and from the half open window the lustrous eyes of John Keats, set deep in a face upon which a mortal pallor had already fallen, caught a fleeting vision of the broken arches of the Coliseum. He who had sung so untiringly of the quest of beauty and, dying in his springtime, left a heritage of art, was vouchsafed a glimpse of the arena where martyrs, when the world was young, had perished for the cause of truth.

“Here lies one whose name was writ in water.” Yes, the passing of a hundred years has proved that prophecy untrue. The weakness, the weariness, perchance the bitterness of the man for the moment obscured the seerlike vision of the bard; and presently he died, his last days soothed by the sonatas of Haydn and the efflorescent prose of Jeremy Taylor, most poetical of English pulpiteers. Today another epitaph may better summarize his achievements, better signalize his fame. It is from his own *Hyperion*:

’Tis the eternal law
That first in beauty shall be first in might.

²⁰ *Amiel's Journal*, April 3, 1865.

THE LIFE'S WORK OF J. H. NEWMAN.

BY HERBERT LUCAS, S.J.

IV.

LATER CATHOLIC WRITINGS.



AFTER the collapse—at least so far as he himself was concerned—of the Irish University scheme, the shadows fell thick over Newman's life during a period of more than twenty years (1857-1879). The main items of the story have been already indicated, and need not be here repeated. But there were intervals during which the clouds broke and the clear daylight re-asserted itself. The year 1864 once more brought the distinguished Oxford convert prominently before the public eye, under circumstances which gained for him a full measure of sympathy alike from Catholics and from great numbers of his Protestant fellow-countrymen.

"At Christmas, 1863, there appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* a review by Charles Kingsley of J. A. Froude's *History of England*. In it occurred the following passage: 'Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not be, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or no, it is, at least, historically so.' Newman wrote to the publishers . . . 'to draw their attention as gentlemen to a grave and gratuitous slander.'"¹

What followed may be best summed up in Newman's own trenchant words. They are from a pamphlet published at the time:

Mr. Kingsley begins then by exclaiming: "O, the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it! There's Father Newman to wit: one living

¹ Ward, *Newman*, ii., p. 7.

specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He, a priest, writing of priests, tells us that lying is never any harm." I interpose: "You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where." Mr. Kingsley replies: "You said it, reverend Sir, in a sermon which you preached when a Protestant, as vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844. . ." I make answer: "Oh, not it seems, as a priest speaking of priests; but let us have the passage." Mr. Kingsley relaxes: "Do you know, I like your *tone*. From your *tone* I rejoice—greatly rejoice—to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said." I rejoin: "*Mean* it! I maintain I never *said* it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic." Mr. Kingsley replies: "I waive that point." I object: "Is it possible? What? Waive the main question? I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me—direct, distinct, public; you are bound to answer it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly, or to own you can't. "Well," says Mr. Kingsley, "if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it—I really will." "My word! I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my word that happened to be on trial. The word of a professor of lying that he does not lie!" But Mr. Kingsley reassures me. "We are both gentlemen," he says, "I have done as much as one gentleman can expect from another." I begin to see, he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said.²

It was, as all the world knows, this brief but lively passages of arms which gave occasion to that remarkable "History of My Religious Opinions," more commonly known as the *Apologia*, from which was derived the greater part of what has been told, in a former article, of Newman's life as an Anglican. Needless to say that, although its immediate purpose was the vindication of the author's personal sincerity, and of his unwavering fidelity to the truth, as he has seen it at each stage of the long process of his conversion, the work is, on far wider grounds, a human document of the deepest interest and of very real importance.

Six years were yet to elapse before the publication of Newman's next substantial work, *The Grammar of Assent*, which must now claim our attention. At first sight, it might

² A Correspondence with the Rev. Charles Kingsley, pp. 32, 33.

seem as though this book had proved an exception to Newman's practice (to which reference has clearly been made) of having always in view, in his writings, "the need of the moment." But it is an exception only in appearance. It was not, indeed, called forth by some special crisis, like that which was occasioned by the Gorham judgment, or by the outbreak of a violent "No Popery" agitation on the restoration of the hierarchy, nor again by some published attack on himself or on his fellow Catholics, as was the case with the *Apologia*, the "Letters" to Pusey and the Duke of Norfolk, and the reply to Principal Fairbairn in the *Contemporary Review*. Nevertheless, it was addressed to a very special and urgent need, not indeed of the moment alone, but of the age, to a need the sense of which may be said to have haunted him from the days of his recoil from that tendency to liberalism in theology of which mention has been made in a former article, down to the very end of his life. This was the need of the best defence that could be raised against the flood of unbelief and skepticism, the inroads of which, as has been said, he foresaw as clearly as it is possible for any one to envisage a general movement of the human mind.

Hence it had been his desire to devote his best years to the writing of a work, greater than any which he had hitherto attempted, on "Faith and Reason." And when he found this hope frustrated by other imperative demands on his time and attention, he set himself, in the *Grammar of Assent*, resolutely to deal with at least one particular aspect of the general problem, which, as he was deeply convinced, must, by all means, be faced. How far the attempt was successful is a question on which opinions have been, and probably always will be, sharply divided. But it can hardly be called in question that some at least of the more or less adverse judgments which have been passed on the book as a whole have been based on a misapprehension of the author's purpose and meaning. And criticism, such as he would have been the last to resent, provided only that it were fair, might well have been in a measure disarmed by the extreme modesty of the full title of the work. He calls it, in terms carefully and deliberately chosen, "An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent;" proclaiming thus its more or less tentative character, and his hope that, while not professing to be exhaustive, it may at least prove helpful. And

while many, the present writer among the number, would vindicate for it a far higher value than could be indicated by any words of "faint praise," no one, it may be hoped, would venture to dispute its claim to have fulfilled its purpose as, at the very least, an extremely suggestive "Essay." It is unquestionably one which emphasizes, in a manner which cannot fail to compel attention, certain aspects of what may be called "the process of faith," which had been somewhat lightly passed over in current treatises on Apologetics. But it is a book to be read and used, with due caution, rather by trained theologians than by the so-called "average reader," who might easily misunderstand certain portions of it, and find himself bewildered by others. Newman's message, as Dr. William Barry very truly writes, was "to the master rather than to the novice;" and to no work of his are these words more thoroughly applicable than to the *Grammar of Assent*.

In the book itself, after a lengthy and minute examination into the nature, respectively, of "apprehension," "inference," and "assent," the author devotes an important chapter (which may indeed be regarded as the kernel of the whole) to the consideration of what he calls "the Illative Sense," by which term he designates the faculty of reaching conclusions, and even of attaining to certainty, by means of implicit reasoning. It is, for instance, only as the result of a process of implicit reasoning, based ultimately on multitudinous human testimony, that those of us who have not crossed the Atlantic, believe, as an indisputable fact, in the existence of New York. Indeed, this kind of implicit reasoning may quite safely be said to be our chief guide through life.

Having established this point, which is indeed beyond dispute, he sets himself to solve, or to help others to solve, the problem to which the whole of the first portion of the work is intended to lead up. This problem, be it observed, is not, as some of his critics seem to have supposed: "What are the proofs of the existence of God, and of the fact of the Christian revelation, which are available for those who have the ability, the leisure, the good will to examine them systematically?" but the rather different question: "How are men, whether highly educated or more or less illiterate, *actually led, and quite reasonably led*, in the first place to that belief in a personal God which is the foundation of natural religion, and

secondly, towards faith in divine revelation, which is the basis of the Christian religion?" And, as the very best means, if not the only means, within his reach, of convincingly conducting this inquiry, he minutely analyzes and carefully ascribes his own mental processes, as the only one of which he has had personal experience. But he does this with the conviction that the religious experiences of other men will be found, by each one for himself, more or less closely to resemble his own; and that, therefore, this quasi-personal record will serve for the enlightenment and encouragement of others.

I begin [he says in the chapter on "Religious Inferences"] with expressing a sentiment which is habitually in my thoughts, whenever they are turned to the subject of mental or moral science, . . . *viz.*, that in these provinces of inquiry egotism is true modesty. In religious inquiry each of us can speak only for himself, and for himself he has a right to speak. His own experiences are enough for himself, but he cannot speak for others; he cannot lay down the law; he can only bring his own experiences to the common stock of psychological facts. He knows what has satisfied and satisfies himself; if it satisfies him it is likely to satisfy others; if, as he believes and is sure, it is true, it will approve itself to others also, for there is but one truth. And doubtless he does find in fact, that allowing for differences of mind and speech, what convinces him does convince others also . . . This being the case, he brings together his reasons, and relies on them, because they are his own, and this is his primary evidence; and he has a second ground of evidence, in the testimony of those who agree with him. But his best evidence is the former, which is derived from his own thoughts; and it is this which the world has a right to demand of him; and, therefore, his true sobriety and modesty consists, not in claiming for his conclusions an acceptance or a scientific approval which is not to be found anywhere, but in stating what are personally his own grounds for his belief in Natural and Revealed Religion—grounds which he holds to be so sufficient, that he thinks that others do hold them implicitly or in substance, or would hold them if they inquired fairly, or will hold if they listen to him, or do not hold from impediments, invincible or not as it may be, into which he has no call to inquire. However, his own business is to speak for himself.³

³ *Grammar of Assent*, pp. 384-386.

Now to object, as some have objected, to the use of the subjective method, as not scientific or systematic, is to miss the mark. It is to find fault with the author, not for having done ill what he set out to do, but for not having attempted something quite different; a line of criticism of which Newman more than once had experience. More specious is the objection that it can by no means be rightfully assumed that the interior religious experiences of the average man will, in any recognizable fashion, resemble those of the author. It might be urged that the mentality, for instance, of Horatio, of Laertes, or of the grave diggers in Shakespeare's play, did not differ more widely from that of Hamlet than does the mentality of the man in the street, with his varying degrees of knowledge or ignorance, from that of Newman himself. Newman would reply, I think, that what really differentiates men in their attitude towards religious truth is not so much the varieties of intellectual ability, or equipment, as the presence or absence of good will and fidelity to conscience; and that where good will and real earnestness are found, the mental processes of the learned and the unlearned will be found to be quite strikingly analogous.

Be this as it may, it is time to pass to the substance of the latter portion of the book, as distinct from its professed method. Men are led, says Newman in effect, both to belief in God and towards faith in the divine revelation, by a multitude of considerations which it would be impossible adequately to set forth in the guise of formal arguments, and which do not—any more than our reasons for believing in the existence of New York—present themselves in that guise to the mind; considerations, moreover, no one of which, taken apart, would—as presented to the mind of the average man—be sufficient to produce certainty, but which actually and quite reasonably produced certainty by their cumulative weight, or rather by virtue of their convergence. Now in dealing with this matter very great caution is necessary. The proposition that “faith ultimately rests on a congeries of probabilities” has been condemned as a modernist error. And it is no matter for surprise that some should have seen—or wished to see—in this condemnation an authoritative judgment adverse to Newman himself. Fortunately, however, it has been no less authoritatively declared that no condemnation of Newman

was intended. And a little attention to Newman's own exposition of the matter should have been enough to make it clear that the condemned proposition is not his.

As has been already implied, he regards the "probable" considerations in question, not as though they were separate, independent, unrelated, like the sticks in a bundle or the stones in a heap (which is the true connotation of the word "congeries"), but rather like the rays of light which a lense brings to a focus. The separate rays would not have been strong enough to kindle the tiniest spark, but in virtue of their convergence they are capable of starting a conflagration. Again, when Newman speaks of single considerations as "probable," he is assessing not what may be called their objective validity, but rather their actual force, as, taken singly, they commonly present themselves to the individual mind. My present concern, it will be understood, is not to prove that Newman was right (though I happen to believe that he was right), but only to make it clear that he did not fall into the theological error which has been imputed to him.

To pass, again, to another point, it has been made a matter of reproach against Newman, not only that, in dealing with the ground of men's belief in a personal God, he lays stress, too exclusively as it has seemed to some, on the witness of conscience, to the comparative neglect of certain other arguments which he seems to undervalue, but also that he attributes to this interior witness a more imperative and far-reaching evidential cogency than it can rightly claim.

According to the current text-books, and, be it added, according to the common sense view of the matter, the proofs of the existence of God may be briefly and crudely indicated thus: The existence of the visible world postulates a Creator; the order and design manifested in creation and the possession of intellect by man postulates a wise Creator; and finally conscience, supported by the common consent of the better part of mankind, bears testimony to what, for lack of better terms, we must call His moral attributes. But it is just this course of argument that Newman's treatment at first sight seems to invert. Yes, seems, but only seems. Of all that is contained or implied in the summary just given, Newman is careful to call no single point in question; but he holds, rightly or wrongly, that if the unwritten record of the religious experiences of

mankind could be laid bare before us, it would be found that, as a rule, men are led to God rather by the inward promptings and admonitions of conscience, than by any argument consciously and explicitly drawn from the outwardly visible creation, even though such arguments are implicitly involved in the considerations which move them. The difference between Newman and his critics turns, I think (though his critics have been slow to perceive that it is so), rather on a question of psychological fact than of theological doctrine or opinion.

At any rate, whatever may be thought of Newman's estimate of the evidential value of the witness of conscience, it is impossible not to admire and be thankful for all that he has written, in a great variety of places, on the nature and action of conscience in its relation to conduct. The four leading ideas that seem to run through all that he has to tell us on this subject would seem to be (1) that of the awful majesty of conscience as the voice of God in the soul; (2) the urgent danger lest that divine voice be either unheard or counterfeited; (3) the no less urgent and consequent need that the individual conscience should be strengthened and guided by some external and authoritative influence; and (4) the truth that the Catholic Church is the divinely appointed means and organ whereby this necessary guidance and support is supplied. It would not, perhaps, be easy to illustrate these four points from Newman's writings precisely in the order in which they have been here given, but the remembrance of them may help the reader to gather something better than a merely general impression from the passages presently to be quoted, and which may be further prefaced by a few more words of introduction.

Conscience, then, is a voice, the voice of God in the soul, and therefore of itself, or objectively, of supreme dignity; but it is on the other hand a voice that whispers rather than clamors, a voice to which, if we are not habitually attentive, we may easily grow deaf, a whisper which, if we are not on our guard, is all too easily outvoiced either by the domineering self-assertion of cold reason, or by the peremptory mandates of human society, or by the storms and hurricanes of passion, or yet again insidiously counterfeited (as has been said) by something which only speciously and superficially resembles it; as mere self-willed private judgment resembles

it on the side of personal individuality, and human laws or conventions, and the human respect thence arising, on the side of a spurious sense of obligation, such as is the imagined obligation to conform to a man-made code of honor.

And now let us hear Newman himself, the splendid exuberance of whose style must afford an excuse for somewhat freely abbreviating several of the passages to be quoted.

The Divine Law [he writes] is the rule of ethical truth, the standard of right and wrong, a sovereign, irreversible, absolute authority in the presence of men and Angels. This law, as apprehended in the minds of individual men, is called "conscience;" and, though it may suffer refraction in passing into the intellectual medium of each, it is not thereby so affected as to lose its character of being the Divine Law, but still has, as such, the power of commanding obedience.

Hence it is never lawful to go against conscience, even though our conscience should be inculpably erroneous.

This view of conscience, I know, is very different from that ordinarily taken of it both by the Science and Literature and by the public opinion of the day. It is founded on the doctrine that conscience is the voice of God, whereas it is fashionable on all hands now to consider it in one way or another a creation of man. By conscience, we mean the voice of God in the nature and heart of man as distinct from the voice of Revelation. It is a principle planted within us, before we have had any training, though such training, and experience, is necessary for its strength, growth, and due formation. It holds of God, and not of man, as an Angel walking on the earth would be no citizen or dependent of the Civil Power. Conscience is not a long-sighted selfishness, nor a desire to be consistent with oneself; but it is a message from Him Who, both in nature and in grace, speaks to us behind a veil, and teaches and rules us by His representatives. Conscience is the aboriginal Vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas, and, even though the eternal priesthood throughout the Church could cease to be, in it the sacerdotal principle would remain and would have sway.⁴

Words like these [he goes on] are like empty verbiage

⁴ "Letter to the Duke," etc., in *Difficulties of Anglicans*, ii., pp. 246-249.

to the great world of philosophy now. All through my day there has been a resolute warfare, I had almost said conspiracy, against the rights of conscience, as I have described it. We are told that conscience is but a twist in primitive and untutored man; that its dictate is an imagination; that the very notion of guiltiness, which that dictate enforces, is simply irrational, for how can there possibly be freedom of will, how can there be consequent responsibility, in that infinite eternal network of cause and effect in which we helplessly lie? And what retribution have we to fear, when we have had no real choice to do good or evil? So much for the philosophers; now let us see what is the notion of conscience in the popular mind. There, too, the idea of the presence of a Moral Governor is far away from the use of it, frequent and emphatic as that use of it is. When men advocate the rights of conscience, they in no sense mean the rights of the Creator, nor the duty to Him, in thought and deed of the creature, but the right of thinking, speaking, writing, and acting, according to their judgment and humor, without any thought of God at all. It is the right of self-will.⁵

But other passages, which I would willingly quote did space allow, must give place to two from *The Idea of a University*, which have been well chosen by Mr. Ward to illustrate Newman's dread lest that very acquisition of knowledge which he was so eager to promote should become a snare, by setting up, as it were, a rival to conscience.

You will observe [he writes] that those higher sciences of which I have spoken—Morals and Religion—are not represented to the intelligence of the world by intimations and notices strong and obvious, such as those which are the foundation of Physical Science. The physical nature lies before us, patent to the sight, ready to the touch, appealing to the senses. . . . But the phenomena which are the basis of morals and religion have nothing of this luminous evidence. Instead of being obtruded upon our notice so that we cannot possibly overlook them, they are the dictates either of Conscience or of Faith. They are faint shadows and tracings, certain indeed, but fragile and almost evanescent, which the mind recognizes at one time and not at another—discerns when it is calm, loses when it is in agitation. . . . Who can deny the existence of Conscience?

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 249, 250.

who does not feel the force of its injunctions? but how dim is the illumination with which it is invested, and how feeble its influence, compared with that evidence of sight and touch which is the foundation of Physical Science. How easily can we be talked out of our clearest views [or convictions] of duty? How does this or that moral precept crumble into nothing when we rudely handle it! How does the fear of sin pass off from us as quickly as the glow of modesty dies away from the countenance! and then we say: "It is all superstition!" However, after a time we look round, and then to our surprise we see, as before, the same law of duty, the same moral precepts, the same protests [of the conscience] against sin, appearing over against us in their old places as though they had never been brushed away, like the Divine handwriting upon the wall at the banquet. Then, perhaps, we approach them rudely and inspect them irreverently, and accost them skeptically, and away they go again, like so many spectres. . . And thus those awful, supernatural, bright, majestic, delicate apparitions, much as we may in our hearts acknowledge their sovereignty, are no match as a foundation of Science for the hard palpable material facts which make up the Province of Physics.⁶

These words, from the last of Newman's Dublin Lectures, were spoken in the School of Medicine, and testify, as has been said, to the lecturer's keen anxiety lest the toxic poison of Materialism should weaken the faith and deaden the conscience of his hearers.

He could, of course, be no less eloquent on dangers to faith and conscience proceeding from quite different quarters, from the manifold influence of "this vain, unprofitable, yet overbearing world," from "so magnificent, so imposing a presence, as that of the great Babylon;" from the world which "professes to supply all that we need, as if we were sent into it for the sake of being sent, and for nothing beyond the sending;" from "this august world" to which "it is a great favor to have an introduction."⁷ But what follows may be more to the present purpose.

"What then," asks Mr. Ward, after quoting the passage already given from the Dublin Lecture, "what then is the force which will give to these 'apparitions' " of faith and conscience

⁶ *Idea of a University*, pp. 514, 515. Cf. Ward, *Newman*, i., pp. 413, 414.

⁷ *Discourses to Mixed Congregations* (Ed. 1849), p. 112.

"the permanence and stability they need if they are to be our stay in life, if we are to feel their reality as we feel the world of sense to be real; if we are to rest on them as the foundation of our hopes for the future?" To this question the answer is that "the Church, which by her liturgy and theology, and by the constant preaching of her ministers, keeps those truths energetically before us and represents them as ever-living principles of action, is here our great support."⁸

That great institution, then, the Catholic Church [continues Newman] has been set up by Divine Mercy as a present, visible antagonist, and the only possible antagonist, to sight and sense. Conscience, reason, good feeling, the instincts of our moral natures, the tradition of Faith, the conclusions and deductions of philosophical [or "natural"] Religion, are no match at all for the stubborn facts . . . which are the foundation of physical science. Gentlemen, if you feel, as you must feel, the whisper of the law of moral truth within you, and the impulse to believe, be sure there is nothing whatever on earth which can be the sufficient champion of these sovereign authorities of your soul, which can vindicate and preserve them to you and make you loyal to them, but the Catholic Church. You fear they will go, you see with dismay that they are going, under the continual impression created on your mind by the details of the material science to which you have devoted your lives. It is so—I do not deny it; except under rare and happy circumstances, go they will, unless you have Catholicism to back you up in keeping faithful to them. The world is a rough antagonist of spiritual truth; sometimes with mailed hand, sometimes with pertinacious logic, sometimes with a storm of irresistible facts, it presses on against you. What it says is true, perhaps, as far as it goes, but it is not the whole truth, or the most important truth. Those more important truths which the natural heart admits in substance though it cannot [of its own strength] maintain [against such adversaries] of these the Church is in matter of fact the undaunted and the only defender. She is ever the same—ever young and vigorous, and ever overcoming new errors with the old weapons. Catholicism is the strength of Religion as Science and System are the strength of [physical] Knowledge.⁹

⁸ Ward, *Newman*, 1., p. 414. Cf. *Last Lectures*, p. 29.

⁹ *Idea*, etc., pp. 515, 516.

Alas, that these eloquent and impassioned accents were heard no more in the lecture halls of Dublin.

I have allowed myself, not unwillingly, to be led aside from the consideration of the *Grammar of Assent* to the quotation of passages not taken from that work, though bearing on topics cognate to its subject matter. But I cannot take leave of it altogether without paying a tribute of most cordial admiration to its concluding section, in which Newman deals at length, in his most trenchant style, with the "five reasons" advanced by the cynical and infidel historian, Gibbon, as accounting on merely natural grounds, for the spread of Christianity.

Under stress of limited space, I must needs be content briefly to mention some others among the latest works of the veteran controversialist.

In 1866 there appeared, from the pen of Dr. E. B. Pusey, a lengthy pamphlet, strangely entitled *An Eirenicon* (i. e., "A Message of Peace") in which the author vigorously attacked Catholic devotion to Our Lady, especially as represented or reflected in that once well-known book of popular piety, *The Glories of Mary*, by St. Alphonsus Ligouri. Newman, in his reply, has of course no difficulty in showing that the Catholic faith does not commit us to an unqualified approval, or adoption, of what some would regard as the occasionally perfervid phraseology of the book, or to a credulous acceptance of the ill-authenticated legends which are to be found within its covers. The "Letter to Dr. Pusey" was, it will be understood, published four years before the *Grammar of Assent*; but I have reserved mention of it till now as being fitly coupled with the "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk," which appeared in 1875. The occasion of the last-named pamphlet was as follows: In 1873, three years after the Vatican definition of Papal Infallibility, Mr. Gladstone had received a serious political set-back in the rejection of an Irish University Bill. Irritated by this unlooked for disappointment, due to the influence of the Catholic Bishops of Ireland, Mr. Gladstone published his *Vaticanism in Its Relation to the Duty of Civil Allegiance*. It was to this outburst of petulant bigotry that Newman replied in the above-named "Letter." This is a work which, as protesting against the identification of particular theological opinions with the faith of the Catholic Church, presents a close analogy with the

"Letter to Dr. Pusey."¹⁰ But the right place for its discussion would be in the course of a connected account of the Vatican definition, such as plainly cannot be attempted here. And of the controversy with Dr. Fairbairn, which was the occasion of Cardinal Newman's last appearance in print, at the age of eighty-four, space will not allow me to speak.

[THE END.]

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

BY THOMAS A. LAHEY, C.S.C.

"THE harp that once thro' Tara's hall
The soul of music shed,"
Has slumbered long on Tara's walls,
But oh, it is not dead.
The throbs to which it once had leaped
Have lapsed in silence long,
But 'tis because its strings were steeped
In grief too deep for song.

But Hope has touched away the tears
And Erin rises now,
The white dawn of the coming years
Upon her virgin brow;
And lo, a thousand pulsing strings
Have caught the throb that thrills
The new born Irish heart that sings
Among the Emerald hills.

Oh harp by sorrow soothed to sleep,
A lilting Irish cry
Has made your pulse again to leap
In songs that will not die.
No more, sweet harp, shall music dare
To live from thee apart,
For ye shall live—a wedded pair—
Within the Irish heart.

¹⁰ Both "Letters" have been republished in *Difficulties of Anglicans*, vol. II.

THE POETRY OF THE PETREL.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

I have seen a snowy petrel, arising, poise
Above the green-sloped wave, then pass forevermore
From keenest sight.—*William Sharp, "Oceanus."*



USUALLY, however, a petrel does not pass forevermore from keenest sight, but remains in plain view, with broad whirlings and coastings that are the poetry of motion. At will, the bird can make a mile a minute, but usually its flight is airy and flickering, more like that of a butterfly than of an ordinary bird. Its characteristic position is this "poise above the green-sloped wave," like a bit of the wave itself suspended in air.

Pied petrels coursed about the sea,
And skimmed the billows dexterously;
Sank with each hollow, rose with every hill,
So close, yet never touched them till
They seized their prey with rapid bill,

says Alfred Domett in "The Gulf of St. Lawrence." This hovering poise has a utilitarian motive, being a method of procuring food. Yet it is grace itself and whoever, or whatever, can equal it has reached perfection of its kind. Bryant has used this idea very aptly in "The Arctic Lover:"

The petrel does not skim the sea
More swiftly than my oar.

Strictly speaking, there is no "snowy petrel," as the plumage is chiefly dark above and below, though some have white breasts and all have areas of white here and there about the plumage. Of the seventy or more recognized species, the three small petrels called Stormy Petrels, or Mother Carey's Chickens, are the best known. There are the True Stormy Petrel, Leach's Petrel, and Wilson's, named from the great ornithologist. All are of a sooty brown, with a white patch, or "snowflake," at the base of the tail. Mr. H. E. Parkhurst finds a beautiful comparison in the colors and habits of these children of the sea:

"A vanishing and ever distant living mystery, with minute dusky form, white spotted, dashing tirelessly above the sea, it is an exquisite symbol of the dark waves, crested with white, that are ever sweeping on, age after age, in restless flight."

Far off the Petrel in the troubled way
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.

—George Crabbe.

Petrel means "Little Peter." Because these birds run with closed wings upon the surface of the water, or hover with spread wings just above it, someone has made the poetical comparison to St. Peter walking upon the Sea of Gennesareth, hence the name:

Named wert thou, that walkest the water, from the impetuous
saint of yore—

Peter—who by faith would gladly step with trembling human feet
On the Lord's own shining pathway, there his gracious Lord to
greet.

Fear not. He Whose touch upheld the Apostle's life in Galilee
Gave thy wings, strong and sustaining, O thou wandering bird,
to thee.—Lady Lindsay, "*The Stormy Petrel*."

The birds are well named "Stormy," because they not only resemble flakes of foam cast off by the dashing waves, but because the higher the wind and more agitated the sea, the more abundant and lively they are:

Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms;
On the top of the wave you may see their forms;
They run and dive, and they whirl and fly,
Where the glittering foam-spray breaks on high;
And against the force of the strongest gale
Like phantom ships they soar and sail.

—Park Benjamin, "*The Stormy Petrel*."

There are several different suppositions as to the origin of the term, Mother Carey's Chickens, for these small petrels, and of Mother Carey's Hens for the larger kinds. It is said that the name is a corruption of Cartaret, whose sailors named the birds in honor of their captain. Another explanation states that "Carey" is from the Latin *cara*, dear, the bird being under

the protection of dear mother nature, or of Mary, the Mother. Still another notion is that Mother Carey was a witch with ability to make storms rise at command, and that the sailors named the bird for her, hoping the compliment would avert storms, or else in compliment to the bird's ability to prophesy storms. For, because of their abundance just before or during a storm, seamen often believe, or say, that the birds bring bad weather.

Alexander Wilson says of this superstition: "Habited in mourning, and making their appearance generally in greater numbers previous to or during a storm, they have long been fearfully regarded by the ignorant and superstitious, not only as the foreboding messengers of tempests and dangers to the hapless mariner, but as wicked agents connected, somehow or other, in creating them. 'Nobody,' say they, 'can tell anything of where they come from or how they breed,' though (as sailors sometimes say) it is supposed that they hatch their eggs under their wings as they sit on the water. This mysterious uncertainty has doubtless given rise to the opinion so prevalent among this class of men, that they are, in some way or other, connected with that personage who has been styled The Prince of the Powers of the Air. In every country where they are known, their names have borne some affinity to this belief. They have been called Witches, Stormy Petrels, The Devil's Birds, Mother Carey's Chickens, probably from some celebrated ideal hag of that name. Their unexpected and numerous appearance has frequently thrown a momentary damp over the mind of the hardiest seamen."

Lady Lindsay reverts to this:

Harbinger of death and danger, o'er the darkly furrowed sea,
Rides the Stormy Petrel, telling where the gathered whirlwinds be.
Bird of Fate! whom we should welcome, counting thee as truly
 blest,
For thy tidings and thy warnings timely brought from east or
 west,
Knowest not that an ill-tongued prophet is by all men deemed
 accurst—
He that soonest cries disaster, he that sees far doom the first?

To collect in numbers before a storm is not proper to Petrels alone; gulls, swallows, and other sea and land birds feel the change of weather and unconsciously foretell it by

their actions. In reality, the storm brings the birds. Alexander Wilson explains why they seek out a ship: "It appears that the seeds of the Gulf-weed—so common and abundant in this part of the ocean, floating perhaps a little below the surface, and the barnacles with which ships' bottoms usually abound, being both occasionally thrown up to the surface by the action of the vessel through the water in blowing weather, entice these birds to follow in the ships' wake at such times: and not, as some have suggested, merely to seek shelter from the storm, the greatest violence of which they seem to disregard. There is also the greasy dish-washings and other oily substances thrown over by the cook, on which they feed with avidity, but with great good-nature, their manners being so gentle that I have never observed the slightest appearance of quarreling or dispute among them."

The bird's note is a faint, chirping, rather wailing *weet-weet*, uttered as it skims buoyantly over the water or runs nimbly about patting the tops of the waves with its webbed feet.

No song-note have we, but a piping cry
That blends with the storm when the wind is high,
When the land-birds quail
We sport the gale,
And merrily over the ocean we sail.—*Anon.*

Petrel is a true child of the sea, with the strength and endurance that a life on the ocean demands. Wilson tells of one with a broken quill feather that followed his ship for nearly a week, a distance of four hundred miles in those days. "The length of time these birds remain on the wing is surprising," he says. "As soon as it was light enough in the morning to perceive them, they were found roaming about as usual, and I have often sat in the boat which was suspended by the ship's stern, watching their movements until it was so dark the eye could no longer follow them, though I could still hear their low note of *weet-weet*, as they approached the vessel below me."

Hovered all day in our sluggish wake
The wonderful petrel's wing,
Following, following, ever afar
Like the love of a human thing.
—*Howard Glyndon.*

Night has no terrors for a bird that can ride out the severest storm in safety, and, after sporting with the waves all day, Stormy Petrel settles to rest with a white-cap for his pillow and his wing for a nightcap. Mist and foam and spray cannot touch him, for his thick oily plumage is a protecting "slicker," while his long legs are encased in high boots, guaranteed not to leak.

Up and down!—up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air
And only seekest her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

—Barry Cornwall.

Stormy Petrel almost never lands except in June, when she seeks a rocky shore or desolate ocean island to build a nest and brood the single egg she deposits there. The nesting is in colonies, sometimes thousands of birds together. Such a colony is an interesting place on a warm evening, when the immense numbers of birds assembled there sport about over the rocks and sandy shores, chattering in faint, husky voices. Occasionally, however, very unpleasant accidents cause them to be found in places not at all suited to their wandering nature, as Florence Hendrickson records in "Lines on a Stormy Petrel Found Dying in Kensington Gardens:"

He flew long miles over barren lands
Driven ashore by the stormy seas,
From the purple crags and the golden sands,
From foam and freedom and fresh salt breeze;
Into a city of gloom and smoke,
With its roar of wheels for the ocean's roar,
Where the air is heavy and foul fogs choke,
But what does it matter—one victim more?

And Theodore Watts has written an "Ode to Mother Carey's Chicken," hanging in a cage on a cottage wall.

Gaze not at me, my poor unhappy bird;
That sorrow is more than human in thine eye;
Too deep already is my spirit stirred
To see thee here, child of the sea and sky,
Coop'd in a cage with food thou canst not eat,
Thy snowflake soiled, and soiled those conquering feet
That walked the billows, while thy sweet-sweet-sweet
Proclaimed the tempest nigh.

It is said that sailors are very careful not to molest Little Peter, fearing harm may come to the ship, or to themselves. Possibly it is affection rather than superstition that dictates their attitude toward these friendly little fellow voyagers. The passengers certainly welcome the Little Peters as an interesting and entertaining bit of life on an otherwise desolate sea; an ocean voyage would not be half as pleasant without the company of the little birds.

"Ever flapping its winglets, I have marked the little bird," says Audubon, "dusky all over save a single spot, the whiteness of which contrasts with the dark hue of the waters and the deep tone of the clear sky. Full of life and joy, it moves to and fro, advances toward the ship, then shoots far away, gambols over the swelling waves, dives into their hollows, and twitters with delight as it perceives an object that will alleviate its hunger. Never fatigued, the tiny Petrels seldom alight, although at times their frail legs and feet seem to touch the crest of the foaming wave."

Here ran the stormy petrels on the waves,
As though they were the shadows of themselves,
Reflected from a loftier flight through space.

—James Montgomery, "*Pelican Island*."

New Books.

TWENTY CURES AT LOURDES MEDICALLY DISCUSSED. By Dr. F. de Grandmaison de Bruno, translated by Dom Hugo G. Bevinot, O.S.B., A.M., and Dom Luke Izard, O.S.B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., with a preface by Sir Bertrand Windle, M.D., Sc.D., F.R.S. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.60.

This admirable translation of an excellent book will be found full of interest for Catholics; for inquirers into Catholicism; for students of the art of healing and of the laws of evidence; for scientists; and for all who believe in the supernatural, and in the many manifestations of the Providence of God.

The book is written by a physician, one jealous for the integrity of medical standards in pronouncing on conditions of disease or healing. In the first eighteen chapters will be found the history of each case: this comprises the certificates of the physicians, often categorical in detail, with regard to the existing disease; the precise reports of the cure; a discussion of the arguments for and against the miraculous element in the healing; and the after history of the case. This is done in the well-ordered, balanced, and impartial fashion of a paper to be read before a medical assembly, or a report contributed to a medical journal. Only a physician, as Sir Bertram Windle says in his preface, can appreciate the care to be found in the examinations and dissection of these cases. In Dr. Grandmaison's own preface he states: "I have set aside all considerations other than the medical; I have examined solely the clinical factor in the cures."

Following the detailed report, comes a summarization of the cures in chronological order. Next, an investigation of the characteristics common to all the cures discussed, which are those common to miraculous cures in general, namely: (1) the rapidity of the cure; (2) the simplicity or even nullity of the curative agent; (3) the coincidence of the cure with prayer or some manifestation of piety. Each separate cure is now shown, as before a medico-legal tribunal, to have fulfilled these conditions. Finally, the objections which are advanced in general against the miracles of healing at Lourdes are convincingly shown to be fallacious. Indeed, many of these objections are so self-evidently shortsighted or prejudiced that we admire the patient tolerance shown in their refutation.

Though the book is written in the language of scientific medi-

cine, its clarity of style brings it well within the comprehension of the ordinary reader. So full of interest is it that we cannot forbear to mention a few of the many pieces of information to be gained from it, difficult though it is to choose. For instance, readers are told of the severe methods of examination employed by the *Bureau des Constatations*; of the interrogations and examinations needed to fill a "dossier" for filing in the archives; of the number of physicians who yearly visit Lourdes, more than eight hundred, to whom all records are open, and to whom examination of current cases is permitted. They will learn that admission to Lourdes in the case of the sick poor is granted only when the disease has been pronounced incurable; and withheld from those suffering from hysteria. Also, readers will be interested, and disgusted, to learn of the many deliberate and malicious falsifications employed by Zola in his novel on *Lourdes*, here completely exposed.

MEDICINA PASTORALIS. *In Usum Confessariorum et Curiarum Ecclesiasticarum.* By Ioseph Antonelli Sac, Naturalium Scientiarum Doctore ac Professore. Volume III. Editio Quarta. New York: Frederick Pustet Co.

This revised and enlarged edition of Father Antonelli's *Pastoral Medicine*, makes an excellent work of reference for those interested in the serious scientific questions connected with what has been so well called *Medicina Pastoralis*—Medicine for Pastors.

The first volume contains an admirable compendium of the knowledge necessary to understand the anatomy and physiology that must be discussed in pastoral medicine. It is beautifully and adequately illustrated by some twenty-five colored plates and other cuts, all genuinely helpful to those unfamiliar with important details of anatomy.

The first part of the second volume contains physiological questions relating to the First, Fifth and Sixth Commandments. The second part, the pastoral medicine of the sacraments of Baptism and Matrimony. The third discusses the medical questions relating to abstinence and fasting, and the fourth concerns the pastoral care of people who are gravely ill or dying, and questions with regard to the dead which knowledge of anatomy and physiology may help the priest to solve. One might take exception to a tendency in this volume to exaggerate the significance of the physical evils which may result from certain violations of the Sixth Commandment. The opinions expressed are those of physicians, as a rule, and even of special authorities on the subjects, but it would have been well worth while to recognize

some more conservative views. We cannot scare people into being better or influence them for good by setting up a bogey whose features are a caricature, rather than a portrait.

The third volume contains the constitution of Pope Benedict XIV., *Dei miseratione*, together with the instructions of the Sacred Congregations and the Holy Office referring to the trial of cases for the declaration of the nullity of matrimony which has been solemnized but not consummated. It gives examples of matrimonial cases, tried under these decrees and instructions, which are illuminating for those who are practically interested in this subject.

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL. By the Rev. Peter Green, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.25.

The Problem of Evil is as old as man's philosophizing. Zoroaster speculated on the existence of evil in the world in 2500 B. C. Men have been wrestling with the problem ever since: they have become, now Dualists, now Fatalists, according as they have failed to see the compatibility of an All Good Supreme Being with a universe of His creation which admitted of moral and physical evil.

Christian teaching, of course, has not been unmindful of this centuries'-old difficulty. Christian teaching, while never attempting to answer all the "whys" of the permissions of Omnipotence, while always remembering that the ways of God are, in much, mysterious and incomprehensible to man, has nevertheless faced the problem of evil squarely, and insisted that there is no incompatibility between the existence of an All Perfect God and moral evil in the universe, since moral evil is the result of man's free choice, and free choice is of the very nature of man. Christian teaching has its answers, too, for those who see incompatibility in the existence of God, and of physical or metaphysical evil in His universe, although to give these answers here would take us too far afield.

During the course of the last few years this old problem has reasserted its claim to the world's attention. The distresses and sufferings attendant on the World War brought forth a deal of new literature on the old problem. Canon Green's book is the latest arrival, and one of the most welcome to the arena of discussion.

One uses the word "welcome" here in a limited sense. One welcomes the Canon's book, if for no better reason, at least for its announced purpose in its sub-title that it is "an attempt to show that the existence of sin and pain in the world is not inconsistent

with the goodness and power of God." In a literature which includes much that is agnostic, hysterical and even blasphemous, a book with Canon Green's frank thesis is a relief.

It is quite true that the Canon's book is now over-subjective, again, "sufficiently vague to mean anything," at other times rather far-fetched theologically (see for example chapter seven, "A Theory of the Fall"), and so on; nevertheless, the main argument of the book as outlined in the introductory chapter, the square stand for a real freedom of the will, and the sane views expressed in the concluding chapter on the Social Problem are refreshing oases in the mass of recent war-hysteria literature on the problem of evil.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PENTATEUCH. A New Solution by Archæological Methods. By Melvin George Kyle, D.D., LL.D. Oberlin, Ohio: Bibliotheca Sacra Co.

In view of the recent decision of the Holy Office on the Pentateuchal problem, it is a source of a great deal of satisfaction to read the latest scholarly work on this interesting topic from the pen of Dr. M. G. Kyle. The work shows careful study, close reasoning, and deep erudition. The Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch is, in this volume, demonstrated from the varied and progressive forms of legislation. The author finds in the Pentateuch certain comprehensive technical legal terms, used for groups of laws and placed at the beginning of the group which they designate. These three groups are "Judgments," "Statutes," "Commandments." The last term is not used as exclusively in a technical sense as the first two. Judgments are decisions of judges that have become a common law and of general knowledge. They usually concern things that are evil in themselves. Statutes are statutory regulations, directions, laws of procedure, regulations in religious ceremonials, social activity of Israel. Commandments, when used in the technical sense, refer to the Decalogue, but the term is frequently used in a more general sense. Long tables of references are given in support of this view.

Different literary forms are employed for these three classes of laws. The mnemonic is characteristic of Judgments. They constituted the common law, were passed from mouth to mouth, were memorized by judges: Moses eventually collected them—to form a divinely authorized code in the Pentateuch. They are expressed in brief, terse, often rhythmic language.

Statutes concern matters, unfamiliar, destined for specialists; they refer to the Ceremonial Law, the construction of the Tabernacle, description of the priests' vestments, directions concerning

feasts. The descriptive literary form is most suitable for this purpose.

Deuteronomy differs from the other books of the Pentateuch in literary style and form. The laws in this book are the same as given and recorded in preceding books, but they are here summarized; the addresses of Moses to the people assume the form of the review lectures. Additions are made to laws, but they have in view the early entrance of Israelites into the Promised Land. The hortatory form of expression is used by Moses in these public addresses to stir up the people to a more lively conception of the laws already given, and to prepare them for their life in the Land of Promise. Bearing in mind the various kinds and uses of the laws, it is not necessary to resort to the documentary theory for their interpretation. The same legislators will, under these varying circumstances, employ a different style, and various forms of expression which will be suitable for such occasions.

Chronological difficulties exist in the Pentateuch—but many of them are the creation of the documentary theory. Some additions have probably been made to the original editions of the Pentateuch. Parts of it are prophetic in character, notably Deuteronomy. The author briefly reviews the arguments for the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch advanced in his previous work, *Moses and the Monuments*, and concludes this study with the words, the Pentateuch “is a journalistic record of laws, forty years in the making and of history forty years in the writing . . . and Moses, either personally or by giving directions to others, is its responsible author.”

RELIGION AND HEALTH. By James J. Walsh, M.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.25 net.

Valuable as was Dr. Walsh's book on *Health Through Will Power*, this is as much higher in worth, as the subject it treats transcends that in the book which preceded it, and which might be called a preparation for it. In the introductory chapter and the one following we find the strong presentation of his thesis on the everlasting reality of religion. The chapter on Prayer, marked by absence of psychological speculation, treats practically of the naturalness and good sense of the constant habit of prayer; it tells how the neurotic is helped by morning prayer, and of the value of prayer is all psychoneuroses. Brief reference is made to the great men of prayer in many ages, with special stress on the praying Generals of the Great War. The chapter on the Bible and Health is of especial interest, with its argument that the sanitary laws of the Jews could have been no outcome of human

development, but rather of Divine origin. In other chapters, which we might well wish to do more than summarize, we learn of the effect of religion in inhibiting or resolving the destructive emotions of anger, worry, and fear; in their expulsion by forgiveness and faith.

All this, possibly, we Catholics know, but such knowledge gains new force when uttered by the physician rather than the clergyman, when stated as a truth of science as incontestable as the law of gravitation, and its outcome shown to be simple relation of cause and effect in the worlds of spirit and matter.

In this very meagre sketch of some of the matter in the book, we must not omit notice of its inclusion of all recent discoveries in medicine, from the relation of obesity to diabetes, to the probable communication of influenza through the hands, rather than in any way through the air.

The wide reading, extended experience, and specialized scholarship of the writer certify to the value of anything from his pen, and when we find a work of this kind as simple as a primer and as attractive as a story, we may well offer thanks for the boon. Nobody who values knowledge concerning the mysterious relation between holy living and bodily health should be without this book.

WOUNDED SOULS. By Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Co.

In this book Philip Gibbs, with powerful, vital strokes, brings home to us that the War is not yet over, although fought and won. Souls are still bleeding, hands and hearts are still empty, brains are still reeling with the agony of remembrance, and in his final pages he sums up the part each of us must take in the international Society of Good Will, which "will educate the heart of the world above the baseness of the passions that caused the massacre in Europe." "Idealists, who have seen Hell pretty close" and who have "enough good-will to move mountains of cruelty," are the hope, the sole hope, of the new order.

It was a delicate compliment to America that Philip Gibbs put the great ideal of World-Friendship into the heart of an American, Dr. Small, whose planning spirit became a torch in the midst of desolation in hunger-ravaged Austria after the War. "Killers of hate," he called himself and his band of clear-eyed enthusiasts who served with him in saving women and children from the wreckage of devastated civilization. For vividness of conception and soul-gripping realism, combined with a lofty idealism, which runs through the blackest pages like the white light

of a star, *Wounded Souls* is a remarkable performance. It is the telling of truth from which there is no escape, terrible truth which has woven itself into the fabric of millions of lives. Though the book is in the form of a novel, it is much more than mere fiction. Nevertheless, those who follow the history of Wickham Brand and the German girl he loved so deeply, only to lose, will agree that apart from his fame as a war correspondent, Philip Gibbs' reputation as a novelist is well deserved.

THE CATHEDRAL OF REIMS. The Story of a German Crime.

By the Right Rev. Monseigneur Maurice Landrieux. Translated by E. Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$8.00.

This beautiful volume is a valuable record of a great work of art and of a great act of vandalism. The Bishop of Dijon, who is also Archpriest of the Cathedral, speaks whereof he was an eyewitness in his account of the wounds received day by day by this "august and splendid monument of human genius and faith." The story of Rheims' martyrdom is told in photographs as well as in text, detail by detail. There are ninety-six plates in all. It is the story of one who loves, watching at the deathbed of one beloved, powerless to save, concentrating the intensity of his desire in noting every change in the dearly loved countenance.

To this lover and guardian of the Cathedral's beauty and treasure, she was as a human thing, nay more, she was a symbol of the Divine and every shell that pierced and rent her, pierced and rent his very soul. His descriptions are vivid; his arraignment unsparing. The civilized world will doubtless share and ratify his judgments.

To the student of art and the student of history this work will prove most valuable; it is also replete with interest for the general reader.

THE ROMANCE OF MADAME TUSSAUD'S. By John Theodore Tussaud. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$6.00 net.

Once we have heard, somewhere far back in the stone age of our own individual existence, that the French Revolution was but one phase of a mighty movement, likely at any moment to make itself manifest, as indeed it has so recently, everything connected with that particular period assumes a double interest. Madame Tussaud's collection of contemporary evidence is, therefore, a boon to civilization, which we are glad to find ably described by one of her descendants. John Theodore Tussaud traces the history of this far-famed collection of wax works up to the present day, but however faithfully it represents events of subsequent

importance to England, we are inevitably more interested in the interpretation of the Revolution than in English history, however interesting. And in showing what a great collection this really is, Mr. Tussaud always reminds us of Madame Tussaud's genius, for, as Hilaire Belloc points out, her personality is the most interesting aspect of the collection. Her genius was its inspiration, her memory the guidance of its development. She, apparently, possessed the highest attribute of an organizer—the power to create a success lasting long after the quiet departure of its originator. In his masterly introduction, Hilaire Belloc makes us feel how wisely her ascendants have followed the old tradition, never blindly, but with full recognition of her power. It is impossible to discuss the book, one finds, without constant recurrence to its masterly introduction—a swift and brilliant *résumé* of all we have known, but perhaps forgotten, of this great Revolution.

SHORT HISTORY OF THE ITALIAN PEOPLE. By Janet Penrose Trevelyan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Miss Trevelyan's book is finely printed, handsomely illustrated, provided with maps, bibliography, an index and attractive binding. The chapters are well arranged and in all but the spirit of the presentation of the material, satisfactory. The advertisement claims for the author "admirable qualifications" for the task of making a short comprehensive history of the Italian people. One of the most obvious of her characteristics is the tendency to sneer at everything even remotely connected with the Papacy—not an admirable qualification, we should say, for any historian, and emphatically not for a historian of Italy. To tell the history of Italy without at least a judicial, not to say sympathetic, attitude towards the Papacy and its immense rôle, is like trying to understand the Constitution of the United States without admitting the Christian faith of its framers.

HISTORIC CHRISTIANITY AND THE APOSTLES' CREED. By J. K. Mozley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00 net.

The seven addresses of this volume on the Historical Character of Christianity and the Apostles' Creed were given in St. Margaret's, Westminster, and in Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, by the principal of the clergy school at Leeds. The author's thesis is that Christianity is a religion rooted in history, its supernatural character evidenced in the facts of its origins, its oldest creed testifying to this, its essential nature. The author is decided in his condemnation of Modernism and the defenders of a creedless Christianity, but like all Anglicans, he can be delightfully vague

and hopelessly inaccurate. For instance, you cannot discover what he means by a Church, or the communion of saints; he is uncertain about the true relationship of reason and faith, and falsely declares that reason cannot arrive at certainties; he tells us that the Descent into Hell was merely an expansion of the thought already contained in the word "buried!"

CONSIDERATIONS ON ETERNITY. By the Rev. Jeremias Drexelius, S.J. Translated by Sister Marie José Byrne. Edited by Rev. Ferdinand E. Bogner. New York: Frederick Pustet Co.

The editor of this new translation of a wholesome book on the most serious of all subjects, says well that no apology is needed for its publication. The truths presented here so simply and impressively are the food that men's souls most need today. The translation is all that could be desired. We think the book should be welcomed widely, and we believe that it will be.

GOD IN THE THICKET. By C. E. Lawrence. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00 net.

Children might call this a fairy tale, and grown ups might call it a prose-poem fantasy or allegory, but both would be at a loss to know exactly what the author is driving at in these fantastic pages. The book tells of the wanderings of Jan Aylmer among the Butterfly People—Harlequin, Columbine, Pierrot, Punchinello, and the elves and fairies of Argovie. Who are the Butterfly People? The author with his tongue in his cheek tells us: "They were people serious with irresponsibility; were possessed with the habit of laughter, that is less than happiness; and a passion, with much of the gift of being picturesque. They sang often and rejoiced much; but often their passing songs were sad and their joy bore aspects of weariness." Can you now guess who the Butterfly People are?

LABOR IN POLITICS OR CLASS VERSUS COUNTRY. By Charles Norman Fay. Privately Printed.

This book was written by a man who was the head of public service corporations in Chicago during the eighties and the early nineties, and who afterwards was a manufacturer and vice-president in Illinois of the National Association of Manufacturers. Between 1900 and 1904 he was a member of the Committee on Litigations conducted by the Anti-Boycott Association. The book is a virulent attack on united labor, the A. F. L., and everybody who believes in collective bargaining. Mr. Gompers is the particular *bête noir* of the book, though a number of others, including Presi-

dent Wilson, are on the blacklist of Mr. Fay. Mr. Fay is of the belief that social justice is being done in the United States, and that any labor unrest, even if it be of very small proportions, has been caused by unscrupulous agitators who are making their living by stirring up discontent. The volume is privately printed and is dedicated to the press writers of America, although the author has referred the substance of the book to a number of journals and magazines in the past three years. There are some very good things in the book, but as a whole, it is representative of a type of mind and a viewpoint that was more typical of the eighties and nineties than it is of the present time. Still, Mr. Fay has many spiritual brothers who will enjoy reading the book. In the hands of most people, it is very probable the book will have the opposite effect to that which Mr. Fay intends.

A HISTORY OF PENANCE. By Rev. Oscar D. Watkins, M.A.

New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Two volumes. \$16.00 net.

Catholic scholars will read with interest this history of Penance by the Vicar of Holy Cross, Holywell, Oxford. The writer is a High Churchman, who believes firmly that the power of the keys was bestowed upon the Apostles on the first Easter Sunday, when Our Lord breathed upon them and said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained" (John xx. 22, 23). The first volume (pp. 1-496) treats of the penitential system of the whole Church to A. D. 450, while the second deals exclusively with the Western Church to the Council of Lateran in 1215.

Each chapter is preceded by the full text in the original Latin and Greek, an excellent method of enabling the student to control easily the author's commentary and conclusions. Two review chapters, the ninth and the fifteenth, are added for the benefit of the casual reader who may not care to follow the argument in detail.

This field has been well covered by Catholic scholars, such as Batiffol, Ermoni, Vacandard, Rauschen, d'Alès, Funk and Stufler, Esser, etc., but it is interesting to see the evidence weighed by one who is not a Catholic. The author has certainly read very carefully Monsignor Batiffol's classic treatise on "The Origins of Penance" in the first volume of his *Studies in History and Positive Theology*, and he might also have read with profit the thorough article by Vacandard on "Confession from the First to the Thirteenth Century," in the third volume of the *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*.

We must not forget the Anglican Church officially holds that confession ought always to be completely voluntary. Our author frequently sets forth this view, when he refers to the alternatives for confession proposed by the early Fathers, such as Origen and Chrysostom. For instance we read (vol. i., p. 334): "Chrysostom will be found teaching again and again that there are methods of penance alternative to any confession, and that these are efficacious; and it may be inferred that he did not regard any confession, public or private, as *necessary* to forgiveness." Catholics will never make any such false inference, for they know that the pardoning power of the divine commission necessarily supposes the confession of the penitent.

ETHICS GENERAL AND SPECIAL. By Owen A. Hill, S.J. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

Father Hill has written a clear, brief text-book on ethics for young collegians. In discussing any problem, he sets forth his thesis, explains the question and the terms of his thesis, gives the proofs in syllogistic form, and concludes with a statement of the principles involved. The question of Woman Suffrage might have been treated more sympathetically, and Dr. Bouquillon's treatise on the school question discussed more fairly. The advertisement on the cover declares that the student will find nothing better in English on the subject. This statement would seem to overlook Father Cronin's *The Science of Ethics* and Father Ross' *Christian Ethics*, both very superior volumes.

SISTER MARY OF ST. PHILIP. (Frances Mary Lescher.) 1825-1904. By a Sister of Notre Dame. With an Introduction by His Grace, the Archbishop of Liverpool. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$6.00 net.

The vocation of Frances Lescher, like many another, had its roots in the rich soil of a happy, holy family life. Not the least fascinating of the score of chapters in this biography are those that have to do with the Lescher household, which yielded no fewer than five nuns and a priest to the service of the Church.

Sister Mary of St. Philip brought to the work that claimed her when fresh from the novitiate at Namur, a sterling common sense, a splendid intellectual endowment, and a piety seasoned with mellow humor. It was her capable hand that in the early days of the year 1856 helped to launch the frail enterprise of the Mount Pleasant Training College, Liverpool. For a half-century, lacking but a few months, she guided its destinies and witnessed its growth. During those years lay teachers, trained under her

watchful eye, passed in hundreds from its class-rooms to mold the lives of England's Catholic youth. The humble nun, busy with her girls and in directing the affairs of her Community, came to be looked upon by those outside, as well as by those within the Fold, as one of the foremost educators of her time.

The gifted Religious, who chooses to be known simply as "A Sister of Notre Dame," has not only painted for us a portrait; she has well-nigh made it speak. Some pages sparkle with lively anecdote; others treat gravely, but never tiresomely, of deep things. The passages which quote from Sister Mary of St. Philip's conferences with her Community show her a master of the interior life; those on the subject of teaching show her an equal adept in the science of education. The book has caught up into itself with a singular measure of success the strength and beauty of the personality it depicts.

CONSTANTINE I. AND THE GREEK PEOPLE. By Paxton Hibben. New York: The Century Co.

"The present war," says the author in the course of this volume, "has given rise to many shining examples of hypocrisy." And his book is a study in the hypocrisy of the Allies' attitude toward Greece, viewed from the point of a monarchist. Mr. Hibben wrote the book in 1919, but withheld publication till this year, lest it should embarrass the labors of the Allies. It has value today in the light of the recent Greek election repudiating Venizelos, and the return of Constantine to the throne.

The year 1914 saw Greece just emerging from two wars which, under the lead of Constantine, had doubled the size of Greece. The people were in no mood or condition to join the Allied cause. Constantine's policy was a cautious neutrality. Venizelos dreamed of great imperial growth, and he felt that by espousing the Allied cause Greece would come in for her share of the spoils. Constantine vetoed this plan, and Venizelos resigned the Premiership. The next election brought the Premier to power again, and he forthwith began negotiating with France and Great Britain as to Greece's rôle in the War. These plans he laid without presenting them either to the King or to the people, in violation of the Greek constitution.

When, at Venizelos' suggestion, Allied troops were landed at Salonika, Venizelos denied knowledge of their plans. Again the King dismissed Venizelos. Thus the question of war or peace was put up to the people. The Premier was overwhelmed, but not defeated. Nor were the Allies defeated. Unable to bring Greece into the War through the voice of the people, an Allied fleet seized

Greek railroads, ships, harbors, telegraphs, etc., occupied Greek islands, and staged a revolution. Greece was successfully blocked.

The one man who stood in the way of forcing the people into the vortex of war was Constantine. A joint attack, by French troops and an Allied fleet, on Athens caused the King's retirement. Constantine did not abdicate; Venizelos was put into power by the Allied forces and, proclaiming martial law, proceeded to imprison or execute every active royalist he could lay hands upon.

True, he was ably winning from the Peace Conference a remarkable share of the spoils. That seems to have made no difference to the Greek people. Slowly, but surely, the hypocrisy of Venizelos and the Allied encroachments have made their mark on the Greek mind. Today Venizelos is repudiated.

This fascinating story of political and military intrigue makes poor reading for those who blindly felt the Allies did no wrong. It constitutes a bitter arraignment of Venizelos. Who knows but that, now the truth is being told, Constantine was not the pro-German he was painted? Mr. Hibben pictures him as pro-Greek. In those days to be pro-Greek, to defend the neutrality and future of the Greek people was tantamount to being on Germany's side. The wheels of justice are grinding slowly again. They may compensate for all the injustice the book pictures.

MEN AND BOOKS AND CITIES. By Robert Cortes Holliday.
New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.50 net.

Many books are our friends, yet of them all we have, perhaps, the warmest feeling for the few which we may read aloud by the fireside, safe in knowing that not one of the group about us will fail to hang upon each word. That is why we are glad that Mr. Holliday has renewed the old charm of *Walking Stick Papers*, presenting us with *Men and Books and Cities*. It resembles a certain coat of many colors in its diversity of interests, and is to be recommended to him of human interests, rather than to the zealous seeker after exact and correlated knowledge. For ourselves, we delight in the fact of Mr. Holliday not getting "for-rader very fast." We seize, with avidity, upon the chapter entitled "Mrs. Joyce Kilmer at Walnut Hills," and find the one bit about "Aline's lecture" more precious for its varied setting. To be sure, we approach the description of Mrs. Kilmer most casually, first hearing among a number of other anecdotes, the fat man's remark that the "wimmin do all the shootin' in Texas" (we wonder how our Texas friends, especially the "wimmin," are taking this). But, smilingly, we realize that by his easy style, Mr. Holliday has, for the moment, at least, made us members of

the much discussed, but never actually to be discovered, leisure class.

Here is a last instance of the sort of thing which endears him to us: "Mr. Lucas rapidly shook hands round the circle, turned and sprang up the steps—an odd, a humorous, and a memorable figure: stoop, smile, whitish hat, and long coat flowing out after him. A bevy of porters hustled his collection of things aboard. The train began to move; and only four people in Chicago knew that this particular and very distinguished English man of letters had ever been there."

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES. By Rev. Henry Collin, O.C. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00 net.

The author of these spiritual conferences died two years ago at the ripe age of ninety-one, after spending some sixty years in the Cistercian Order. He had been a minister of the Church of England, but like many others had come over to the Catholic Church through the Oxford Movement. His solid piety and deep religious earnestness breathe in every page of these brief talks on Our Saviour, His Blessed Mother, and the virtues of the interior life. This little volume will make a distinct appeal to devout souls outside the Church, who will read it on account of the personality of its author.

RISING ABOVE THE RUINS IN FRANCE. By Corinna Haven Smith and Caroline R. Hill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

The book is hardly more than a series of notes, vivid, abrupt, almost staccato in expression, and like snapshot pictures. It makes no pretence to literary style, but is so evidently sincere, so true in its portraiture, that it holds interest from the opening to the closing.

We are given many glimpses of places, a few as yet untouched by impulse to reconstruction, villages once teeming with life where now nothing moves except a solitary butterfly over the ruins, and no sound is heard but the chirp of the cicada. Other places, hamlets and towns, are awakening to a new life full of hope and promise, a new development which will be better than the old. But it is the people of France, the ones to whom France will owe its recrudescence of life, who are evidently, and rightly, most interesting to the authors. We get brief and charming pictures of the French aristocrats, who forget themselves in working for their people. We have pictures of refugees returning to find the very places where their homes once stood now indistinguish-

able, yet happy to be back in their native regions, gay and laughing over their *trous sous terre*, or the shelter where five have to sit on two chairs, and there are not dishes enough for all to eat at the same time. But not unnoticed by these keen observers is that it is to this fine, gay courage of the French, it is to this love of home which brings them back to live in caves where their homes once stood, that France will owe its new birth, its marvels of speedy reconstruction.

Not unnoticed by the writers is also that abiding characteristic of the French, that under all that froth of gayety, that light laughing fun, that apparently out-spoken frankness, there are deep reserves which none shall pass, concerning the things of most moment.

A chapter of certified statistics closes the book, and an appendix sets forth in tabular form the immense progress in the rebuilding of industry from November, 1919, to March, 1920.

AMERICA AND THE NEW ERA. By Elisha M. Friedman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This book is another symposium on a great variety of questions ranging from industrial prophylaxis to internationalism. Such authorities as Dr. Ely, Dr. Howe, Dr. Kallen, Dr. Hollander, and Mary Van Kleeck are represented. Some of the articles are very good, as for example, Dr. Ely's contribution "An American Land Policy," or Miss Van Kleeck's "Women in Industry." Mr. Friedman, the editor, is able in two preliminary chapters to discount some of the ideas advanced by certain of the contributors. The article on "Heredity and Eugenics" has some very vicious recommendations. The article on "Religion in the New Age" together with Mr. Friedman's comments on religion in the first part of the book, are typical of much discussion about religion outside of the Church at the present time. It is a very ambitious volume and is worth having, not only for its good points, but also to learn about a certain common attitude in much of the present discussion on religion and the family.

POTTERISM. By Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni & Liveright.

This is a novel of poised and brilliant attack. The object of attack is Potterism, so called from one of the principal characters, representative of sentimentalism, greed, cant, muddled thinking, profiteering, commercialism—all the ugly qualities opposed to the hard quest for truth and beauty for their own sakes. Lord Pinkerton, formerly Percy Potter, who is a great newspaper owner, his wife, "Leila Yorke," a popular and banal novelist, and

their insipid daughter, Clare, symbolize chiefly the intellectual defects of Potterism—they err mainly because they do not see; the other children, Jane and Johnny Potter, show its moral defects—they see, and despise accordingly, all that the paternal press and the maternal novels stand for and promulgate, but they cannot escape their inheritance of greed, they want truth not for itself, but for what it will bring them. In the person of the Jew, Arthur Gideon, we have the impassioned and disinterested truth-seeker, who fights Potterism both on its moral and intellectual sides.

Potterism is undoubtedly an achievement—with its crisp sentences, its fine economy, its satiric touch, and its underlying idealism. A novel of ideas rather than of incident or character, it draws its strength from its shrewd observation, its sharp sense of an intellectually fog-bound society. Miss Macaulay writes with restraint, and there is less of bitterness in her indictment than might be expected, but she has concentrated on a singularly unlikeable lot of people. Her ideal is high, but she implies in the fate of her hero, Gideon, that it is hopeless and impracticable. As a sophisticated picture of modern life the book is exceedingly well done; as a solution of the problem it sets before us it fails, chiefly because in the author's philosophy there is no solution—at least no workable solution.

TAHITI DAYS. By Hector MacQuarrie. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$4.50 net.

Mr. MacQuarrie is a New Zealander, who went to the South Seas for his health. He writes of his stay in Tahiti in an interesting fashion, although he spoils his book by his coarseness and his contempt for the moral law. A poet like Charles Warren Stoddard or a dreamer like Robert Louis Stevenson made the fairyland of the South Seas a delight, but a newspaper realist like MacQuarrie disgusts us with his sordid tales of Eastern murder and lust. He is at his best when he describes the pearl diving near Hikueru Island, the pagan rite of the fire-walkers of Tahiti, or the customs of the natives. The photographs are numerous, but he might have omitted with profit his portrait of the drunken Hula Hula dancer.

CESARE BORGIA, by Arthur Symonds (New York: Brentano's), consists of three plays, two of them—"Cesare Borgia" and "Isult of Brittany"—in verse. The third, "The Toy Cart," a prose play of unequal merit, has its scene laid in the city of Uzzayin, in the western part of India. All three are characterized by the intense and often morbid psychology we have come to associate with this writer's work.

But there are moments of beauty, not a few. "Iseult of Brittany" is memorable in its melancholy charm. "Cesare Borgia," though, is heavily melodramatic, and never quite comes alive.

THE FOOLISH LOVERS, by St. John Ervine (New York: The Macmillan Co.), falls below the achievement of its author in that interesting Wellsian footnote to contemporary Irish history, *Changing Winds*. The scene is laid in the Irish County Antrim and in London, but Mr. Ervine, in spite of his obvious determination to fix securely the "local coloring," has failed to evoke the fine, harsh, sincere reality of the Black Northerners with whom his story deals. But he handles skillfully enough what some publishers call "the love-interest" of his novel. Prose drama is, after all, this author's true medium. *Mixed Marriages* is perfect of its kind.

SELECTIONS FROM SWINBURNE, edited by Edmund Gosse, C.B., and Thomas James Wise (New York: George H. Doran Co.), gives us at long last an adequate selection from Swinburne. The only copyright selection hitherto available was published so far back as 1887, and reflected excessively the idiosyncrasy of Watts Dunton, who made it. It was not broadly characteristic of Swinburne's many moods and variety of subjects, and it gave an impression of the nature of his genius which criticism has not confirmed. The present selection is, in almost every way, admirable, and represents adequately the poetical genius of the author of "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Mary Stuart." This reviewer will confess, though, that he wishes away the "Étude Réaliste" (and for that matter, "A Baby's Death" and "Babyhood"). These verses bear as much relation to reality as does the happy family group—beatifically idiotic—of the player-piano advertisements. Robert Bridges' "On a Dead Child" is worth all the nursery rhymes Swinburne ever declined upon.

MORALE, THE SUPREME STANDARD OF LIFE AND CONDUCT, by G. Stanley Hall (New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$3.00). Dr. Stanley Hall is a frank subjectivist. He is representative of that school of "Mansoul" sociology, which upholds agnosticism, evolution, modernism, and Kant as main tenets.

Dr. Hall's latest book, *Morale*, decides that conscience, honor and the Nietzschean super-man ideal (the grouping is Dr. Hall's) have failed as norms of conduct: *Morale* is to be the new norm, the new standard, "the supreme standard of life and conduct," come into its own as a result of the recent War experience.

What is *Morale*? It is health, it is condition, it is buoyant exuberance, it is feeling fit for life, it is "animality at top-notch," and so *ad infinitum*. This emphasis on the physical part of man's component as the supreme standard of life and conduct strikes one at first as somewhat startling: but then one recollects how much of today's

sociological writing implicitly holds what Dr. Hall so frankly (one is tempted to say *so flagrantly*) asserts.

Of course, Dr. Hall has many valuable things to say in his book. He colors up his quasi-physical norm of morality with a good dash now and again of Christian sentiment. Still it is a pity that he, like so many of our "advanced" collegiate thinkers, can find so little room for Christ. True the members of this school do find some room for Him, but only as a highly idealistic incarnation of "Mansoul," who is an accident in anthropological evolution toward some kind of physically pantheistic solidarity of World soul.

Dr. Hall is for making divorce respectable by making it easy. Like most of the "new dogmatists," he is very much averse to dogma when it is Christian. He dares to assert (with a too obvious imputation) that the Catholic Church still "condemns all who put truth over dogma." He finds room in his Morale-therapeutic-for-religion-section to reprint the old cant about Catholic enmity toward science. Nevertheless, he has many "nice things" to say about the Catholic Church. He admires our organization, and so forth and so on.

Perhaps, the strangest and certainly one of the most unwarranted assertions in this latest contribution to "advanced thinking" and to the settling of the affairs of men through Kantian instead of Christian formulas, is Dr. Hall's declaration of the parallel between Teutonism and Catholicism, between Hegelianism and the Christian philosophy, and their common enmity toward democracy. Such paralleling bespeaks its own absurdity. As for Catholicism's enmity toward democracy, we would wish that Dr. Hall would learn the lesson of concluding from premises. We would recommend that he begin his study of the premises in question with Dr. O'Rahilly's article in a recent number of *Studies* on St. Thomas and Democracy.

A MERICAN BOYS' HANDY BOOK OF CAMP LORE AND WOOD-CRAFT, by Dan Beard (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$3.00). Through the fun, work and study of the Camp amid the everlasting hills and streams and forests, boy to boy, boy and man, men and boys daily get nearer to God's purpose for each life. Dan Beard has opened new avenues of sport. His book is interesting, cheery, practical and constructive.

The Camp should be selected with due regard for a safe water supply, plenty of wood, protection from wind, and safety from floods and wash of rains. Indian camps, it is to be noted, are almost invariably on high ground. The requisites for a good camp ground are woods for shelter and fuel and timber; water for wading, swimming, boating and fishing; rocks or hills for climbing and exploring; and open grounds for games and drill. All or as many of these requisites as possible should be obtained. Dan Beard not only knows how to handle boys, but he is also a maker of camps. Lovers of life outdoors will be delighted with his chapter on woodcraft, cooking, the use of

dogs, and the preparation for a camping trip. They will prove a revelation to many. A close study of his final chapter will give the reader a clear insight to the character of the writer, making the reading of this book rank as a delightful pleasure.

THE EMPEROR'S ROYAL ROBES, a short play in four scenes by F. A. Forbes (New York: Benziger Brothers. 45 cents), is an admirable adaptation of one of Hans Andersen's stories. It deals with Court Life in China, and aims to prove in a delightfully amusing way that "fools and children tell the truth." Nine persons carry on the action all of which takes place in the Emperor's palace.

Father Lasance contributes another book of devotion to his long list. *Rejoice in the Lord* is its title, and it is divided into three parts; a book of reflections, a book of prayer, and a little book of indulgenced ejaculations. An attractive arrangement is this, and shall probably find many readers.

Civics Catechism on the Rights and Duties of American Citizens is the title of a seventy-two page booklet, issued by the National Catholic Welfare Council. This publication is intended for use in citizenship instruction in schools and classes for immigrants. It serves the purpose well by its simple and clear exposition. The Welfare Council announces translations in parallel-column form with the English text.

The Talbot Press, Dublin, issues a pamphlet, entitled *Military Rule in Ireland*, by Erskine Childers, being a series of light articles appearing in *The Daily News*. The writer describes the exact situation in Ireland, and reveals the suffering caused by British misrule.

The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland contributes the following list of pamphlets: *Clontarf, an Irish National Drama*, in four acts, by Rev. J. B. Dollard; *Three Hills, Ossory, Leix, Lancashire*; *The Social Question in Ireland*, by Rev. P. Coffey, Ph.D.; *The Blessed Oliver Plunkett*; *The Mystery of the Incarnation*, and *Home Nursing*.

Edward F. McSweeney is the author of two pamphlets, published by the Friends of Irish Freedom, *Ireland Is An American Question* and *De-Americanizing Young America*.

Recent Events.

Italy.

After a close siege and a series of attacks which carried the Italian regular troops to within a mile of the centre of the city, Fiume surrendered on December 30th to General Caviglia, the Italian commander. Two days later a protocol was signed effecting a settlement of the Fiume question. All terms laid down to the Fiume delegates by General Caviglia were accepted. These terms included the recognition of the Treaty of Rapallo, the release of d'Annunzio's legionaries from their oaths of allegiance to the "Regency of the Quarnero" set up by the poet, abandonment of the Islands of Arbe and Veglia in the Gulf of Quarnero, restoration of all prisoners made by the legionaries and the surrender of all arms and munitions appropriated from the Italian army, and the departure of all legionaries not natives of Fiume within five days.

D'Annunzio, who abdicated and consigned his powers to the National Council just before the capture of the city, had no part in the concluding settlement. Dr. Antonio Grossich, former head of the National Council of Fiume, Ricardo Gigante, Mayor of Fiume, and Captain Hostwenturi, who was Director of National Defence in the city, were constituted the Provisional Government of Fiume to sign the pact presented by General Caviglia and to administer the city's affairs until elections. Dr. Grossich has fixed February 28th as the date for the first election for a Constituent Assembly. Evacuation of the legionaries has progressed rapidly, and the vessels under d'Annunzio's control have been taken over by the Italian fleet. D'Annunzio, at last accounts, still remains in Fiume, but his future disposition is uncertain.

The fighting for possession of Fiume during the period from December 24th to the signing of the agreement for the surrender of the city, resulted in considerably fewer casualties than was at first reported, due chiefly to the fact that the operations were held in hand and did not reach the dimensions of a regular attack. A semi-official statement gives the losses of the regulars as seventeen killed and one hundred and twenty wounded, and those of the legionaries as eighteen killed and fifty wounded, while two civilians were killed and about ten wounded.

With the definite settlement of the Adriatic question, Italians are looking forward with high hopes in international politics for the new year. The Government, by its energetic action against the

d'Annunzio Government at Fiume, showed its earnest intention to carry out the Treaty of Rapallo, and thus remove any cause for suspicion against Italy. The nation hopes, now that the Treaty has cemented Italo-Jugo-Slav friendship, that Italy will accept the invitation extended by the Premiers of Jugo-Slavia and Rumania to become a kind of protectress to the "Little Entente." Settlement of the Adriatic problem will have an even greater influence on internal conditions. It will enable Italy, relieved from the incubus of an impossible situation, to settle down to the work of reconstruction. Above all, it will permit the cutting down of military expenses, which are now burdening the budget to the extent of ten billion lire annually.

That Italian finances stand in need of some such action is shown by the fact that the amount of paper currency in circulation is approximately twenty billion lire, and a recent announcement of Signor Meda, Minister of the Interior, in presenting his financial statement to the Chamber of Deputies, is to the effect that there is a budget deficit of nearly fourteen billion lire for 1920-21, and an estimated deficit for 1921-22 of approximately ten billion lire.

On the other hand, the Italian Minister of the Treasury has announced that imports of foreign goods into Italy for the first ten months of 1920, on the basis of value of the year 1919, amounted to 13,054,000,000 lire, showing a decrease of 644,000 lire from the amount of imports for the same period in the preceding year. Exports from Italy for the first ten months of 1919 amounted to 4,500,000,000 lire, while for the same period in 1920 they amounted to 6,222,000,000 lire. The balance from January 1st to October 31st, 1920, shows a favorable turn toward Italy of 2,364,000,000 lire.

The population of the Island of Veglia has revolted against the Italian Government troops, and proclaimed a "Croatian Republic," according to a recent dispatch to Rome. Three soldiers were killed in the uprising. Veglia, in the Gulf of Quarnero, is one of the islands claimed by the Quarnero Regency, but control of which was renounced by the followers of d'Annunzio in their agreement to carry out the Treaty of Rapallo. The Turin Chamber of Labor has passed a resolution asking all industries to diminish their working time from eight to six hours. "The crisis in exportations necessitates reduction in productions. Therefore, instead of dismissing twenty per cent of the workmen, the masters had better reduce twenty per cent the working hours," says the resolution. This was to take place without any alteration in the men's wages. The League of Industrials has answered in

a very conciliatory spirit, making the most minute exposition of the conditions in industry and the reasons for the reduction in the selling of products. They are ready to examine the question together with the Chamber of Labor, although they wish to state immediately that the measure proposed cannot be generally applied. While in certain industries, like that of stockings, a reduction in working hours, in order to avoid unemployment, has already been spontaneously applied, for other industries it could not possibly be applied, for technical reasons. Therefore, the reduction in working hours is not "for all industries indiscriminately." But for those industries where the project can be applied on this basis, the League has declared itself ready to negotiate with representatives of the workmen.

The question is how will the problem be solved. After the violent crisis of last September the more radical spirits have been slowly placating themselves, while work has been apparently resumed and affairs seem tranquil. Workmen, tired of uninterrupted strikes, with clearer news from Russia, and impressed by the disastrous experiments made for liberty elsewhere, seem to have renounced, at least for the moment, the organization of any further political agitations.

The Holy See will soon appoint a nuncio at The Hague, consequent on the recent approval by the Dutch Chamber of a bill providing for the establishment of a permanent minister at the Vatican. No Papal representative has been stationed at the Dutch capital since diplomatic relations with the Vatican were interrupted in 1907 with the recall of Monsignor Rodolfo Giovannini, when the Dutch Foreign Minister omitted to invite the Pope to the second peace conference at The Hague. Lately, diplomatic relations were resumed, but the Vatican did not send a representative to The Hague, intrusting the Nuncio in Belgium with the position of Internuncio to Holland.

Germany.

Germany enters the new year with a growing sense of the gravity of her position under the Treaty of Versailles, and of the immensity of the cost she is called on to pay for a lost world war. Another prominent manifestation at the opening of 1921 is the steady drift away from political and economic radicalism, so that no matter how the Treaty is modified in the near future, Germany has made up her mind to an intensification of effort and of exploitation of her industrial and other resources. It is estimated that the national debt will far exceed 200,000,000,000 marks by April 1st, next, and this sum does not include amounts Germany

is called on to pay to her own subjects in private claims, which will add another 100,000,000 marks to the total.

In addition, the Government admits a railway, postal and telegraph deficit of 20,000,000,000 marks, and it is threatened with a huge increase in the public pay roll. Its domestic budgets generally have vacillated so freely in the course of presentation to the Reichstag, that they no longer offer a tangible basis but merely analytical computations. The "paper deluge" at the beginning of the year is generally suspected of being well in excess of 80,000,000,000 marks. Germany is paying out billions monthly for food purchases abroad, and these will continue well into the new year, owing to the inadequacy of the last harvest. Wheat thus bought is paid for in foreign exchange.

The growing conviction that an organized effort must be made to counteract monarchist agitation, has led to the foundation of the Republican League, which welcomes as members persons of all shades of political belief, from Communists to Centrists, who place the preservation and consolidation of the Republic above all party principles. Among its founders are many prominent politicians, statesmen, literary men, professors, industrial magnates, and labor leaders. One of the principal tasks of the League will be to enlighten German youth on the causes of the Empire's collapse, and to propagate the conviction that Germany's recovery is dependent on the firm establishment of a republican form of government.

The immediate efforts of the League will be directed towards the disbandment of the "Orgesh" and other secret organizations, in which the League sees a threatening monarchist danger.

Dating from the opening of the year, Germany's new army has been brought into line with the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles—that is, based on voluntary service, with a total establishment of 100,000, including 4,000 officers. The armament within certain limits is strictly defined and controlled by the Entente. Neither the navy nor the army is allowed to make use of flying for any belligerent purpose. To the army is also forbidden the use of tanks and gas, and while it has practically no artillery, so far as large-calibre guns are concerned, every contingent is also restricted in the number of machine guns, mine-throwers, and other arms which may be allotted to it. The Government contemplates an annual expenditure upon this new army of 5,000,000,000 marks. One especially interesting feature, embodied in the outline of the new army law, which is supposed to represent the democratic spirit, provides for the creation of an army council. Its members will be elected from the force itself,

each rank having representation, and its mission is to act as an advisory council to the State Defence Minister.

According to an announcement by the Reparations Commission, Germany, up to the end of 1920, delivered to the Allies, under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, 29,453 tons of river shipping. This constitutes one-fourth of the aggregate tonnage which Germany must hand over to the Reparations Commission for distribution among the various Allied Powers, the Treaty providing that she must give up twenty per cent of the total river tonnage she had on the date of the armistice.

A new coal agreement between Germany and the Allies to follow the Spa agreement, which terminates the end of January, has virtually been finished by the Reparations Commission, and already has received the approval of most of the countries concerned. Under the new agreement Germany must provide a minimum of 2,000,000 tons monthly without any special compensation, as is the case with the Spa agreement.

On Christmas Day Denmark made a payment of 65,000,000 gold marks (about \$15,600,000) to the Reparations Commission in fulfillment of the conditions of the annexation of Schleswig, as enumerated by the Versailles Treaty. This payment represents Schleswig's portion of the German Empire's debt at the beginning of the World War, her part of the Prussian State debt, and the value of German public property taken over by Denmark. Credit has been given to Germany for the entire sum as a part of her war indemnity.

That Germany is preparing to return to her old place in the shipping world, is shown by the recent decision of the Hamburg-American Line immediately to increase its capital by 100,000,000 marks in six per cent preference shares. The use to which the money is to be put is significant. It is the intention "to exchange from time to time the new shares for shares of other companies." In other words, by a gradual process of trustification, similar to that already in operation in other great industries, it is hoped to enable the German mercantile marine to present a united front in challenging the world to a contest for its old position.

The first war criminals punished by Germany were convicted on January 10th, when the Second Criminal Chamber of the Imperial Court at Leipzig sentenced three engineers respectively to five and four years' penal servitude and two years' imprisonment. The men, who were accused of having looted an inn at Edinger, Belgium, in October, 1918, did not figure in the Allied extradition list, but were tried under the German law of December 5, 1919.

France.

On January 12th, the second session of the Chamber of Deputies in the new year, the French Cabinet was overthrown by a vote of 463 to 125. The reason for the fall of Premier Leygues was the belief of the Deputies that the Premier had not been firm enough in his negotiations on the German indemnity, and their fear that if he conducted the negotiations between now and May 1st, Germany's terms would be made too easy. Premier Leygues handed his resignation and that of his colleagues to President Millerand. Aristide Briand has accepted the task of forming a new Cabinet, and awaits the approval of the Chamber. The overthrow of the Government is simply the climax of a growing feeling of discontent on the question of France's attitude towards Germany.

For some months the outstanding issue in France has been the question of German reparations and disarmament. Of these, the more important is the matter of reparations, which dominates not only the French internal situation, but also her relations with her Allies, with the United States and with Germany. Under the provisions of the Treaty the Allies must notify Germany of the total of the bill between now and May 1st, and it was hoped that, at least, the approximate amount would be developed at the financial conference held last month between Allied and German representatives at Brussels. The conference, however, adjourned late in December without fixing the sum or even setting a date for their next meeting.

At various times throughout the month a strong movement has arisen in France in favor of occupying the Ruhr region because of Germany's failure to disarm. It is generally agreed that Germany has not entirely fulfilled her disarmament promises, and, technically, France has the legal right to send troops into the Ruhr, but inasmuch as the late Government was in favor of holding the Ruhr occupation as a threat in the reparations negotiations, and, in addition, did not wish to act without England, there is reason to believe that Premier Leygues was working for a compromise, whereby Germany was to be given further time in which to disarm. According to Marshal Foch's report, presented to the Allied Ambassadors on December 31st, Germany has met the requirements regarding the Reichwehr, or regular army, by reducing it to 100,000, but has failed in the matter of disarmament of the militia and home-guard organizations.

Thirteen and one-half per cent of Germany's Rhine fleet, or 253,000 tons of barges and tugs, with a capacity of 24,000 horse power, have been awarded to France by Walker D. Hines, arbi-

trator in the distribution of German inland shipping under the Peace Treaty. The reward is final, and cannot be appealed. In addition to shipping, Mr. Hines' decision requires Germany to cede to France a controlling interest in one of the principal German Rhine navigation companies. All this is aside from the portion of the German river fleet to be given to the Allied and Associated nations as reparation for river shipping lost by them during the War.

Twenty-one members of the League of Nations have signed the convention for the establishment of the World Court. The Court will be set up when twenty-two nations, or a majority of the League membership at the time the plan was voted upon, have signed and given notification of their signing. The League Secretariat expects the ratification by half the League members early in the year. Four nations—Portugal, Switzerland, Denmark and Salvador—have signed an agreement to submit to the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court.

The League of Nations has issued an invitation to a world conference in Barcelona for February 21st, to deal with the possibility of insuring freedom of transit by European waterways and railways. In this way it is hoped to overcome obstacles raised by the abnormality of exchange, in so far as transit is concerned, and, if possible, take a definite step forward toward reconstructing the disorganized machinery of trade and commerce. As matters stand now, international trade has almost come to a standstill, because of the abnormality of exchange.

The new frontier of Armenia on the Turkish side, as drawn by President Wilson at the invitation of the Allied Premiers, cuts less deeply into former Turkish territory than the extreme limits prescribed by the Premiers. Meanwhile, since President Wilson communicated his boundary decision to the Allied Premiers several weeks ago, conditions in Armenia have become so chaotic, as a result of operations of the Bolsheviki and the Turkish Nationalists, that the Allies are expected to postpone temporarily the putting into effect of the President's boundary decision. It has been intimated in official circles abroad that because of the new situation created in the Near East by the overthrow in Greece of Venizelos and the consequent possible withdrawal of Greek forces from Asia Minor, the Turkish Treaty might have to be so revised as to reopen the Armenian settlement included in it.

In the election for one-third of the French Senate, or about one hundred seats, held on January 9th, returns show gains for the Centre, or Moderate, parties, both the Extreme Right and the Left losing seats. The Conservatives of the Right elected three

Senators, as against their present representation of eight, while the Radicals elected forty-three, as compared with their present fifty-four Senators. The results for the ninety-eight seats contested were as follows: Conservatives, 3; Republicans, 39; Radicals and Radical-Socialists, 43; and Republican-Socialists, 11. Unbiased public opinion seems inclined to agree that the Government's strength has not been impaired by the election, and the majority of Paris newspapers consider that the loss of five seats by the Conservatives and nine by the Radicals cannot be taken as indicating any modification in politics one way or another. The centre of gravity continues to be held by the Left and Centre, where M. Leygues finds most of his support.

A three-fold split in the French Socialist Party took place at the Socialist Congress at Tours on December 29th, when the Left, or ultra-radical element, who included two-thirds of the total delegates, voted in favor of absolute affiliation with the Moscow Internationale. As a result the Right and Centrist parties have met in joint session with the leaders constituting the majority of the Socialist members of the Chamber of Deputies, and decided that, inasmuch as a majority of the Socialist Congress had voted in favor of adhesion to the Third Internationale and thereby become the Communist Party of France, the Right and Centrist parties were now officially the Socialist Party of France.

As the result of the unexpected fulfillment of German pledges for coal deliveries, France now has sufficient coal to supply all her economic and domestic needs for the next six months. Contracts with American coal companies for more than \$100,000,000 worth of coal have been canceled, and the price of American coal delivered at French ports has fallen from \$32.00 a ton to \$12.50 a ton. In the belief that Germany would not fulfill the terms of the Spa coal agreement, France encouraged her import firms to purchase all the coal they could, while the Government itself bought heavily in the United States and England. In consequence of this there are at the present time from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 tons of coal in France.

According to figures recently given by Louis Mourier, the new Director of Public Assistance, the population of France was reduced by 4,000,000 during the War. The population of continental France before the War was 39,602,258. A new census will be taken next year. Meanwhile, the official estimate for the present year, not including war mortality, is 40,500,000. The reduction of the population by 4,000,000 from War causes, as stated by M. Mourier, evidently includes the latest returns from

the afflicted civil population, and deaths from wounds subsequent to the War. At the end of the fighting the French military loss was 1,327,000 dead, together with 435,000 prisoners unaccounted for and 3,000,000 wounded, whose deaths in five years have been averaged at ten per cent.

Russia.

Leonid Krassin, the Russian Bolshevik trade representative in England, left London for Russia on January 8th with a trade contract, approved by Sir Robert S. Horne, President of the English Board of Trade. So far as the purely commercial stipulations of the contract are concerned, it is believed they will be acceptable to Moscow, but it is thought that the political conditions, which have been laid down by British officials as an inseparable part of the agreement, will meet with rejection by the Soviets. If the contract is not agreed to, it will mark the conclusion of the negotiations for the present. The fundamental demand made by the British Government, aside from the economic features of the negotiations, was that Soviet Russia should pledge itself absolutely to refrain from engaging in propagandist and other activities in India, Persia, the Near East, and in any of the British Dominions. At a recent conference between Premier Lloyd George and Premier Leygues on the views of the British and French Governments on the subject of trade with Russia, the French Premier maintained an unyielding stand in opposition to the policy pursued by the British Government, and declared that France would never sanction any agreement for trade with Russia that was not conditional upon recognition by the Russian Government of Russia's pre-war obligations.

On December 28th an agreement was signed by Lenine and Trotsky on behalf of the Russian Government, and Rakovsky on behalf of Ukraine for a military and economic alliance, with the establishment of a joint commissariat for military, financial, labor and transport questions and foreign trade. On other fields, negotiations by the Soviet Government have met with failure. Late in December Bulgaria refused Foreign Minister Tchitcherin's demand for the resumption of diplomatic relations, and the Chinese Government has made counter-proposals to Lenine's negotiations for recognition. The Bolshevik-Chinese negotiations have been in progress nearly a year, and began with an offer by the Russian Soviet of the abolition of Russia's extra-territorial and other special rights in China prejudicial to China's independence.

The Government of Rumania has sent a note to Moscow declining the invitation of the Soviet Government to discuss the

question of Bessarabia. This is in reply to a note from Moscow, suggesting that the Bucharest Government and the Moscow Government discuss Bessarabia and other pending questions, "in order that peace might be established." Meanwhile, there has been a concentration of Bolshevik troops on the Dneister River. The Rumanian Government takes the stand that there is no question of the status of Bessarabia—that it is Rumanian. It further takes the stand that it is not at war with Russia, and therefore there is no need of a peace conference.

Though there have been no military movements of importance in Russia during the month, disquieting rumors are prevalent of an impending blow. That the Bolsheviks are regrouping and reorganizing their armies for a great offensive movement against the Baltic states, in the near future, seems certain. From Letvia comes the news of a concentration of Bolshevik forces, estimated at 60,000 men, on the Letvian frontier. Several companies are reported to have already reconnoitred inside the country. In the extreme north, a big concentration of troops is reported along the Esthonian frontier, 40,000 men are said to be encamped at Gatchina, facing the Esthonian frontier town of Narva, situated, like Gatchina, on the direct railroad from Petrograd to Reval, the Esthonian capital.

Southeast of Riga, Bolshevik troops have been noted moving up steadily in large numbers towards the Lithuanian border, between Dvinsk and Vitebsk, to threaten Vilna. The Soviet military strength has been greatly buttressed by captures from Wrangel's army, including 15,000 horses, fifty *aéroplanes*, and hundreds of cannon of all calibres up to siege guns. Reports from Poland indicate threatening troop movements at variance with the pacifist assertions of the Bolshevik delegations at the Riga Conference. Altogether, in the view of most observers, everything points to a speedy resumption of hostilities by the Bolsheviks.

The Bolsheviks are greatly strengthening their operations in the Caucasus region and are menacing Armenia and the Republic of Georgia. The Armenian Government is unable to deal with the Bolsheviks, having, on one hand, the Turkish Nationalists and, on the other, the accepted Soviet régime. Georgia is said also to be in a precarious situation, surrounded by Bolsheviks on all sides. The only hope held out for opposition to the spread of the Soviet régime in Armenia and the Caucasus, is an indication from well-informed sources that an arrangement between Armenia and the Turks is likely to be followed by an insurrection against the Russians, led by Mussulmans.

The Polish-Lithuanian conference over, the plebiscite planned

to be held in the Vilna district has reached an impasse, and the Lithuanian delegation left Warsaw today for Kovno to obtain further instructions from its Government.

Poland has refused the Lithuanian demand to exclude the city of Vilna itself from the plebiscite area, considering that the area to be covered by the plebiscite corresponds to the territory occupied by General Zellgouski, the Polish commander who took possession of the Vilna district after the conclusion of the Russo-Polish hostilities. The League of Nations, with which Poland has rested her case, is expected shortly to make a ruling which will clear the situation.

The recent All-Russian census under Bolshevik rule, only partially completed, shows that the population of Russia has decreased considerably since the beginning of the revolution, according to an article in the *Krasnaia Gazette* (Red Gazette). Although the census took place on August 28th, no complete returns are available yet. "The census," continues the article, "has been taken nearly all over the country, with the exception of the northern tundra, the nomadic population of the Kirghizes, Kalmucks and Turkomans, and also the localities recently freed from the White armies. Up to the present, the Central Statistical Department has received returns from three hundred and twenty counties, eight hundred and forty-nine cities, and fifty-eight provinces.

"First and foremost, the census establishes the indubitable fact that the population of Russia has decreased since the beginning of the revolution. For twenty provinces on which data are obtainable for both periods the census of 1917 gave a total population of 30,000,000. The census of August 28, 1920, however, enumerates only 27,000,000 inhabitants, a loss of ten per cent. And this, notwithstanding the fact that after the conclusion of peace following the World War, millions of soldiers and war prisoners returned to their homes. The cause of this is that the mortality rate has grown considerably, while the birth rate has decreased during the years of war and revolution. A particularly great decrease has been noted during the revolution among the city population. In the above-mentioned twenty provinces the number of city inhabitants dropped from 7,900,000 in 1917 to 4,800,000 at present, the decrease thus amounting to 3,100,000 persons, or 39.2 per cent.

January 17, 1921.

With Our Readers.

AS part of that Commandment which Christ declared to be the greatest of all, we are commanded to love the Lord our God with our whole mind. No Commandment is satisfied until it be wholly satisfied. To love God with some of our powers, leaving others idle, is not to love well. And the extent of our personal consecration, the effectiveness of our service will be in proportion to the full dedication of all our powers. And as love in a rational creature, such as man, is preëminently rational, so will it be most important to cultivate that power which is the source of reason, of knowledge: the basis of man's right, well-ordered life.

Love cannot be simply a matter of reason, for man is ruled by will and mightily affected by emotions. But reason is its true source—and what we so often forget—its true guiding star. Only the exactness and definiteness of knowledge will preserve love's sacred liberty; insure its dignity and save it from the currents and eddies of emotionalism and passion. Love outstrips reason, but only as the lofty tower outstrips its foundation. Without the foundation it would not hold itself erect, dignified, commanding.

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THE forgetfulness of this truth in the present philosophy of the world, is causing havoc and unspeakable shipwreck in the lives of many individuals and of nations. The scientific repudiation of reason by Bergson, and its practical repudiation by much of our modern literature has left man without God, without a safe anchoring place. He has no starting place nor resting place nor goal. His life becomes unreasonable and unceasing motion directed by emotion, and suffering bitter reaction when, returning to his home, he finds it empty. For our own security, as well as for God's glory, are we admonished to love the Lord our God with our whole mind.

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THE mind serves God in thinking upon the truths of God: in studying His revealed doctrines: in learning how those doctrines should shape our own life: affect our life with others: and play, through us, their preëminent part in all the questions and problems of life. It may readily be seen how much we neglect to love God with our whole mind. We are often quite content with the modicum of religious teaching given us in child-

hood, or with the small accretion assimilated from occasional sermons, lectures and discourses. Taking what we have, we make our religious life in great part simply a matter of devotion, and, if we are not careful, it fixes itself into a narrow, personal interpretation, and becomes static, if not worse.

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INTELLIGENT application to Catholic truth that we may understand it better; that it may uncover to us our own smallness before that majestic greatness which should be ours in Christ: this is not common to us: it is, alas, the exceptional Catholic who takes his intellectual or mental powers and devotes them to God. We do not mean that everyone should pursue the scholar's life; nor wish to infer that intellectualism is the chief concern of the Catholic. We do insist that the service of the mind in the things of God, whether we have much time or little, whether our mental gifts be great or small, is not only a divinely appointed duty, but it is a duty that is lamentably neglected. One may ask himself what he has read, considered, made his own mentally through the course of a year in the way of Catholic reading or reading upon Catholic truth or Catholic philosophy as it affects the problems of the day, problems in which he is playing his own sure part. The answer which his conscience gives, will be the answer also as to how far he is loving God with his whole mind.

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WITHOUT intelligent understanding of the doctrines of our Faith, we are unable to lead ourselves to better life or to see that development in thought, word and action which is our necessary obligation in the light of Christ's commandment: "If you love Me, keep My commandments." The doctrines of our Faith, more and more intelligently appreciated and understood, are both a light and a strength by which we will be able to walk more safely and more hopefully. Then, also, can we give this light and strength to others, or at least arouse them to its worth, and, perhaps, lead them to the source whence we receive it.

Moreover, every problem of life and society, brought into the presence of these truths, assumes a new and holier aspect. They are redeemed from their own earthly shadows by the light of heaven.

The Christian, viewing his inheritance of divine truth, may say in a far truer and wider sense than the old pagan writer, "nothing human is foreign to me." Revealed Catholic truth has created its own philosophy in so far as it saves merely human philosophy from doubt and misgiving. And the Catholic has his own contribution to give with regard to the every-day secular

problems of life. The fields of his every-day activity may then be planted with the seeds of his intellectual, his mental interest, and in time yield their proportionately fruitful harvest.

That the world has its ever-increasing number of problems; that in many of them it is losing its way—should only be the further incentive urging him, leading him to serve the Lord his God with his whole mind.

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THE mind preserves our balance. It saves the individual from excess either of despair or of presumption. The truth, which it alone can receive and know, enables us in our height of joy ever to be sober, and in our depth of misery never to despair. It is the solid ground on which self stands secure of its eternal dignity. And, therefore, it is the channel through which we can best help others. To understand the truth, the revelation of God, with its relations and consequences to the personal interests of life, needs the habitual application of the mind. The vast treasures of Catholic thought, the classics of Catholicism should be known to us. Spiritual reading as such should mark the daily, or at least weekly, life of every Catholic. But recently, the Holy Father issued an Encyclical, urging Catholics to read daily the Holy Scripture. Devotional books of proved value are procurable in handy form and generally at a reasonably low price.

Beyond the literature that is directly and solely spiritual, it is necessary for the Catholic to keep himself in touch with the needs of the Church: with the problems of his native land: with the questions in the solution of which he must, as a child of the Church and a citizen of the country, play his part. The vast majority of these problems are affected by Catholic truth and Catholic philosophy. The Catholic cannot take his rightful part therein unless he informs himself intelligently. Unless he do so, he cannot fully serve the Lord his God with his whole mind.

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WE have, therefore, a periodical Catholic press. It is not too much to say that this press is an index of the part, in interest and leadership, which the Catholic body is taking, or not taking, in contemporaneous history: in the Christian shaping of our laws, our customs, our traditions—and, consequently, the molding of the coming generation and the destiny of the country itself.

The vital importance of this fact was realized by the Hierarchy of the United States. In their first meeting, they took up as one of their principal works the support, the upbuilding of the Catholic press, and the necessity of arousing our Catholic people to be interested therein.

One of the principal departments of the National Catholic Welfare Council is the Press Department. It is manned by a trained, skilled staff. Less than a year old, it has established and maintains a press service that should be the pride of every Catholic in the United States. In touch by cable, through special correspondents, with the principal capitals of Europe, it is able not only to receive up-to-date Catholic news, but also able to confirm or deny reports of Catholic matters published in the secular press. Every week it issues a news sheet, which includes both the domestic and foreign news of the world up to the day on which it is issued. Besides this news sheet, it issues, weekly, twenty-six columns of fresh news. Regularly, it publishes editorials on timely subjects and frequently issues special articles.

All of this work has been accomplished in less than a year, and the Press Department of the N. C. W. C. serves today sixty-four Catholic journals of the United States.

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SUCH a movement surely merits the generous support of the Catholic body—for in their interest is the work maintained. The service, not by way of compliment or charity, but by way of absolute justice, deserves the personal support of every Catholic in the country. That support is given by personal subscription to a Catholic journal.

In order to bring home the supreme critical importance of this work and make a concerted, direct appeal to all our people, the Hierarchy of the United States has named the coming month of March as Catholic Press Month. Special notices, appeals, sermons will be sent out and delivered in all the churches of the country during that month on the subject of the Catholic Press: and we wish here to arouse to full enthusiasm all whom our pen can reach, that they may give generous response to this most urgent and most worthy call.

MR. BENJAMIN B. HAMPTON, the President of four motion picture producing companies, in the February number of *The Pictorial Review*, in an article entitled, "Too Much Sex-Stuff in the Movies? Whose Fault Is It?" makes the following extraordinary confession:

"Who, then, is responsible for the sex-wave in the movies? Is it the manufacturer?

"There are exceptions to every rule, but by and large, picture manufacturers would rather produce clean pictures than *risqué* pictures.

"The manufacturer's position is simple—he cannot sell hobnailed boots to the dancing-slipper trade. Nor can the picture-maker sell drama or melodrama to audiences that hunger for sex-stuff. Every movie manufacturer has had the same experience—his decent dramas and melodramas bring a return of \$75,000 to \$100,000 gross; a successful sex-play will run from \$250,000 to \$2,500,000. 'The box-office tells the story,' and it doesn't have to tell it very long before the manufacturer hears it.

"The jobber's position is fairly neutral. He passes along the merchandise that is demanded."

We must term this an extraordinary confession, not because the facts uttered are startlingly new: but because this is the first time, so far as we are aware, that a responsible producer has frankly acknowledged the facts—the facts, namely, that sex-pictures pay, and that, *therefore*, the picture manufacturer *must* make "sex-stuff pictures."

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NEXT, Mr. Hampton considers the responsibility in this matter of the exhibitors, the theatre owners or managers. He declares that the exhibitors, who are, so to speak, the retailers of the product manufactured by the producers, just as shoe shop owners are retailers of the articles manufactured by the shoe companies, dominate and control the policy of the producers, since they, the exhibitors, being in close touch with the public, really know what the public want, and compel the producers to supply the stuff demanded. So true is this, says Mr. Hampton, that during the past year some of the powerful producers have each bought several hundred theatres, and the movement to control the retailer or exhibitor by the manufacturer, or producer, is assuming huge proportions. According to Mr. Hampton, the exhibitors have the same story to tell as the manufacturers or producers: namely, if they produce vicious sex-stuff their theatres will be crowded. If they do not, they lose money to their competitors who do. Therefore, declares Mr. Hampton, the responsibility for the "present preponderance of sex plays in the movies rests on the general public."

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THE real reason why sex plays rule the movies is because the public flock to see them. And, if the public should change its taste, or if that element of the public which does not rush to see sex-stuff, should register constant, continuous protests with the exhibitors in their own neighborhoods, Mr. Hampton believes that the situation could be bettered. The exhibitors would ask the

producers for clean pictures, and the producers would supply them.

Possibly so; indeed, there is unquestionably a great deal of truth in this view. If the decent public, or decent people among the public, should constantly and continuously complain against vicious films, and register their complaints with the exhibitors in their neighborhood, and back up their complaints by staying away from the theatres, and keeping other people away, much good might be accomplished.

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BUT what a commentary all this is upon the ethics of the motion picture producers! According to them, if Mr. Hampton speaks with authority, and apparently he does, they take, and act upon, the view that whatever the public want, they are morally justified in supplying. They put the blame for immoral conditions off their shoulders upon the shoulders of the "public." In other words, the motion picture magnates conduct their business on the same principle that would justify panders, opium peddlers, whisky smugglers, and the keepers of bawdy houses. All these supply what the public ask for—at least what a certain proportion of the public ask for. If the public or this vicious proportion of the public, had no vices which they desired to satisfy, drug selling, illicit whisky selling, the white slave traffic, and other forms of commercialized vice would cease to exist.

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ATYPICAL example of the impudent arguments which the publicity agents of the motion picture manufacturers employ—feeling safe, perhaps, with the strength of Mammon, because of the fact that innumerable millions of dollars are invested in the motion picture industry, is the following statement made by the editor of *Moving Picture World* in the Christmas number of that powerful periodical. Declaring that federal censorship must be fought, with a definite campaign that will dispense with all half-way measures, the writer continues to say that all the motion picture interests should unite and:

"DEMAND of Congress, the courts and the public, that the movement to 'Christianize,' paralyze, anæsthetize or demoralize moving pictures be stopped and stopped forever.

"DEMAND of every man who holds public office or seeks public office a pledge that will place him on record against the censorship of Sundays, of newspapers and of moving pictures, and see to it that he keeps that pledge.

"DEMAND and set in motion the machinery to get a new

amendment to the Constitution that will make censorship of Sundays, of newspapers and of moving pictures against the law for all the States of the Union."

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A GAINST the plan of federal censorship of the motion picture industry, it is true, there are many powerful and valid objections. Federal censorship, no doubt, is apt to become a weapon of narrow-minded and bigoted tyranny. It perhaps unduly extends the police power of the State, and is subject to many other possible abuses. Yet, when the motion picture manufacturers, and the editors of the great motion picture trade journals, either deny the flagrantly vicious character of a large number of the motion picture plays that are being circulated, or else callously disclaim all moral responsibility for these vicious films by putting commercial reasons above all moral considerations, the time surely seems to be drawing near for all social service agencies and religious organizations to get together and consider whether any means short of censorship can be devised to remedy the present awful situation. If such a remedy can be found, all the better. Let us then apply that remedy; but, if it must be censorship, let us work together for even that drastic and radical step. To permit the present terrible contamination of the minds and souls of young people, is to become accessory to crime, if not to sin.



A PAMPHLET which is of particular value to those of our own country who are fighting the evil of divorce, has just been published by the Catholic Truth Society of Canada. *Divorce in Canada*, as it is entitled, written by Rev. John J. O'Gorman, is an appeal to Protestants. Following the example of England, new attempts are being made in Canada to increase the facility of divorce. The Senate of Canada passed a bill providing for divorce courts in Ontario and Prince Edward Island. The bills were defeated in the House of Commons. The Legislature of Prince Edward Island unanimously passed a resolution maintaining that "the establishment of a divorce court would tend to destroy the stability of the home and to encourage the dissolution of the marriage tie." It is significant that this legislature, half Catholic and half Protestant, should unanimously pass this strong anti-divorce resolution. In all its history, the Province has had but one divorce.

The Legislature of Ontario has not spoken. Catholics therein are but one-sixth of the population. This pamphlet is an appeal

to the majority of the Province—the Protestants—to range themselves publicly against the proposed divorce legislation.

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AS they do not admit Catholic dogma, nor Catholic tradition, the author bases his appeal on Scripture and ethics. That is why the pamphlet will be of special value in our own land. The writer uses the text of the Protestant Revised Version. He cites as witnesses to the divine teaching of Christ against divorce, St. Mark, St. Luke, St. Matthew, and St. Paul, the latter at some length. The early Christian Church knew no divorce, even for adultery. "In the whole ante-Nicene period, there is not a single Christian teacher, Latin or Greek, who allows it except the negligible and ill-informed Latin rhetorician, Lactantius." "Till Luther introduced divorce on the Continent (it will be remembered he permitted bigamy as well) the indissolubility of a valid and consummated Christian marriage was undisputed in Western Christendom." Protestants must deny the authority of Scripture when they defend divorce. The Catholic Church has ever been most loyal to the revealed word of God. As a singular proof of this, it may be noted that the Catholic Church holds the marriage of two baptized Protestants to be a more sacred obligation than the Protestants themselves. The Catholic Church teaches that such a marriage may be dissolved only by death: the Protestant Church teaches that it may be broken up by civil divorce.

The author states: "If we Canadians are to legislate as Christians, our Parliament should pass an Act, declaring in the words of the Civil Code of our oldest Province, that marriage can be dissolved only by the natural death of one of the parties. During their lifetime it is indissoluble."

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THE argument of the pamphlet draws our attention to a matter often discussed or presented to the Catholics of our own country, and that is the question of a national divorce law. Many contend that in order to decrease the multitudinous and lax laws of the States that, in many cases, grant divorce for trivial reasons, it would be well to agitate for a federal divorce law. Their further contention is that while the federal law might not be what the true Christian wants, it would be stringent enough to reduce appreciably the evils that now result from the licence that characterizes the divorce laws of many of our States: and, further, that divorce is a growing national evil, and should be crushed by national means.

Whatever force there be in these pleadings for those who look upon marriage as an institution that is subject to the will of the

State or the national legislature, they can have little cogency with Catholics. Some Catholics may say that legislation regards only the legal side of the matter, and has nothing to do with the nature of the contract. The law *permits* husband and wife to separate and to remarry. It does not force them. Yet it is true that the law declares officially that they are not husband and wife: that if either or both remarry, they are not guilty of adultery. The law arraigns itself against Christ.

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FOR a Christian to cut civic and legal life away from his Christian life is certainly to weaken, if not to destroy, the influence of the Christian faith. And the position of Catholics on the question of a national divorce law seems to us very clear and very simple. We cannot lend ourselves to any such movement. It is for us to retain in civic and political life the integral doctrine of Christ, for only then can society and the body politic be saved. The world's betterment began with Christian faith and teaching, and only so can it be maintained. "Christianity," states the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "has had no greater practical effect on the life of mankind that in its belief that marriage is no mere civil contract, but a vow in the sight of God, binding the parties by obligations of conscience above and beyond those of the civil law."

"The turning point," as Gilbert K. Chesterton wrote, "was the creation of Christendom by the religion which created it. Nothing will destroy the sacred triangle (father, mother and child): and even the Christian faith, the most amazing revolution that ever took place in the mind, served only in a sense to turn that triangle upside down. It held up a mystical mirror in which the order of the three things was reversed: and added a holy family of child, mother and father, to the human family of father, mother and child."

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THE latter half of the pamphlet is an appeal from ethics to those particularly who will not admit any authority in Christian revelation or Christian teaching. Marriage is necessary by natural law in the interest of the child, and through him, in the interest of the race. This statement is explained and defended by quotations from the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas and of Dr. Michael Cronin. The author then shows that divorce is unjust, unnatural, anti-national and immoral.

Divorces in the United States are granted at the rate of over one hundred thousand a year. The distribution of this able pamphlet, particularly among Protestants, ought to effect great good.



WE read from time to time of the death of some member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, who had been active in the service of the poor for fifty years or more. Every such notice is the story of an unostentatious life, inspired by high ideals of personal service and a shrinking from publicity. The traditions of this Society and the example of its older members are rich contributions to the Christian interpretation of life, consoling illustrations of how the impulses of Christian life operate.

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MANY of us in this newer day have little knowledge of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and its silent work. We scarcely realize that it sends eighteen thousand men weekly into the homes of the poor in the United States to perform the duties of friendship, and to encourage and strengthen those who find the battle of life so difficult. We have mastered the new terminology of social service and we aim to be abreast of the times in so far as they are rightly guided. This is necessary. The newer ways have their undeniable dignity and justification. We wish them and those who feel the touch of their spirit, Godspeed, as they interpret the laws of Christian charity to meet new and complex social conditions. Fifty years hence our successors will recount their praises and honor their memory as another generation proceeds to replace them.

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WE suggest, however, to our younger leaders that they go from time to time to the story of the old men, who are dropping out of the ranks of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and learn with sympathy and understanding their interpretations of charity and their ways of friendly service. Possibly not much is to be gained for modern technique in this way, yet the old ways have much that still commends them to the newer charity. Much is certainly to be gained in knowing the vision of God as it inspired constant, unselfish service to the poor. We test the moral quality of a new generation by its reverence towards the past. If our new methods, new organizations and younger members of old organizations hold their forebears in the school of charity in reverent appreciation, we shall have no fear of new methods nor of loss of old spirit.

We owe honor and gratitude to the St. Vincent de Paul Society for its long history of unbroken service to the poor. We owe encouragement, understanding and support to the newer generation, which faces our problems with high courage and exemplary deeds. These will gain us and hold us best when they pay deserved tribute to the generation slowly passing away.



BOOKS RECEIVED.

- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
A Little Book of St. Francis and His Brethren. By E. M. W. Buxton, F.R.H.S. \$1.15. *Divine Contemplation for All.* By Dom S. Louismet, O.S.B. \$1.90. *When Youth Meets Youth.* By M. McD. Bodkin, K.C. \$2.20. *June Roses for the Sacred Heart.* 50 cents. *Catholic Thought and Thinkers.* \$1.85.
- E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
The Irish Rebellion of 1641. By Lord E. Hamilton. \$8.00 net. *The Cathedrals of Central Italy and The Cathedrals and Churches of Rome and Southern Italy.* By T. F. Bumpus. \$3.00.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Recent Developments in European Thought. By F. S. Marvin.
- COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
The Philosophy of Don Hasdai Crescas. By M. Maxman, Ph.D.
- D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science. By J. W. Draper, LL.D.
- THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
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THE BISHOPS AND OUR PRESS.

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.



REAT events have happened—and continue to happen—so multitudinously and so rapidly in these, our fateful latter days that we often fail to appreciate the importance of an event which, if it occurred all by itself instead of taking place amid an obscuring and confusing crowd of other events, would stir the imagination, impress the memory, and move the will of all thinking men and women. An event of this character was the creation by the Hierarchy of the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council, in September, 1919. This action was, it is true, only a by-product of a much greater one, namely, the creation of the main organization of which the Press Department is but a part: the National Catholic Welfare Council, which is the Hierarchy specially organized to inspire, coördinate, and authoritatively to direct all the forces and movements and societies of Catholics that have national scope and consequences. As the readers of this magazine will remember, the National Catholic Welfare Council is the National Catholic War Council perpetuated for the greater purposes of peace: the mechanism for applying the teachings of the Catholic Church to the solution of the great problems now confronting society: problems of social reconstruction, of improved education; the struggle with the rising tide of Paganism, and the ever-waxing tyranny of State Autocracy—and many other critical situations.

When the Press Department is isolated from the other departments of the Catholic Welfare Council, however, for the purposes of separate examination, the fundamental and permanent and increasing importance of the Bishops' action in creating this particular Department, will, I think, be readily apparent. It is the purpose of this article to concentrate Catholic attention upon this momentous action; a purpose made immediately practical by the fact that the Bishops have now followed up their action (after the interval of a year, during which time the Press Department was put to work) by issuing a call—a clarion call, like the call of trumpets from the watch towers of the City of God—summoning the Church Militant in the United States, the clergy and laity together to unite during March of this year in an organized national movement to increase the circulation, and hence the influence and power, of the Catholic press.

It should be remembered that at the time when the Hierarchy formed the National Catholic Welfare Council, and set up the Press Department, they also issued a joint Pastoral Letter. Assembled as a body for the first time in more than forty years, at the close of the War, and sufficiently long after the cessation of hostilities to obtain a view of the social consequences of the War, the Hierarchy's Pastoral Letter was the authoritative contribution of the Catholic Church in the United States to the most necessary part of the work of reconstructing society.

This joint Pastoral Letter was a major event of contemporary American life. It reached the whole body of the American people immediately, and produced immediate reactions and results. Let me add—though in doing so I am anticipating the course of this article in one particular—that the Pastoral Letter was enabled to effect these immediate results because the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council, although then in its infancy, was already functioning, and secured national publicity for this document in a professional manner. More than 1,200 daily newspapers from coast to coast published articles, in many cases running columns in length, carrying copious extracts from the Pastoral. Between thirty and forty important newspapers commented editorially upon the Bishops' message.

In other words, the Archbishops and Bishops at this

epochal gathering initiated positive Catholic social action of the most momentous character, and impressed their message upon the entire nation. They not only enunciated Catholic principles, and laid down the philosophy deducible from such principles; they also went much farther: they devised and set in operation a new mechanism for realizing, or attempting to realize, the Catholic principles of social action. Of course, I do not say that Catholic social action mechanism was not already in existence: for, as a matter of fact, the Church, through its schools and colleges, its asylums and hospitals; through its pamphlets, newspapers, magazines and books; through the work of thousands of lay societies and individuals; through the preaching of its clergy; through the influence of its consecrated men and women: its priesthood, both secular and religious, and its hundreds and thousands of nuns, from the Little Sisters of the Poor, and the Sisters of Charity, and the teaching Orders busily at work in thousands of cities and towns, to the Poor Clares and Carmelites pouring out their souls in prayer in their cloisters; and especially through the vast system of its Sacraments, the Catholic Church had been, and is always, doing social service of the most necessary and essential character. But just as the War had brought about conditions which made necessary the national coördination and systematizing of the forces of the Church, so also the even graver problems of social reconstruction after the War made necessary a similar and permanent work of unifying and harmoniously coördinating the national efforts of all societies and branches of the Church. Especially was this true of the many thousands of societies of Catholic laymen and laywomen.

This work was necessary not only for the sake of the progress and growth of the Catholic Church in itself, but it was also seen to be a patriotic duty to give to the nation the counsel, the inspiration, and the practical assistance of Catholic thought, Catholic morality, and Catholic social action. Therefore, the Bishops not only enunciated the principles of Catholic education: they also created a Department of Education through which they might nationally direct all the forces of Catholic education. They not only laid down the philosophy of social action, but they also created the Department of Social Action to coördinate and inspire Catholic bodies in dealing with such problems, and also to convey the teachings of

the Church to those outside the Church. They not only called upon all the societies of Catholic men and Catholic women to unite their forces and work together for Catholic interests and for the best interests of the nation—for, indeed, these interests are inseparable: but they also created a Department of Lay Activity to act as general staff headquarters, so to speak, through which the Church Militant, the devoted hundreds of thousands, nay, millions of Catholic men and Catholic women who belong to the various societies and organizations, may receive inspiration and authoritative direction, in all matters that concern Catholics nationally, either as Catholics or as citizens, from their commanders-in-chief, the Hierarchy. So, too, in the matter of the press. The Pastoral Letter on this subject spoke as follows:

“The functions of the Catholic Press are of special value to the Church in our country. To widen the interest of our people by acquainting them with the progress of religion throughout the world, to correct false or misleading statements regarding our belief and practice, and, as occasion offers, to present our doctrine in popular form—these are among the excellent aims of Catholic journalism. As a means of forming sound public opinion, it is indispensable. The vital issues affecting the nation’s welfare usually turn upon moral principles. Sooner or later, discussion brings forward the question of right and wrong. The treatment of such subjects from the Catholic point of view is helpful to all our people. It enables them to look at current events and problems in the light of experience which the Church has gathered through centuries, and it points the surest way to a solution that will advance our common interests.

“The unselfish zeal displayed by Catholic journalists entitles them to a more active support than hitherto has been given. By its very nature the scope of their work is specialized, and, within the limitations thus imposed, they are doing what no other agency could accomplish or attempt, in behalf of our homes, societies and schools.

“In order to obtain the larger results and the wider appreciation which their efforts deserve and which we most earnestly desire, steps must be taken to coördinate the various lines of publicity and secure for each a higher degree of usefulness.”

Let us turn now to examine, at least in a general way, what

the Bishops concretely accomplished when they created their Press Department, and why it is that a year later they call upon the whole Catholic body, especially the laity, to unite in a great national campaign on behalf of the Catholic press, during March of this year.

At the meeting of the Hierarchy which set up the National Catholic Welfare Council, Right Rev. William T. Russell, Bishop of Charleston, S. C., a member of the Administrative Board of the National Catholic War Council, a prelate who recognized the importance of press activity and who had been a leading figure in working for the furtherance of such activities, was elected Chairman of the Press Department. Bishop Russell at once took steps to organize the new department. After a careful survey of the field it was decided that the most practical step that could be taken to initiate the many and diversified activities planned for the Press and Publicity Department would be the formation of a news-gathering and news-distributing agency of an international character, an agency which should include among its tasks the gathering and distribution of special articles and literary features, for the benefit of the newspapers of the Catholic press.

There was an obvious need for such a news and special feature service. The Catholic Press Association, an organization comprised of representatives of most of the Catholic periodicals, had maintained a news service, but it was necessarily of a very limited character, as the C. P. A. did not possess the means to extend it or to realize its inherent possibilities. Bishop Russell appeared before the National Convention of the Catholic Press Association in January, 1920, and with that Association arranged plans for the setting up of an efficient international Catholic news bureau. Using the words of Bishop Russell in reporting to the Archbishops and Bishops at the next meeting of the Hierarchy in September, 1920: "A full agreement was reached, between the Catholic Press Association and the Press Department, and I wish to take advantage of this opportunity to express my gratitude to the Catholic Press Association for its loyal and helpful attitude. I feel that the Catholic Press Association deserves words of the highest praise for its loyal Catholic response to the plans of the Hierarchy. The Association itself has maintained not only its independent existence, but by its affiliation with the

larger work will add greatly to its membership and its strength." This action by the Catholic Press Association enabled the Bishops' Press Department to begin its work with the good-will and active support of nearly all the Catholic publishers and editors—a factor of inestimable value.

Early in March the personnel of the News Bureau was selected, and the work began, although not until the second week in April were the results of this work made available to the Catholic press; the interim being employed in careful and painstaking preparations. Mr. Justin McGrath was chosen as Director of the Department; the present writer was named as associate editor, and other experienced newspaper workers were added to the staff.

From this central group the organization was rapidly extended, and today has special correspondents in the principal cities of the country; and regular staff correspondents at Rome, Berlin, Vienna, London, Dublin, Paris and Brussels.

The news received from these sources, or gathered by the central staff in Washington, working in close coöperation with the other departments of the National Catholic Welfare Council, the Catholic University, Georgetown University, and other news centres in Washington, or gleaned through the careful scrutiny of representative secular newspapers coming from all parts of the country, and of the religious press, by the staff of the Exchange Department, is sifted and judged by a strict standard of news value, and carefully written in newspaper style, and distributed to the papers using the service. The distribution is effected by a combined use of the cable, telegraph, and mails. For example, the cable news, received Monday morning in Washington, is distributed the day it comes in, together with important news stories that have developed since the issuance of the material the previous week. On Friday there is sent out a printed news sheet, eight columns in width and of the standard newspaper length, on which is placed the most interesting and important foreign and domestic Catholic news having national interest. The news sheet is supplemented by a mimeograph service mailed simultaneously. In all, from eighteen to twenty newspaper columns of material, exclusive of the cable news sent out on Monday, is distributed each week. In addition to this, once a month there is distributed an editorial sheet, containing important special

articles written and signed by authorities and writers of international standing, both clerical and lay; together with short editorials and book reviews, intended to supplement the editorial material prepared by the individual journals.

The guiding policy in the selection and preparation of all this material is perfectly simple and is strictly adhered to, namely, the policy of gathering and distributing only such news as is clearly Catholic in its character, and which is outside the reach of the newspapers individually. That is to say, the N. C. W. C. Press Department is interested only in news that is essentially Catholic, that will interest Catholics everywhere throughout the nation, and which is not simply local or diocesan in its nature. The service is intended to supplement and not in any degree to diminish or stultify the local news gathering and news writing enterprise of the individual papers. It performs for them the same type of service that the Associated Press, the United Press and the Universal Service perform for the secular papers.

At the end of eight months, since the inception of the N. C. W. C. Press Department, it is able to report that sixty-seven Catholic newspapers, including one in Canada and one in Cuba, are subscribing to its news and editorial service, while twenty-four subscribe for the entire service, which includes the cables from abroad, a branch of the service that is far more costly than the domestic news. It may be added that this remarkable increase in the number of Catholic papers affiliated with the N. C. W. C. Press Department, has been accomplished despite the fact that the cost to each paper has necessarily increased instead of being diminished. But increased cost was more than compensated for by increased circulation. One paper has gone up from 4,000 to 10,000 a week. Many others have reported substantial increases.

The material employed on the news sheet and in the mimeograph service, copious as it is, represents, however, only fifty per cent of the total amount handled by the Press Department, which each week rejects almost as much material as it uses. It must be remembered, in this connection, that a special editorial problem has to be constantly studied in issuing news on a weekly basis. For example, an article may have great value if it can be published immediately, but this value may be of such a character as to disappear if the article

is retained for a week before being published. Again, the Press Department must, so far as possible, anticipate the trend of events, and not wait until an interesting event has taken place. The Press Department is constantly suggesting topics to its correspondents at home and abroad, with the intention of having important subjects dealt with in a timely manner.

In connection with the editorial sheet, it should be remembered that editorials are in no sense intended to take the place of the individual and original contributions of the editors and editorial writers of the various Catholic publications; they are simply intended to supplement the work of these editors and editorial writers, and to give them the benefit of special articles, in many cases written by authorities, which otherwise would not be obtainable by the separate papers.

The Press Department maintains what is known in newspaper technical language as a "future book," in which are entered memoranda concerning events known to be pending, such as Catholic conventions, meetings, or similar happenings. This enables the department to keep a systematic watch upon the unfolding of those events which can be anticipated.

The Exchange Department is an important factor in the work of the Press Bureau. In addition to providing the service with news and ideas for future stories and editorial possibilities, culled from the reading of twenty-one secular daily papers and sixty Catholic weeklies, and clippings from the same source for file references, it is the aim of the exchange staff to call the attention of every department of the National Catholic Welfare Council to articles appearing in the Catholic and secular press pertinent to its particular work, and providing clippings for same. Departments are not only furnished with stories and articles, but with "follow-up," until the expiration of such publicity.

The files of the Department contain not only thousands of clippings, documents, and pamphlets relative to Catholic activities throughout the world, but also hundreds of others pertaining to the international political situation and to other secular questions of the day.

Whenever there is Catholic news of general lay interest, the Press and Publicity Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council sends a report of such news to the Washington correspondent of the secular papers of the country and to

the three press associations for general distribution. For example, as I have already said, the Pastoral Letter issued by the September, 1919, conference of Bishops was brought to the attention of the three press associations by a representative of the Press Bureau, who succeeded in having these associations distribute digests of the Pastoral at their own expense to all the secular newspapers of the country. The clippings collected on this one article alone fill a huge volume preserved in the archives of the Department. Similar steps were taken in the case of the National Convention of our Catholic women's societies, which resulted in the formation of the National Council of Catholic Women.

In September, 1920, when the report of the Press Department was read by its Episcopal Chairman to the assembled Hierarchy at the Catholic University, it was received with marked favor, and a resolution was voted to continue the work along the lines laid down, and to use special efforts to develop it. The time had come, it was recognized, when an appeal on behalf of the Catholic press to the entire body of the faithful, both clergy and laity, should be made in a most emphatic and practical fashion. It was felt to be especially desirable to use every possible effort to arouse the Catholic laity to a sense of the great importance of Catholic press action, especially in the great emergency which now confronts civilization in Europe and in America. For this reason the Bishops unanimously voted to set aside a whole month as National Catholic Press Month, and March, 1921, was named a little later by Bishop Russell, who immediately followed up this step by sending out a letter to the Archbishops and Bishops, asking them to co-operate still further with the Press Department by notifying their pastors to speak to their people from the altars of all the churches in the land, telling them it is their apostolate vigorously to support and improve the Catholic press.

Whatever reasons there may have been in the past to excuse or explain the apathy on the part of the Catholic public in supporting the Catholic press—if there really have been any valid reasons—these reasons have to a large degree ceased to exist. It is unquestionable that the Catholic newspapers employing the N. C. W. C. press service have made a distinctive and substantial improvement in the interest, value, and popularity of their news columns. The new spirit of national Cath-

olic action, observable in every department of the Church's activity in the United States, has been notably powerful and effective in the Catholic press. Proprietors and editors, and the publishers controlling diocesan journals, have displayed enhanced interest in the great task of making their papers vigorously representative of Catholic affairs and teaching.

Today, when public opinion is the chief factor in democratic societies, the Catholic press is one of the most potent of all instruments for the teaching of Catholic truth. Never before have questions of morality, of intellectual principles, and of spiritual interests, so engaged the minds of the people. In their solution the value of Catholic truth is supreme. Therefore, it is nothing short of a calamity that out of the nearly twenty million Catholics in the United States less than two million are subscribers to the Catholic press. We have only one daily newspaper in the English language, and that a mere beginner, of only regional circulation as yet—though it is a brave, gallant and commendable step in advance. Yet little Ireland, with a Catholic population of less than four million, supports four large Catholic daily newspapers and seventy-three weekly or bi-weekly papers which are also Catholic in policy and atmosphere. War-shattered Austria, in the midst of all its starvation and awful misery, with a Catholic population of less than six million, supports ten Catholic daily newspapers and thirty-two Catholic weeklies. Germany's Catholic press organization has for generations been a model of efficiency. The new Catholic spirit in France is served vigorously and ably by several Catholic daily newspapers, one of them publishing provincial editions in a large number of important centres. The Catholics of Quebec support a splendid daily paper. The Catholics of Brazil have just subscribed nearly \$400,000 toward the establishment of a new Catholic daily. Spain has forty-eight Catholic dailies. Italy has a large number of vigorous and well-supported Catholic papers, dailies and weeklies. Little Holland, where the press campaign has been chiefly inspired by a convert from Protestantism, possesses fifteen Catholic dailies and more than one hundred other Catholic periodicals. Tiny Belgium has several Catholic dailies and many good weeklies. Many of the Republics of Central and South America have similar stories to tell.

At a time when the whole world is turning to the United

States of America for material assistance, and for moral and spiritual leadership, at a time when to the Catholics of the United States in particular there has come an opportunity to serve both Church and country, almost unprecedented in history, there should be nothing less than a universal, earnest, practical reply to the appeal made by our spiritual leaders, the Hierarchy, to aid the work they have so well begun, and to make National Catholic Press Month a turning point in the history of the American Catholic press.

Here are words which his Holiness Pope Benedict cabled through Cardinal Gasparri to Bishop Russell at the time when the Press Department began its operations:

"The Holy Father has learned with much pleasure of the establishment of the National Catholic Press Bureau. His Holiness most cordially extends the Apostolic Blessing to the service you have inaugurated to improve the Catholic papers of the United States. The work of the American Catholic papers has been most praiseworthy. They have been an effective auxiliary to the pulpit in spreading the Faith. The credit to which they are entitled is enhanced by the difficulties they have had to meet. Those who are conducting them will be pleased and heartened by your establishment for their benefit of an efficient press organization in Washington, which also will have representation in the leading capitals of Europe and South America. They are now to have the aid which they so long deserved. As the news standard of Catholic journals is raised, undoubtedly the support given them by the Catholic reading public will be increased. His Holiness invokes goodwill and coöperation from all who will be parties to the worthy work you have undertaken, to the end that it may be fruitful of the good results you seek to achieve for Church and Country."

At Christmas time the Press and Publicity Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council received the following additional message from his Holiness:

"With the utmost satisfaction We take the opportunity of the approaching sweet Christmas time to send Our paternal greetings to the newspapers adherent to the National Catholic Welfare Council of the United States of America, and through them to the faithful, and to the whole American people.

"Well acquainted with the serious purposes of American

Catholics and their devotion towards this Apostolic See, while We send to them Our paternal benediction We express the wish that their activity in the fertile field of the press may bear ever more abundant fruits and, like the Evangelical mustard seed, grow into a strong and mighty tree which, under the shadow of its branches, will gather all the souls thirsting after truth, all the hearts beating for the good."

Pope Benedict is only reiterating the urgent appeals of his great predecessors, Pope Leo XIII. and Pius X., but his appeal is even more urgent because the need is now greater. "In vain will you build churches, give missions and found schools," said Pope Pius X. "All your noble works, all your grand efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press."

The National Council of Catholic Men and the National Council of Catholic Women, both of which councils are part of the National Catholic Welfare Council, and are the unifying national points of coördination for all our Catholic societies, have volunteered their services for National Catholic Press Month, and will spread the literature of the campaign in every diocese and every parish and mission of the land.

The Bishops are appealing to the clergy of their dioceses to preach sermons on the subject of the Catholic press in as many parishes as possible during the month of March. Hundreds of thousands, possibly millions of copies of pamphlets advertising the movement, will be distributed by the National Councils of Catholic Men and Women, working in coöperation with the Catholic editors and the Catholic societies throughout the country.

Nothing short of the doubling, perhaps even the tripling, of the present circulation of the Catholic press should result from this campaign. But more important yet will be the break up (let us hope for ever!) of the too general state of apathy or indifference on the part of a large proportion of the Catholic public to its press, and the work which the press is doing for the Church. For the Bishops have not only spoken—they have raised a standard and have taken an advanced position on the field of action, and true Catholics cannot, and they will not, desert or fail their divinely appointed leaders.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

BY SAMUEL FOWLE TELFAIR, JR.



IN the beginning God." One day, seven years ago, the wise old professor of philosophy at the university read these words and paused. I do not remember now anything else that he said on that occasion because of the overwhelming force of this impression: In the beginning, away back through all the ages, was the Creator, God.

The idea took hold of my growing mind. I was a young, healthy, out-of-doors boy, and my thoughts had never been stirred by any love or hope of God. In the Protestant church to which I had been sent regularly I had felt little about the living Creator. From that day on, I felt the need to be alone to think for long hours at a time. Driving my boat through a storm, I seemed to feel Him near, to be touched by God. As I tramped through the cool, green, haze-veiled mountains, there was God. Out in the midnight blue of starlit nights I wondered and worshipped.

Then, since I thought it the thing to do, I experimented with the important two-thirds of the formula, wine, woman and song, and imagined that I had developed into a cynic. I read Oscar Wilde and the French realists in place of textbooks, and pictured myself a worldly-wise and dashing *roué*. Later, as I studied under the old philosopher, I learned that God was the Spirit of Truth, Goodness and Beauty. I almost learned to think and I loved and desired Beauty. I began to weave wonderful dreams of the future. I was going to be a writer, a genius. I was going to know life and paint it after Maeterlinck, as beautifully but more vigorously. Beauty seemed to be God—but the Trinity was broken. Truth was for Presbyterians and goodness for other Puritans. For me Beauty, clean, straight and unafraid, was the lamp to light the world. By this I meant the beauty of blue eyes under dark hair, of blue, blue skies lighted by a golden moon that made the wheat-fields seem a gilded sea, the glorious mystery of the sun rising

from the ocean in all his panoply of color, the sacred beauty of the death of day seen from a mountain-top, as night came silently on, veiling the dark green hills in silver and mauve and blue. I was a pagan.

To the small university village where I dreamed, philosophized, and was occupied with college activities, the outside world was remote and the European struggle a distant and dismal affair. Then came the day when war was declared. I enlisted at once, and spent all my days in a world of men, raw products of all sorts of homes, being made into soldiers. Thenceforth I saw less of Beauty and more of Humanity, and here I began to see a new principle (my old teacher had spoken much of it, but I had admitted it and thrown it aside), Democracy. I began thinking and living on the old idea of Democracy till it became almost an obsession, this idea of the brotherhood of man, exemplified in a vast army drawn from every class of society.

So the days passed, swift, healthy days with short sleepful nights, days spent with men, studying them and their ways and liking them. I began to feel that we were all brothers, pawns of luck and chance, all imperfectly and hopelessly alike, yet strangely different, and all with impulses and ideas that were fine. I thought then that the great thing in life was service, the ability to help, strengthen and protect these men, to teach them to do these things for themselves. This, I thought, was the ethics of Christ, Who to me was the perfect Philosopher and little more than that except the Man so many peoples had interpreted in divers ways and squabbled over, serving Him by sharp tongues and intolerance. When night came, I thought more vaguely of the old love, Beauty, and less often of Death and God.

Finally, the great day came when we left for the port of embarkation. I was eager and wondering, full of vitality, sentiment, love and hope—the nearest things I had to religion were two ideals, Beauty and Democracy, and such creed as I possessed I had borrowed from a book by H. G. Wells, a creed of the Aristocracy of Spirit: to know no fear, to control passion, to be without jealousy, hypocrisy or prejudice and to be above the littlenesses and meannesses of mediocrity. At reveille, when the sun was opening the eyes of the world, I thought of an old phrase that had charmed me in a German

play: "Open the window. Let God and Light come in," and in the unfolding of the day that seemed enough.

The night before we were to board our transport, I was Officer of the Day, and as I made my rounds a top sergeant told me he was having trouble with his men. They were Catholics and wanted to go to town to see a priest, which was against orders and, according to the sergeant, "d—— foolishness," an opinion with which I agreed. Some of the men came to me, and I saw that they were excited, several nearly frantic. I wondered what sort of Church this was that could count for so much to men. The priest, having been telephoned, arrived, and many men went to him. Most of that night I wondered. I had been introduced to the oldest Christian faith in the world and it was new to me. It was at this point that Catholicism first interested me. A great many of the men in my company, including my own platoon sergeant, were Catholics, and in the thirteen days that followed, I kept wondering about this desire to confess one's sins and the idea of a church being vital to a man. At that time I rather think I was sufficient unto myself.

I had always loved the sea, and from two to four in the afternoon and early morning I stood watch on the maintop with a "gob" for company. The wonder of the sea, with its ever-changing sameness, stirred and lashed by the winds which are the breath of God, the vastness, the infinity of it, seemed absolute, and yet those Catholics had wanted to confess before crossing. I was interested.

On this trip I began a friendship with an Irish first lieutenant, a former Marine, who had lately been transferred to the outfit. Finally, the convoy drew near the green hills of Brittany and into the town of Brest, where we landed.

Not many days after, on the fourteenth of July, the Irish first lieutenant, another "shavetail" and I set out in search of a meal, a café minus the ever-present m. p. before the door, and after a time we came to a twelfth century village. In the meantime we had found many m. p.-less cafés and what was even more wonderful, Bretons who gave you a drink after you had bought a dozen and had toasted *la belle France* several times. In the centre of the town was a beautiful small Gothic church. Murphy suddenly put down his glass and said he must go to church, whereupon Shorty and I accompanied him, and followed when he entered.

Dim lights filtered in through ancient glass windows, on the altar two candles burned, while above shone the red flame of a lamp. Murphy crossed the aisle, bent his knee, and then went to a *prie-dieu* and knelt again to pray. We watched while the people there (mostly Breton peasant women in their curious white head-dresses) entered and left the place so silently. And as they prayed (I imagined for sons and husbands away to the North), it seemed to me that they looked on the face of God. He was there; not the vague transcendent Spirit we had argued over at college, but the Living God. I seemed to have drawn close to something wonderful for the first time, something everlasting, wholly beautiful, that these people believed in while I, curious and ignorant, was as one intruding upon a feast to which I had not been invited. So as Vespers began I withdrew and outside awaited my friend.

On the way back to camp we questioned him. "Christ was on the altar there," he told us. It was a wonderful thing to be a Catholic, most wonderful of all an Irish, Marine, Catholic. I felt a nonentity, and on top of this a French woman asked me if I were Catholic, and on hearing my negative, said then I would surely go to hell, "*certainement!*"

We entrained for a village in Haute-Marne, near the ancient city of Langres, and in this little place, built around its time-worn stone church, I began to see the simple life of the French peasantry. Each village was a group of houses around a church. Crossroads were marked with crosses and crucifixes. The church was the nucleus of the community, the Christ a constant remembrance, and life was constantly touched by this influence, around which it moved.

My interest in Catholicism being now aroused, I began dropping into the little church to see whether I should find the same feeling of faith that I had found in Brittany. The church was an old structure of brownish stone, with no attempt at architecture. The interior was very bare, yet there was something here that I felt even when I first went in to look, something that the poorly colored stations of the Cross, the rather gaudy statues with their cheap beadwork flowers, the lamp that always burned before the altar—something for which these stood, and which the people who came in knew and felt, a spirituality that made the long list posted in the doorway a glorious thing instead of simply a sacrifice, "*pour la Patrie.*"

Naturally, even in these days crowded with drill, afternoons on machine gun range and nights hilariously gay with cheap wines, I began to think of the near future, of the War's eventualities, and of possible death. It did not occur to me to be afraid, but there began to open up in my mind the realization of how much I had missed in development when I had disregarded the spirit. I was hungry and there was no bread of life for me, and so even with the instincts of a healthy savage I longed for faith and belief in the Trinity of God, in the living Son, God and Man, for a connection between my soul and God's infinity.

Very often I dropped into the quiet dimness of the little church, and there on my knees I started to pray—to think of the God I had not been aware of, to ask not for life but for unfaltering courage and strength. Somehow it helped a great deal. I went more often in the early morning and just as night began. In all the six weeks I spent in that village, I went to a service there only once, that was Vespers. It was all so strange, and in the crowd of soldiers and peasants I felt like an outsider, but when I went alone just to pray and think, it seemed that I, too, was one of God's children, come home at last, and that the Christ was for me, too—only I knew so little of Him.

Now I do not wish to convey the impression that all this time I was going about like an ascetic with eyes fixed upward. I believe that those were the happiest days I have ever known, the days of that busy, gold-blue summer filled with wonder and work. Unhappily, this new-found thing that I now know to have been dawning faith did not always keep me faithful to God. I used to go to Him and pour out the confession of my failures and pray for strength, and gradually as I thought and prayed more, they became fewer; and this faith, that I then seemed to be making for myself, deepened and grew.

I was billeted with the young Irishman whom I mentioned before, and I borrowed a prayer book from the old French woman in the house. Between the two of them I acquired some knowledge of the Catholic faith. One day when we were on a "hike," we rested near a cemetery, and on a tombstone I read these words: "*Expecto resurrectionem mortuorum et vitam venturi sæculi*," and the sentence seemed to sum up the Catholic idea of death.

On Sunday the bunkie and I used to walk over the hills

to a neighboring village. Like most villages, when seen from afar, it seemed just a few houses huddled around a steeple. After a good bottle of red Burgundy, we went to Mass for my first time. There were very few people and no choir. A very old man acted as server and made the responses as if he were the whole choir of Heaven. I understood the idea of the service, and even then it stirred me by its beauty and mystery, the wonder of the Sacrifice made anew.

Soon afterwards we moved a few miles away to another village, built on the banks of a dammed-up lake. Drill and range work became more intense and night parties more furiously gay, the world more poignantly beautiful, than from this standpoint it can ever be again. Just a few yards back of our quarters rock cliffs fell a hundred feet to the lake and here in August, as the sun rose or set, the place seemed indescribably beautiful, and as I climbed the steep way to the village at night, with my eyes saturated with loveliness, I came to a little church, where a candle or two and the lamp always burned, and there was always someone there at prayer as I stepped in.

Suddenly we entrained for Rampont, where we marched into the lines. Days passed, terrible, disheartening, exhausting, hungry days—yet sometimes almost exhilarating. Somehow I had a great certainty of God. It seemed that God was light, the living that made life eternal. All through the Argonne I felt this exhilaration, this strong certainty of the presence of God.

Days came, with death and mutilation—horrors. My men were splendid. Some of them were just babies, some whined, but the majority carried on, hungry, cold, mud-covered, exhausted, through the forty-five days under fire. As I moved from machine gun to machine gun, sleeping next to them in fox holes—living with them as they lived, I felt the splendor of such comradeship with men.

One day a corporal, a special favorite of mine, was shot while I was with him and later died in my arms. A vivid sickness came into my heart. I had cared for the others enough, but to see this laughing-eyed boy suddenly made grotesque and hideous seemed to take out my life. As I looked at his eyes, in which a light had lingered as he died, I was given to realize that the soul is immortal and that the lad lived

on free from torture, a fact I have never since doubted. I pray that I shall never forget.

Several days later on the other side of the Meuse a runner brought word that the corporal still lay by the roadside unburied. I gathered six or seven volunteers, and we went back after the day's advance, down along the canal of the Meuse and then across it and the river, through a ruined town, where I picked up a crucifix in a mass of débris. I remembered the inscription I had seen on a tombstone: "*Expecto resurrectionem mortuorum et vitam venturi sæculi.*"

In an afterglow of day, we dug the grave under an old, gnarled apple tree and, wrapping a blanket around our comrade, we laid him to rest and covered him with earth—as we knelt with our helmets off I tried to pray. I didn't know any prayers and only fragments floated in my memory, "ashes to ashes, earth to earth, and dust to dust." Placing the crucifix in the ground at the head of the grave, I said: "I await the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come." I commend the soul of Lawrence Parham to Almighty God in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." I felt the want and hunger to believe in these words I had come so casually to know, and as I uttered them I did believe them.

As we turned away I thought it was, after all, what in army parlance would be called "a hell of a funeral," but I was glad that someone that loved the boy laid him away, and on the way back a man told me: "Larry would rather you'd done it than any preacher alive, lieutenant. He said the other day he'd go to hell'n back for you."

So, walking back along the Meuse in the afterglow of the sunset that November day, as shells buzzed overhead and dropped into the water, making geysers as they fell, peace came to me and the words rang in my mind, with a sound of victory, Resurrection and the Life to come for all who slept. I swore to remember always, Resurrection!

When we arrived at the post five men lay dead in the road. And so the weary days dragged on, and the army advanced over hills and through forests, from one ruined village to another, and relief did not come.

Then one morning the rumor came true. At eleven o'clock the firing ceased, and in the château village of Louppy we searched for a house with a roof. Peace! As I walked into

the little church, which for more than four years had been in the hands of the enemy, German dead lay on the floor among débris of stone and glass, yet all around the arched pillars was hung the tricolor of France, and at the left of the altar Jeanne d'Arc, clad in silver armor, held her sword before her, and aloft in her left hand a banner of white with golden *fleur-de-lys* shining upon it.

That night, walking in the park of the château, which sloped its velvet lawns, hedges and ancient cedars down to a little river, I saw the ancient house ablaze with light. Immaculate staff officers dined in stately halls, and down below in the village men sang and a piano jingled a ragtime air. The moon lighted up the shadows of the trees and red, white and blue rockets blazed into a clear sky from the nearby German lines, a starshell flung its magnificent stream of sparks into the air and they sputtered in the clear mirror of the river. A dead doughboy lay across the path. Peace!

The sudden coming of peace found me physically exhausted, drained of vitality and strength, and with my nervous system wrecked by a dose of gas from which I had not recovered, having been too busy to go to the rear for a rest. The result was a terrible reaction and a plunge into a feverish round of pleasures. The sunlight and the memory of the aspirations of past days seemed shut out by visions of the disfigured faces of my friends. I was haunted by the thought of men snatched from life into nothingness. Yet the consciousness that I was hungry, starving for God, kept recurring even amid this darkness.

The company secured good motor equipment, and at slight intervals we would ride away from our desolate, rain-soaked barracks near Verdun to peopled places that catered to our quest for pleasure, and so I came to see many great churches stretching beautiful towers into the sky and visualizing man's ideal to God. In Verdun—the wrecked, fort-belted city of destruction, torn by countless bombardments—there stood the remains of a noble church—with one beautiful painting left untouched and the sky as a canopy to the Tabernacle.

In Châlons, in a wonderful old building with the sun streaming in through its windows, I knelt to pray again, and then I came to a chapel lighted by a magnificent rose window, under which the Christ hung crucified, and as I knelt before

Him, telling Him the secrets of my heart, I knew that He was my sole hope of my saving my life to live it as I had dreamed. "Jesus, Lord, have mercy on me!" In a shop nearby I bought a silver crucifix which I hung on the string with the tags about my neck, and somehow in the long, sleepless nights it helped to feel it hanging on my chest.

At Rheims the great cathedral stretches up its beautiful arms with all the sightless windows that used to color and inflame its prayers. In a way, I cannot imagine it more lovely in its pre-War perfection than it is now, victoriously beautiful with its scars and lustful injuries. It is too magnificent for expression.

In an evacuation hospital near lay a sergeant who had been in my platoon with a side and lung full of shrapnel and a hole in his throat. I stood by his bed while another sergeant read his news from home, and held his dead looking, tallow-colored hands. I asked him: "Is there anything you want, sergeant?" His thin voice ran out to a whisper as he answered: "Lieutenant, I just want to get back on the job," and as he waited for speech to come, he smiled at us, grinning while the nurse dressed his "beautiful" wound. Then he smiled again and whispered: "You won't mind if I go to sleep?" and closed his eyes with his lips still smiling, to sleep forever.

The thought of how these better men slept made me determined to be a Catholic in fact, as I had tried to be in spirit. At last, after a period of moving from place to place, during which life was filled with duties and so-called pleasures and accompanying temptations, we came home and were demobilized. I had lost the great good of having men to care for and think of, and had to begin to live in a world in which I was not at home. There followed a round of gayety, feverish parties, a stir of sentiment over parades, coupled with a paucity of real help for needy soldiers and worse than all, the shuddering necessity of hearing: "It must have been a marvelous experience!" I felt cut loose from life.

Restless days and sleepless nights led me to a seaside resort where, when a life-guard left his job, I qualified, and from then on spent all the daylight hours on the beach or in the water. The ocean at every hour of the day and night—blue under the sun, gray-green in storm, silver under the moon,

or black breaking white beneath a thousand stars—crept into my thoughts, casting its peace over the recollection of war, brought me again to think much of God.

There was only one church on the island, a Catholic chapel. There I went one Sunday morning and found that the Mass stirred something within me, furnished food and drink to some part of me deeper than my troubled mind. One of the chambermaids at the hotel (a girl from Donegal), saw me at church and asked me if I was a Catholic. She lent me a copy of *Faith of Our Fathers*, which I read and studied on the beach in the shade of a life-boat.

I studied and thought a great deal about Catholic doctrine, reading with especial interest of confession and the Blessed Virgin. The former I felt I needed more than anything, and the latter was in accord with the one divine thing I had. I will not dwell on all that my own mother has meant in my life. I have lost much that she gave me, but our love and understanding could never be broken, even "if I were hanged on the highest hill," which line of Kipling's song she put into my heart years ago.

I was still at the seashore and was considering going to the nearby city to see a priest when I was taken ill and went home again. After a few weeks in bed, during which I read a great many Catholic books that were in our library, I went motoring to some mountain resorts—and there one Sunday, in a hotel, I felt a longing to hear Mass, so I found the church and fed my hungry heart on this new, secret desire.

Soon afterwards I went to New York to take up a course dropped three years before at college. It was unsatisfactory. I wanted to go in the army again, which did not suit my parents, so I settled in New York to work in an office, spending days as an amateur bookkeeper in a skyscraper, which seemed a jail to me.

I would go to the Catholic churches to worship, but as life grew full of acquaintanceships and pleasures my resolution to see a priest grew dimmer. The things of the world seemed to crowd out the things of the soul. My physical vitality was low, the old call to write was killed and, confronted with economic conditions of which I had hitherto known nothing, I was naturally spending a good deal more than I earned. It was a hopeless life.

Then came New Year's eve, and the new day. I determined to begin a new and self-reliant life, to live on my own. So, on twenty-five dollars a week, I built an existence, saving a small weekly sum in order to hear good music. I began to go almost daily to the Cathedral to find peace in prayer and before the beautiful *Pieta*. Before this statue I liked to kneel and ask the Christ to have mercy on me, and many times as I knelt there it seemed as if I could see the tortured Body more vividly. I felt that without confession I could not kiss the Sacred Foot, so I would touch the hand each day as I prayed for strength and vitality and asked for mercy.

One afternoon I saw a notice posted up announcing a mission for non-Catholics and I attended the services. There came a night during the week when it seemed, as I started in the direction of the Cathedral, that all the powers of evil in the world were arrayed against me. I had just had an insufficient dinner at a lunch counter, and in my pocket I had barely enough money to last till Saturday. Only too near at hand were the lights and the warmth and the cheer of the great city—within easy reach. Perhaps, if I gave up my threadbare dreams I could reach out and touch the warmth and color, feel intoxication, know pleasure again, forget everything—and desire crept into my mind, old longings of the flesh, passion for life came to me—what did it matter? Should I go in or not?

Summoning all my resolution, I entered the Cathedral. I fell on my knees and asked Christ to drive such thoughts out of my soul. While I knelt there one of the missionaries entered the pulpit and spoke of Christian virility and manhood, and I knew that the time had come to assert mine. The priest was standing at the door as I passed out and I spoke to him, telling him of my desire to be instructed in the Catholic religion and to be received into the Church. For some weeks we worked together, building up in my soul the walls and spires of Catholicity, and I learned of its shrines and quiet places and its fighting armor.

Daily the vision of the Church Triumphant grew in my mind, of the Christ compassionate and all-forgiving through His Church. Back in the school days the great thing was to be free to see the Beauty of life; in the soldier-time the issue was to serve; and afterwards, weakness and mental agony had seemed to leave me nothing to look forward to in life until

this vision of the Church shone before me: God, the Creator, infinite and beautiful, was related to man the imperfect through Christ the Lord God and Man, Who had lived and died perfect and then risen to defeat death forever.

The Catholic Church for years had told this to the world—even I perhaps had heard this—but through her I came to believe. I cannot yet write of the Beauty of the Truth that she defends, of the Goodness she holds and puts into being everywhere. It is hackneyed to tell how the Church gives blood to fight with, how she makes the wretched spirit clean again, and how she gives Light. Back in the Argonne the sun had given me a strength and a surety that there was a God, the dying made me know of eternal life, and yet back in the world of men it was easy to forget, even when I was hungry to believe. And then in all the darkness and doubt there was the Living Vision and, like the German opening the window, the Church let Light and God come in.

And now if we forget, what does it matter to those who sleep beneath the crosses in a far land? The crucifix may not stand on the buddies' graves, but we, through the Church, know forever and await the resurrection.

Then on the Wednesday in Holy Week I was baptized and went to confession. Early the next morning I knelt in St. Stephen's beside two little ragged urchins who had just washed the conventional front of their faces. I watched them as they went to the altar and then I went up myself and received the Blessed Sacrament. For the first time I had gone to the Eternal Feast, and no awkward words of mine can tell the wonder of it.

Easter came, and I heard the Paulist choristers sing their *Alleluias* to the Risen Lord. The Paulist Father spoke of the victory of the Cross, and in my heart there seemed to be a new peace with *In Hoc Signo Vinces* written over it.

Something I felt and shall always feel in the Mass, a glory and strength I shall always have in Communion, and a humility and cleansing confession will always bring me, for somehow it is not merely Catholic theology I have caught hold of, but the vision and realization of a Living Christ whose Feast and Sacrifice are mine until the consummation of time. All this I felt on Easter Sunday, and I feel it with even stronger conviction now.

That afternoon I went to St. Patrick's again. The great organ was playing, pools of colored light lay over the place, a myriad candles burned, flowers over-scented the air, and crowds of people wandered about or lingered in prayer before the altars. I found my favorite spot behind the High Altar, where the suffering Christ lay in His Mother's arms, and there I prayed. When I finished I leaned and kissed the Master's foot. And this is the beginning, not the end of my story.

ASPIRATION.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

LET us paint Life as a picture-book
Of far-off, dim, forgotten things,
Whose pages flame with Chivalry
Of deeds that cloaked the dreams of kings.

Wealth choked our souls with gall and dust—
Grown blind, we groped down starless ways;
Our ears were deaf to the Fairies' bells,
We lost the pattern of the ancient days.

O, we shall gather the lamps anew,
And bruise our feet to the topmost spire,
Where Truth smiles down, and the years are notes
That blend in a symphony of fire.

We shall come back!
Ev'n now our eyes redrink the dawn
Through fragrant halls where Duty goes;
Once more shall Beauty warm our hearts
In Love's immortal wedding-clothes.

We shall build lives that heavenward tower,
And proudly cry: "God is our friend!"
We shall make songs as pure as prayers
Unto the end.

LESLIE MOORE: ARTIST-NOVELIST.

BY EDWARD F. CARRIGAN, S.J.



IGNIFICANT, indeed, is the number of writers who have served their apprenticeship to letters by handling an artist's brush or a draughtsman's pencil. Thackeray, we know, while making caricatures was unconsciously preparing himself to be a writer of novels; and it was at the end of his career as a cartoonist when George du Maurier gave the world his *Trilby*. Similarly, De Morgan found the transition from one art to the other a natural progression: he successively gave up painting pictures and designing stained glass to win a high reputation as a potter. Then, all of a sudden, at the age of sixty-seven, he set out and made a new and wider reputation as a writer. There is no doubt that Stevenson's studies in engineering, and Thomas Hardy's in ecclesiastical architecture were the real foundations upon which were built their success as novelists. Hopkinson Smith affords another illustration of literature's debt to art: like Rossetti, he achieved positive success as an artist and as a writer.

To art, too, are we indebted for Booth Tarkington. We have the author's definite confession as to the originating suggestion of his delightful romance, *Monsieur Beaucaire*. "I had been doing some pictures," he says, "for a little magazine that failed, and after the failure I still had two or three sketches left over. One of these I picked up one night on my desk. It represented a little man in a peruke sitting disconsolately at a table, while in front of him stood a big, tall man in a uniform that I concluded was English. The little man looked to me like a Frenchman, and the other one was big enough to be a Duke. So I began to write around the sketch, and the result was *Monsieur Beaucaire*."

There is also a legend—we do not know how true—that when Gilbert K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc were insignificant young men starting to grub their way in London journalism, they made a compact whereby the latter was to write books and the former to draw pictures for them. The legend may not be true; but we know that the pictures for *Emmanuel*

Burden and *The Green Overcoat* were drawn by Mr. Chesterton, and that Mr. Belloc has been quite successful as illustrator of some of his own books. Likewise, W. B. Yeats, Robert Chambers and Robert Cortes Holliday were all initiated to letters by the palette and brush. Another instance of the same fact is the English artist-novelist, Miss Leslie Moore.

Leslie Moore was born at Shrewsbury in Shropshire. Much of her childhood was spent at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, where her father, Colonel Edward Henry Moore, was attached to the Royal Marine Artillery; but upon his retirement from service, the family went to live at Bideford in Devon. Her painting she inherits from her father, who, though untaught, at one time sketched quite charmingly. With Sir Hubert Herkomer Miss Moore studied oil portrait painting, and miniature painting with Mr. Alfred Praga and Mr. Alyn Williams, and has exhibited at the Academy, the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, and at the Society of Miniaturists, of which last Society she was made a member. In the field of mural decoration she has also done some work: the description of the mural paintings uncovered by Corin Elmore in *The Wiser Folly*, is really of some paintings Miss Moore uncovered and restored in a pre-Reformation church at Martley in Worcester. It was while pursuing her painting studies at Bushey that Miss Moore first began writing. A little story called "Jack's Dance" was sent to *Pearson's Weekly*. It was accepted, and more was asked for.

After finishing her training, the young artist went to visit friends in South Africa, where she did miniature painting and gathered material for future literary work. Upon her return to England, six months later, she wrote a children's book, *The Happy League*, which Wells, Gardner & Company published. That was her first published book, and she tells us she was proud of it. At this time Miss Moore belonged to an Essay Club and wrote fanciful stories for it. These were well received by the other club members, but they said in their criticisms it was the only kind of work the author could do; so to prove the contrary, she wrote a rather strong two-act play, which they criticized very favorably, and suggested it would make a good novel. The author was fired to try her hand at that, wrote it as a novel, sent it to a publisher, and it was accepted in a fortnight. That was *The Cloak of Convention*, of

which Miss Moore says she is not a bit proud, nor particularly so of her next book, *The Notch in the Stick*. Then came *Aunt Olive in Bohemia*; and Leslie Moore had now embarked on a career as a writer of books.

Like many others who have contributed to our Catholic literature, Miss Moore is a convert. "All my life," she tells us, "from the time I was quite a small child, I have been instinctively drawn to the Church, though knowing nothing of it." Not, however, till September 30, 1913, was she received into the Church by Father Best at the Brompton Oratory in London. *The Peacock Feather* was written during the time she had made up her mind fully to ask admission into the Church, and is pervaded by a Catholic atmosphere. The story is frankly romantic—not the sheer romance of Stanley Weyman nor of the authors of the popular Graustark and Zenda stories, but more in the order of *Monsieur Beaucaire*: the mere mention of Henry Harland's *The Cardinal's Snuff Box* will indicate the class and its character. *The Peacock Feather* is the story of a young man who, having successfully shielded a friend in a case of forgery, endures imprisonment in his stead. Disowned by his father and renounced by his fiancée, he takes to the open road, with a penny whistle, a Chaucer, a peacock feather in his cap, and the manuscript of a novel, which when published wins for its author the praise of great critics, and eventually the heart of a high-born lady. A death-bed confession puts a stop to Peter's wanderings; and father and son are reconciled. The elements of the story, it is true, are conventional, but its telling is decidedly individual. It has the charm and delicacy of fine spun gossamer, shot through with color that seems to have been softened by age to the unobtrusive but splendid richness which one sees in old tapestries. There is a short passage which may be applied to it and its author:

It's in its style, its finish, its—its texture that the charm and beauty of it lie. . . . It is a modern book, yet with all the delicacy, the refinement, the porcelain-air of the old school. For all that the scenes are laid mainly in the open, and are, as I said, quite modern; it breathes an old-world grace, a kind of powder-and-patches charm, which makes one feel that the writer must have imbibed the finish, the courtesy of the old school from his cradle, as if it must have come to him as a birthright, an inheritance.

A quaint mediæval romance is Miss Moore's next book, *The Jester*. Delightfully written though it is, the tale suffers by comparison with the romance that preceded it. It is not so well constructed as *The Peacock Feather*, and the allegorical vein running through it is too marked to be generally popular.

Next in order of publication is another thoroughly companionable romance, *The Wiser Folly*. The same easy, refreshing and poetic style, the same rare and delicious humor, light and joyous as a truant sunbeam, and the same graceful fancy that gave charm to her previous books here reappear. Again, the theme is an old one, but Miss Moore has succeeded in dressing it in elegance for the delight of new audiences. Delancey Castle in England, which "breathes the very essence of romance and bygone forgotten days," is the centre about which the story moves. At the time of the story, Lady Mary, whom Father Maloney calls a "wonderful woman," is holding the estate for her young grandson, when a descendant from an older branch of the family appears and presents his claim. With the influence that led the American claimant to forfeit his right to the estate, the story proper is concerned, and demonstrates Miss Moore's power of interesting a reader. Situation follows situation with a quickness and naturalness which do not suffer the interest to flag. One is in no great doubt as to the termination, yet quite curious to know the successive turns; and this, we take it, is a tribute to the skill of the narrator.

Antony Gray—Gardener follows *The Wiser Folly*. It has a quiet, stingless humor, clever dialogue, deft love-making, good characterization, lyrically poetic atmosphere and delightful description of the English countryside. Quite original is this tale of a remarkable heritage. A sudden whim puts into the mind of Nicholas Danver the desire to see his last will and testament in operation. With the assistance of a friend, Doctor Hilary, he becomes officially dead, and his heir, Antony Gray, is called to England from South Africa. The conditions of the will are somewhat unusual: the heir must live on the estate for a year as an under-gardener; he must take the name of Michael Field, and neither directly or indirectly must he acquaint anyone whomsoever with the fact that it was a pseudonym; he would be paid one pound sterling

per week and should use no income or capital of his own during the said year, nor receive any help or money from friends. Fulfillment of these conditions is made more difficult for Antony Gray by the unexpected appearance in the neighborhood of the woman he loves. Misunderstandings, of course, arise, but at the crisis of affairs Nicholas Danver comes forward from his retirement, and all ends happily with marriage bells in prospect.

Someone has said that the very acme of art is so close to nature that it sometimes is mistaken for no art at all. This seems to be the case with *The Desired Haven* which, so far, is Miss Moore's strongest and best work.¹ The absolute simplicity of the story is so remarkable that its art may be missed by some superficial and unobservant readers. Written somewhat in the style usually associated with Jane Austen, it sparkles with humor and is rich in sympathy and tenderness. *The Desired Haven* tells the story of Philippa Lester, and tells it well. The author divides her story into three books: "The Child," "The Girl," and "The Woman," showing a master hand in the rare and difficult art of creating a character which grows and develops under her pen. Philippa is a first-rate piece of character-drawing, entirely different from the heroine we usually meet in the contemporary novel; in her purity, delicacy and refinement she takes us back to old-fashioned fiction. She is a person of whose creation any novelist in the history of fiction might be proud.

To enumerate Miss Moore's other successes in character delineation would take too long, but mention must be made of Peter Carden in *The Peacock Feather*, and Muriel Lancing, "an inscrutable mixture of child, woman of the world, and elfin;" of Trix and "Tibby" in *Antony Gray—Gardener*; of Rosamund in *The Wiser Folly*, and John Mortimer and Corin Elmore, "painter, poet, musician, theosophist and fortune-teller; in short, dabbler in the arts and the occult sciences;" and of Great Aunt Sarah Jane in *The Desired Heaven*, whom one has only to know to love. The priest character, too, in each of these novels is lovingly drawn, and the artistic glimpses the writer gives of pastoral activities cannot but win outsiders to recognize the Catholic claim to truth and beauty.

¹ Her latest novel, *The Greenway*, has just been published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York City. \$2.25.

Though sounded openly and resonantly, the Catholic note in Miss Moore's novels never obtrudes; the beauty of Catholic life unfettered by dispute, is shown in such a manner as to strike a responsive chord in every heart. Delightful, indeed, is the deftness with which the novelist introduces points of Catholic doctrine. In *The Peacock Feather*, for example, Peter finding himself in a cottage supposed to be haunted, writes to a Catholic friend, whom he had heard speak of Masses for souls in Purgatory, and asks for aid. After which he becomes conscious of a change of atmosphere in the cottage. "A repose, a peace, hitherto foreign seemed to have descended upon it. . . . Of course, it might have been pure fancy, but Peter did not think it was." In the same book confidence and perseverance in prayer are frequently hinted at. Muriel Lancing, through whom the happy union of the lovers is brought about, is a girl who prays. Father O'Sullivan's answer to her request for prayers is exceptionally good:

And it's a Mass with the intention of things coming right you want me to say, when all the time you're feeling sure they can't. . . . And if I'm going to say it that way myself, what kind of faith do you think I'm going to have in it? . . . Faith, my child, is not asking God for bushels and setting out a pint measure to catch them in. . . .

Similarly in *Antony Gray—Gardener*, Trix Devereaux, worrying for the Duchess, realizes that telling our dear Lord all about it will be the best way to help her. Anne Sherstone, in *The Desired Haven*, and Elizabeth Darcy, in *The Wiser Folly*, can also flash forth with interesting Catholic doctrine. Particularly well done are Elizabeth's explanation to David of the Hidden Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, and Anne's answer to the suggestion that a priest's position is a remunerative one:

Have you any idea, I wonder, what the remuneration is? Do you realize that the majority of priests have merely the bare necessities of life? That in exchange of this bare sustenance they give up everything that most men value—the sweet intimacy of home life for loneliness, their time for themselves to the needs of others, their own will for obedience to those set over them? A royal exchange from the world's standpoint, isn't it?

More marked than in any of her other novels is the Catholic note in *The Desired Haven*. Philippa, from her childhood, seems to be instinctively drawn to the Catholic Church. It all began when, with her Great Aunt Sarah Jane and a Catholic friend, Mrs. Tremayne, she visited a convent and was shown the chapel by the Reverend Mother.

A strange force gripped Philippa's heart, an awe, a wonder. What it was, what it meant Philippa did not know; yet standing awestruck, something was urging her to her knees. The Reverend Mother and Mrs. Tremayne had both knelt momentarily. Could not, might not she? Strange reasoning of a child's heart. It was their church, it was not hers. She had no right to kneel. Great Aunt Sarah Jane was stiff and upright. Awe in her heart also, had Philippa but known it. What was it? What did it all mean? Her eyes, dark, dilated, were fixed upon the altar. She was trembling, and yet she was not frightened. A sob rose in her throat. They were turning from the chapel. Again Mrs. Tremayne and the Reverend Mother had knelt.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Tremayne. Great Aunt Sarah Jane was ahead with the Reverend Mother.

"I—I wanted to kneel down."

"Kneel then, my dear," she said.

And so for a moment Philippa knelt, her eyes towards the altar. Again, what was it, and what did it all mean? The call of that Voice which long years ago had said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me?" Who knows?

As time goes on, many incidents, which intensify her interest in the Church, come into Philippa's life: conversations with her Uncle Timothy Standish, who at times wished he had been born a Catholic; the discovery of *The Dream of Gerontius* with subsequent explanations by Father O'Grady; hours spent in the little gray Norman church at Yorkshire, where she sometimes "pictured brown-robed monks sitting in choir stalls, fancied she heard them chanting the Magnificat."

A strange half inarticulate regret would stir in her heart that the old chants and praises no longer echoed among the arches; a half inarticulate longing that the old faith preached within the walls were still the faith of England. The longing became one with the childish desire, still at times finding an echo in her heart, that she had been born a Catholic.

Again as a mature woman, when oppressed by mental anguish, she finds peace in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament at the Beaufort Street Chapel. By the prayers of Anne Sherstone and converse with Father Viner her difficulties vanish, and Philippa is received into the Church. It may interest the reader of *The Desired Haven* to know that the mental aspect of Philippa is drawn absolutely from Miss Moore's own life.

As would be naturally expected from an artist-novelist, Miss Moore excels in description. Many beautiful atmospheric vignettes show an eye trained to observe and a pen well skilled to report the vision. These pictures show not merely an unerring selection of details, but the instinct for the specific word—the one word that is always better than its synonym; they are the work of a practiced hand that knows the delicate secret of not too much. Observe this charming faculty in the opening lines of *The Peacock Feather*:

It was sunset.

The sea, which all day long had lain blue and sparkling, was changing slowly to a warm gray shot with moving purple and gold. The sky flamed crimson and amber. But gradually the vivid warmth sank and faded; day slowly withdrew into the soft embrace of night, and a blue-gray mantle covered sea and sky and land. One by one the stars shone forth till overhead the mantle was thickly powdered with their twinkling eyes.

Away across the water the gleam from the lantern of a lightship appeared at intervals, while every now and then a stronger flash from a distant lighthouse lit up the darkness. It flung its rays broadcast, across the water, across the land, bringing into startling prominence a great mass of buildings standing on the top of the cliffs.

In his essay "On Buying Books," John Ayscough shows clearly the position of the Catholic novelist. "There is no doubt," he observes, "that Catholic novelists would obtain far larger audiences if they were content to write what may be called non-Catholic novels; and the laborer in the field of fiction is as worthy of his hire as any other worker. But they are willing to forego larger hire that their work may be in a special corner of the great field of letters. In other words, they

are content with restricted payment of their toil in order that they may help in the supply of a Catholic literature of fiction. Nor is their self-denial merely in the matter of pecuniary rewards; every writer desires to have as many readers as possible, and most writers find that the wider their audience is, the greater is the stimulus to good writing. A novelist labeled in the public estimation as Catholic, must be content to know that ninety-nine out of every hundred novel-readers in England will abstain from putting his or her books upon their library-list. It does seem, therefore, that Catholic novel-writers have some right to complain if they find themselves also unsupported, or very weakly supported, by Catholic novel-readers."

It is, then, the duty of every Catholic, according to his capabilities and opportunities, to promote and encourage in himself and in others the use of Catholic literature. This does not mean that we should praise a book beyond what it deserves, merely because it is Catholic; that would be wrong and absurd. But we should be ready to recognize merit, and not wait until outsiders discover it for us. Too often Catholic writers receive their best and widest appreciation from those to whom their faith and ideals are most alien. Let this not be said of Miss Leslie Moore. May the charm of her novels find recognition among Catholics, and may they have the wide reading their artistry deserves.

THE SIX WOUNDS.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

THE Clay of Christ, impassive now,
Still wears the wounds upon Its brow,
Within the hands and feet and side,
And Love's deep Wound of which He died.

Mystic souls on earth may see
The many scars, but only She
Whom Love with Love has crucified
May know the Wound of which He died.

THE CAREER OF ST. PATRICK.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.



HE coming of Patrick to Ireland marks the greatest of all Irish epochs. Of all most momentous happenings in Irish history, this seemingly simple one had the most extraordinary, most far-reaching effect. It changed the face of the nation, and utterly changed the nation's destiny. The coming of Patrick may be said to have affected not Ireland alone, but the world.

Patrick first came to Ireland—as a captive—in the year 389 in the reign of Niall. It was forty-three years later, in the year 432, the reign of Laoghaire, that he came upon the mission which was so miraculously to change the Island's destiny.

In the period of Patrick's coming the great Roman Empire was crumbling, while Ireland with fleets on the sea and armies in foreign lands, had reached the pinnacle of her political power—a time that would seem the least propitious for winning men to the meek and abnegatory doctrines of Christ. Yet was it, in His own mysterious way, God's chosen time for sending His chosen man.

There is endless dispute as to where exactly was the birthplace of Patrick, which, in his Confession, he appears to tell us was in Bannaven of Taberniæ.¹ Many authorities hold that it was near Dumbarton, in the most northern Roman province of Celtic Britain. Others hold that it was in the Celtic province of Brittany in France. In his Confession are pieces of internal evidence that sustain either theory. The fact that St. Martin of Tours was his maternal uncle is one of the strong points in favor of his Continental origin. His father, Calporn, held municipal office in the Romanized town (of Britain or Brittany) which was his native place—was a Decurion, a kind of magistrate, there. His mother Conchessa, was a niece of St. Martin. He himself was christened Succat, signifying “clever in war.”

¹ Though strictly speaking the only assurance to be found in that sentence of the Confession is that he was there taken captive.

Wherever he was born, it seems to have been from Brittany, from the home of his mother's parents, where he was visiting, that at the age of sixteen he was taken captive, with his two sisters, Darerca and Lupida. It was in a raid made by the men who sailed on a fleet of King Niall, says Keating. They were borne to Ireland, and his sisters said to have been placed in Muirthomne (Louth) while he was sold to an Antrim chieftain, named Miliuc, who set him herding his flocks in the valley of the Braid, around the foot of the mountain, Sliabh Mis.²

His occupation as a herd upon a mountainside was fine probation for the holy career that was to be Patrick's. He confesses in his biography that in his wayward youth at home, he had forgotten God, and from Him wandered into the ways of sin. Alone with his herd upon Sliabh Mis during the day and the night, the months and the seasons, his spirituality was reawakened. And God guided his feet to the path of duty again. "I was always careful," he says, in the affecting picture which he paints of the herdboy's wonderful days on the mountains, "to lead my flocks to pasture, and have prayed fervently. The love and fear of God more and more inflamed my heart; my faith enlarged, my spirit augmented, so that I said a hundred prayers by day and almost as many by night. I arose before day in the snow, in the frost, and the rain, yet I received no harm, nor was I affected with slothfulness. For then the spirit of God was warm within me."

Thus he spent seven years in human slavery, working out with God his spiritual freedom. And his human freedom followed. In a dream that came to him he was told to travel to the seashore at a certain place two hundred miles distant, where he would find a ship on which he would make his escape. He found the ship, and was taken on board—after first getting a refusal and being turned away by the captain—and in the seventh year of his captivity he sailed away from Ireland.

And, be it noted, that the Irish land he had entered as a foreigner, he now left as an Irishman. For, as he was destined to give a new faith and new soul to Ireland, Ireland had given a new faith and new soul to him. In his seven years' slavery, the Irish tongue had become his tongue, and his spirit

² One of his biographers, Frebus, says that it was into the country of Tirawley, in Mayo, that Patrick was sold—and on the mountain of Croagh Patrick herded his flocks.

was the Irish spirit, which at that impressionable age he had imbibed. So, to make him truly one of the people to whom he was to carry God's word, God had wisely permitted his slave service among them during the very six or seven years in which men's characters are stamped with the qualities of those amongst whom they move.

A three days' voyage brought Patrick to the land from which he had been carried captive—after which a trying and distressing journey of twenty-eight days through deserts and wilds, brought him to his home, where the lost one was welcomed with great rejoicing. Yet, though his people resolved never to let him from their sight again, and though it gladdened him to be with his kin, his heart could find no peace for thinking of the country and the people that had grown into his soul, and had become his. There were centred the thoughts of the day, the dreams of the night.

At length he had a vivid night vision: "And there I saw a vision during the night, a man coming from the west; his name was Victoricus, and had with him many letters; he gave me one to read, and in the beginning of it was a voice from Ireland. I then thought it to be the voice of the inhabitants of Focluit wood, adjoining the western sea; they appeared to cry out in one voice, saying: 'Come to us, O holy youth, and walk among us.' With this I was feelingly touched, and could read no longer: I then awoke."

After this, he could not rest inactive. He must prepare himself for the task of carrying the Gospel of Christ to the people of his heart. And despite the tears and entreaties of his relatives, he bade good-bye to them and home, and traveled away to study for the ministry.

A tantalizing vagueness settled over the history of his Continental travels in search of learning and ordination. And very many conflicting accounts of his travels and studies are given. In 396 he is said to have entered the monastery of Marmoutiers near Tours, a foundation of his uncle, St. Martin. Here he remained till Martin's death, which occurred, some say in 397, some in 402. And here St. Martin gave him the monastic habit and the clerical tonsure. Some (doubtful) accounts show him studying next (in 403) with the students of St. John of Lateran in Rome. He visited and sojourned in many holy places, and studied under many holy men—in monas-

teries and in hermitages, in Italy and in Mediterranean islands. He is said to have spent many years in a monastery on the Isle of Lerins, under St. Honoratus and St. Maximus. Afterward, many years seem to have been spent at Auxerre under St. Germanus, the Bishop, a man of great culture as well as piety.

In the year 430 St. Patrick turned up at Auxerre again, his age being now thirty-eight. He had long sought to be commissioned to Ireland. At this time again, backed by the influence of Germanus, he preferred his request to Rome—but was refused because Palladius had then been sent. When finally came the news of the failure and of the death of Palladius, Patrick journeyed to Rome, to Pope Celestine, carrying with him a letter from Germanus. Celestine now granted his request, and consecrated him Archbishop³ for the Irish mission. Also twenty priests and deacons were ordained to be his companions in the undertaking.

Celestine also conferred upon him his new name, the title of Patricius—an ancient name or title of the highest honor among the Romans.

Then the desire of his life being crowned, he, at the age of sixty, with buoyant soul and gladdened heart, amid his rejoicing company, set forward from Rome upon his momentous mission. On his way he stopped with Germanus, who presented him with vestments, chalices, and books, and gave him advice and blessing.

He reached Ireland in 432 in the fourth year of the reign of Laoghaire, son of Niall, High-King. He is said to have first landed near Vartry in the County Wicklow—at about the same place at which Palladius, before him, had arrived.⁴ There he preached and baptized and, like Palladius, was driven out. He sailed northward, and into Strangford Loch in Down, where landing, he was again attacked. Dichu, a chieftain of the Dal Fiatachs, taking Patrick and his company to be a band of British pirates, descended upon them. But Dichu was so struck with respect and veneration when Patrick

³ This may be but the guess of a biographer. Some accounts say that en route to Ireland, a Gaulist bishop, Amator, consecrated him bishop. Germanus, also, is credited with having consecrated him, and changed his name from Succat to Magonius.

⁴ As Palladius was also named Patrick, several of the lifetime events of the two Patricks seem to have got confused. It is quite possible, even probable, this accounts for the supposed first landing of our Patrick in Wicklow, and his preaching there.

faced him that he lowered his arms, hearkened to the words of the apostle, and finally, with his family, was baptized. Patrick afterwards built a church on this spot, commemorating his first conversion in the North. The place has since been called Sabhall Padraic—or corruptly, Saul.

But Patrick craved to bring to Christ his old master, Miliuc. Forth then he fared toward the country of his captivity, and the house of his master. But Miliuc is said to have grown furious when intelligence was brought him that Succat, his former slave, was journeying thence, bent on converting him to a new faith—and that the new faith's appeal, voiced by Succat, no man could resist. Rather than submit the determined old pagan set fire to his house, and immolated himself in the flames.

When Patrick arrived and found what had happened, and that his old master had removed himself from the reach of Christ, he is said to have shed floods of tears. He wended his way back to the territory of Lecale where he had first landed, and there did successful missionary work, converting and baptizing Dichu's people. And having ordained priests for them, he sailed again southward, and landed at the mouth of the Boyne—with intention of proceeding to the court of the High-King, Laoghaire, at Tara. He left his nephew, Luman, with some sailors in charge, in the boat, while he traveled inland—toward royal Court.

On his journey to Tara he won the love and the faith of a little lad—Benin—who was destined to shine as the brightest and greatest of his disciples. This sweet-voiced boy became Patrick's psalmist. Later, in Armagh, he became Patrick's coadjutor. And, finally, he heired and worthily filled Patrick's primatial chair in Armagh, and headed the School of Armagh, as well as ruled the Church. And to the learned Benin (Benignus) is now attributed, by many scholars, the authorship of the great and valuable ancient Irish book, *The Book of Rights*.⁵

On the eve of Easter, Patrick's party encamped at Slaine, on the left bank of the Boyne, opposite to and in sight of Tara, and Patrick lighted in front of his tent, a fire which was visible at the king's court. It was a gross violation of royal and ancient order that on this eve any fire should be lighted before

⁵ Others hold that Benin only re-wrote and revised this important work, which, they say, was compiled by Cormac MacArt, two hundred years earlier.

the court Druids should light their sacred fire upon the royal Rath. Accordingly, when Laoghaire's astounded court beheld in the distance the blazing of Patrick's fire before the Druid fire had yet been lit, great was their consternation and high and hot their wrath.

"What audacious miscreant," demanded the king, "has dared to do this outrage?" The Druids answered him that it was indeed the Tailcenn of the old prophecy, come to supersede his rule, and their rule, in Erin. "Moreover," they said, "unless the fire on yonder hill be extinguished this very night, it shall never more be extinguished in Erin. It will outshine all fires that we light, and he who lit it will conquer us all: he will overthrow you, and his kingdom overthrow your kingdom: he will make your subjects his, and rule over them all forever."

Then King Laoghaire, a splendidly determined old pagan, of like nature with Miliuc, angrily demanded that the transgressor should be dragged before him, with all the other foreign intruders who were supporting him. Patrick's camp was raided by Laoghaire's soldiers, and he and his companions ordered to march to Tara.

An old tradition has it that, as, on Easter morning, the missionaries proceeded in processional order, toward the king's court, they chanted the sacred *Lorica*, called the *Faed Fiada*, or *Deer's Cry*, specially composed by Patrick for their protection. It is said that as the minions of the Druids lay in ambush to intercept and kill them, they saw not Patrick and his companions pass, but only a harmless herd of gentle deer, a doe followed by her twenty fawns. Hence the hymn's title, the *Faed Fiada*—the *Deer's Cry*. And through all the centuries since, the *Faed Fiada*—which many old authorities pronounce to be Patrick's own work, and the first hymn written in Gaelic—has been used by the Irish race as a *lorica* for protection:

I bind me today,
God's might to direct me,
God's power to protect me,
God's wisdom for learning,
God's eye for discerning,
God's ear for my hearing,
God's word for my clearing.

God's hand for my cover,
God's path to pass over,
God's buckler to guard me,
God's army to ward me,

Against snares of the devil,
Against vice's temptation,
Against wrong's inclination,
Against men who plot evil,
Anear or afar, with many or few.

Christ near,
Christ here,
Christ be with me,
Christ beneath me,
Christ within me,
Christ behind me,
Christ be o'er me,
Christ before me.

Christ in the left and the right,
Christ hither and thither,
Christ in the sight,
Of each eye that shall seek me,
In each ear that shall hear,
In each mouth that shall speak me—
Christ not the less
In each heart I address.
I bind me today on the Triune—I call,
With faith in the Trinity—Unity—God over all.⁶

And having been carried safe by the Lord through the ambushes prepared for them, Patrick led his host into the king's presence, chanting: "Let them that will, trust in chariots and horses, but we walk in the name of the Lord."

In the presence of king and court, Patrick was first confronted with the Druids, who, it was hoped, would quickly confound him. But matching his miracles against their magic, he showed to all that his powers far transcended theirs. He dispelled a darkness, which they, by their magical powers, had produced, but were powerless to dissipate. "They can bring darkness," he significantly said, "but cannot bring light." He preached Christ to the assembly, and won to his Master the queen and several prominent members of the court.

⁶ This, Dr. Sigerson's rendering of the hymn, is in the same measure, metre, and rhythm of the original.

And, though Laoghaire's pagan faith was unshaken, he was so far won by the man Patrick that he gave him the freedom of his realm to preach the new faith where and to whom he would.⁷

Patrick's next great preaching was to the vast assembly of the men of Erin, who had gathered at the Fair of Tailte. Though at these national fairs the multitude always anticipated hearing and seeing many wonderful things—scholars, historians and poets of their own nation addressing them, sometimes scholars and travelers from far countries, as well as, always, foreign merchants bringing rare merchandise—the Fair of Tailte at the Lammas of 432 furnished to the expectant multitude a rare sensation. When they beheld the procession of foreign clerics, all clad in strange garments, and headed by a beautiful and venerable man, arrive chanting strange new chants, there surely was startling commotion. Astonishing must have been the crush, and vast the crowd, of the tens and hundreds of thousands of fair-goers who now pushed and pressed to get nearer sight of this wonderful procession of chanting strangers—to learn who they were and whence, and what was their object in Erin.

And when the venerable leader addressed the seething crowds, telling them that he was the ambassador of the King of the world's kings, describing to them his King's kingdom, telling them of the infinite love of his King for all of them, of His sending His own Son as His messenger to mankind, of the beauty and goodness, meekness, and loveableness of that Son, and then of His sufferings, His torture and death, at the hands of those whom he came to invite to the enjoyment of His Father's kingdom—how the bearded warrior throngs, and even the eager youths there, must have been impressed, inspired, fired, and melted; how the wild ones must have felt themselves tamed; and the haughty humbled; and the scornful sweetened; and the strenuous soothed; as eventually the mightily moved multitude—including a Prince, Conal, son of

⁷ Laoghaire died a pagan—killed by lightning. The Leinstermen had defeated him in the battle of Athgara, and taken him prisoner, at a time when he had gone to demand from them the Boru Tribute. They compelled him to take oath, by the sun, moon and stars, that he would never again demand the tribute. But he broke his oath and went against them once more. Then heaven's lightning, it is said, visited vengeance on him for the breaking of the oath. He was buried in one of the old pagan fashions—in standing attitude, fully accoutered, and facing Leinster and his enemies.

Niall, whose heart was there reached by the grace of God—bowed for the Tailcenn's blessings.

The next year was spent preaching throughout Meath and Leinster. He went into the province of Connaught in 434. On his way he visited the Plain of Magh Slecht, where stood the great idol, Crom Cruach, before which, in the ancient time, Tighernmas and his worshipping thousands had been slain by Heaven—and threw down this idol, along with the twelve others that stood around it. He met and converted King Laoghaire's two beautiful daughters, Ethni the Fair and Fedelm the Ruddy, who were at the Connaught Palace of Cruachan, under the tuition of the two Druids, Mal and Cop-lait.

On top of the mountain of Croagh Patrick in Connaught, he spent the forty days of Lent, watching and fasting and praying. And the tradition goes as recorded by the monk, Jocelin, that it was from this mountain top he commanded all the serpents and venomous things in Ireland, driving them into the ocean, and ridding Ireland of all viperous things forever.⁸ The Saint at length reached the Wood of Focluit, dear to his memory—reached it at the time of a great assemblage of people, and there preaching to those children of Focluit Wood, whose cries he had heard in his dream, he converted, it is told, the seven sons of the Chieftain, Prince Amalgaid, and twelve thousand people.

In 441, after seven years in Connaught, he proceeded by the narrow way between Benbulbin and the sea, into Ulster, where he spent four years traveling, preaching, baptizing and church-building. After that he preached through Leinster—on the way to which, the Dubliners, it is said, came out in crowds to meet him. And then on through Munster. At royal Cashel in Munster, he converted the King, Aongus. Twelve sons and twelve daughters of the heroic Aongus were consecrated to God. Aongus ordered that henceforth a capitation tax from his people should be paid to St. Patrick and to his successors in Armagh. It was paid every third year by the kings of Munster, down to the time of Cormac MacCullanan in the tenth century.

Patrick convened a Synod at Cashel, where he met his

⁸ Some centuries before, Solinus, the Roman writer, recorded that there were no snakes in Ireland—which belies the honored tradition. The tradition, however, persists, and will always persist in the popular belief.

southern rivals, SS. Ailbe, Declan, Ciaran and Ibar, and after much argument got their obedience. Ibar was the most obstinate, and last to yield. For he was unwilling, says an account, that any one but a native of Ireland should be acknowledged the ecclesiastical patron of the country. After completing his work in Munster the Saint returned north again through Leinster into Ulster, where he was to spend six years more, visiting the churches, organizing congregations, and ordaining priests.

He then founded Armagh—where was to be his See. The Hill of Armagh on which he founded his Archiepiscopal city was given him by Daire, the chief of that district. Here he built the Archiepiscopal residence, the church, the monastery, and the school. He made it the primatial city of the island. But, through the work and the fame of the great schools which were to develop there, it was to become within a few centuries—to quote words of a great Continental scholar (Darmesteter)—“not only the ecclesiastical capital of Ireland, but the capital of civilization.” His favorite disciple, Benignus (Benin), the herdboyc, he put into his See of Armagh, to administer it for him, while he spent these years of his old age for the most part in tranquillity, sometimes in Armagh and sometimes in his first church of Saball.

In all likelihood it was during these tranquil years when now his hardest work was over, that Patrick directed the compilation of the laws known as the *Senchus Mor*. He got the lawgivers to lay before him all the old laws, and, to codify and purge them, called into council upon them three kings, three bishops, three Ollams, and they got a poet “to throw a thread of poetry around them.” Now also, probably, he wrote his famous Confession, and possibly also during this period his second most famous work, his Epistle to Coroticus—works which after fourteen hundred years, still live—and will live.⁹ They were written in the rather poor Latin of which Patrick was master, the provincial Latin of the Roman provinces. For, as he humbly stated again and again, he was not of the very learned, and he was profusely apologetic for his temerity in writing what would be read and criticized by the really learned ones, his contemporaries.

⁹ These, his works, were preserved in the ancient Book of Armagh, into which they were copied by the scribe, Ferdomnach, about the year 810—there, too, copied, as Ferdomnach states from the manuscript in Patrick's own handwriting.

"I, Patrick, the sinner, unlearned, no doubt," he humbly begins his Coroticus Epistle to Coroticus, a British prince, who, making a raid into Ireland, slaughtered many there, and carried off with him many captives—among them some of Patrick's newly baptized children of the Church. "With mine own hand," he says, "have I written and composed these words, to be given and handed to, and sent to, the soldiers of Coroticus." "On the day following that on which the newly baptized, in white array, were anointed with the chrism, it was still gleaming on their foreheads, while they were cruelly butchered and slaughtered with the sword."

In this intense document Patrick first gives utterance to that cry against British oppression which the agonizing heart of Ireland has echoed every year, of the past seven hundred and fifty years: "Is it a crime," he cries out, "to be born in Ireland? Have not we the same God as ye have?" He boldly demands return of the captives, and mercilessly castigates the tyrant who sacrilegiously carried them off.

But, of course, Patrick's *magnum opus*, which will live forever, is his Confession. To others, fathers of the Faith, he had been calumniated. One whom he had held to be a dear friend turned disloyal to him and endeavored to injure him in the eyes of these, his brethren. The Confession was written for the purpose of defending himself against the false charges. Timidly, and with characteristic humility, but still with a great calm, he opens this famous document:

"I, Patrick, a sinner, the most rustic and the least of all the faithful, and in the estimation of very many deemed contemptible, at the time I was barely sixteen years of age, I knew not the true God; and I was led to Ireland in captivity with many thousand persons according to our deserts, for we turned away from God and kept not His commandments. . . . And there the Lord opened the understanding of my unbelief so that at length I might recall to mind my sins and be converted with all my heart to the Lord, my God, Who hath regarded my humility and taken pity on my youth and my ignorance, and kept watch over me before I knew Him, and before I had discretion, and could distinguish between good and evil; and He protected me and consoled me as a father does his son."

The part of the Confession which many authorities adduce

as testimony that Patrick, with his moderate learning, found himself in Ireland among very learned ones and great critics, is this:

"For this reason I have long been thinking of writing, but up to the present I hesitated; for I feared lest I should transgress against the tongue of men, seeing that I am not learned like others, who in the best style therefore have drunk in both laws and sacred letters in equal perfection; and who from their infancy never changed their mother tongue; but were rather making it always more perfect.

"My speech, however, and my style were changed into the tongue of the stranger, as can easily be perceived in the flavor of my writings how I am trained and instructed in languages, for as the wise man saith: 'By the tongue wisdom will be discerned and understanding, and knowledge, and learning of the truth.'"

Out of some later sentence in the Confession is taken apparent substantiation of Britain's claim on his nativity where he says:

"Wherefore, however, I might have been willing to leave them, and go into the Britannia, as to my country and relatives, and not only so, but also to the Gallia, to visit my brethren." And: "Again after a few years I was in the Britannia with my parents."

This evidence, while colorable, is far from being positive, in favor of his British birth. For one thing, Brittany may well have been called one of the Britannia—which it was: and in the next place, even if he referred to Britain proper, it does not follow that because his family, of which the father was a Roman official, was then in that particular province of the Roman Empire, he and his had been there at the time of Patrick's birth.

The Confession testifies to idol worship in Ireland, where it says: "Whence Ireland, which never had the knowledge of God, but up to the present always adored idols and things unclean—how are they now made a people of the Lord, and are called the children of God? The sons of the Scots and the daughters of their chieftains are seen to become monks and virgins of Christ."

We hear again his humility—and also a hint of the accusations made against him—in the following extracts:

"And behind my back they were talking among themselves and kept saying: 'Why does he expose himself to danger amongst enemies who know not God?' Not for malice sake, but because they did not approve it, as I myself can testify, and understand, on account of my rusticity. . . . But though I be rude in all things, still I have tried to some extent to keep watch over myself. . . . Or when the Lord ordained clergy everywhere by my mediocrity, and I gave them my ministrations gratis, did I ask from any of them so much as the price of a sandal. Tell it against me and I shall restore you more.

"... I, poor and wretched, even should I wish for wealth, I have it not, nor do I judge myself, for daily I expect either a violent death or slavery, or the occurrence of some such calamity. But I fear none of these things on account of the promises of Heaven! I have cast myself into the hands of the Almighty God, for He rules everything. As the prophet saith: 'Cast thy cares upon the Lord, and He Himself will sustain them.' . . . Lo, again and again, I shall in brief set out the words of my Confession. I testify in truth and in the joy of my heart before God and His holy angels that I never had any motive except the Gospel and its promises in ever returning to that nation from which I had previously with difficulty made my escape."

And the final paragraph of the great Confession from which these few excerpts are taken:

"But I pray those who believe and fear God, whosoever will have deigned to look on this writing which Patrick, the sinner and unlearned, no doubt, wrote in Ireland, that no one shall ever say it was my ignorance (did it), that I have done God's will; but think ye, and let it be most firmly believed that it was the gift of God. And this is my Confession before I die."

This powerfully appealing, and magnificently simple, document breathes in its every line the rare fragrance of a great and sincere, meek, and beautiful heart, reverently bowed down in the palpable presence of God. The faultiness of the language in which it was originally written fails to mar this precious piece of the old world's literature. Patrick's Confession is a great picture of a great soul, painted by one who,

scorning to give art one thought, was a great natural artist.¹⁰

After a full life, rich with great labors greatly done, and by Christ crowned with success, thrice blessed by seeing the fruit ripen from the seed he sowed, Patrick passed away, at Down, in about the year 460—leaving behind him a grief-stricken people who had made this man one of their own, and learned to love him almost to the point of worship. The twelve days of his wake are known as *Laithi na Caointe*, the Days of Lamentation, when a whole nation whom he had brought to Christ, bewailed the most mournful loss a nation had ever known.

Thus passed away one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, that Ireland ever knew, or ever will know—still more, one of the dominant personalities of world history, whose influence will end only with the final running out of the sands of Time. What Confucius was to the Oriental, Moses to the Israelite, Mohammed to the Arab, Patrick was to the Gaelic race. And the name and the power of those other great ones will not outlive the name and the power of our apostle.

One of the secrets of the wonderful power he has wielded over the Irish, and one of the secrets of his world-popularity was the rare combination in him of the spiritual with the human. Among saints, Patrick is eminently saintly, and very, very human among human beings. His shining virtues make him kin of the angels, while his human frailties—Celtic frail-

¹⁰Another work of Patrick's which is lost, is referred to by his biographer, Tirechan, under the title of *Commemoratio Laborum*.

In the noted work, *The Book of Rights*, ascribed to his disciple, Benignus, is found the Blessing of St. Patrick, which some think is one of Patrick's poems:

"The Blessing of God upon you all,
Men of Erin, sons, women,
And daughters; prince-blessing,
Meal-blessing, blessing of long-life,
Health blessing, blessing of excellence,
Eternal-blessing, heaven blessing,
Cloud-blessing, sea-blessing,
Fruit-blessing, land blessing,
Crop-blessing, dew-blessing,
Blessing of elements, blessing of valor,
Blessing of dexterity, blessing of glory,
Blessing of deeds, blessing of honor,
Blessing of happiness be upon you all,
Lales, clerics, while I command
The blessing of the men of Heaven;
It is my bequest, as it is a Perpetual Blessing."

ities—his passionateness, his impetuosity, his torrential anger against tyrants, his teeming fierceness against sinners in high place, his biting scathe and burning scorn, made men feel that he was a brother to all men—especially to all Irishmen. More surely did these qualities win the Irish Celt when they found in him combined the terror of a warrior with the tenderness of a woman; the ferocity of a tiger, with the gentleness of a lamb. The same Patrick who had tenderly lifted on his shoulders and carried to safety the fawn of Armagh Hill, later thundered denunciations at the plundering, murdering Coroticus and his men—"fellow-citizens of demons," "slaves of hell," "dead while they live," "patricides, fratricides, ravening wolves, eating up the people of the Lord-like breadstuffs!" It was only a man of such terrible passion, and such ineffable tenderness who could have gained, as quickly as Patrick did, complete moral ascendancy over the Irish nation—so amazingly compelling their allegiance, obedience, faith, belief, and trust, as in one generation to work that wondrous change which called forth the testimony by the old poet (put into the mouth of the returned Caoilte): "There was a demon at the butt of every grass-blade in Erin, before thy advent; but at the butt of every grass-blade in Erin today there is an Angel."

And that Caoilte's figure of speech finds its justification in the historical records of those days we shall admit, when we contrast the two widely differing natures of the Irish people, who, before Patrick, were carrying the ruthless law of the sword far over sea and land, and that very different Irish people, who, after Patrick, left the conquering sword to be eaten by rust while they went far and wide again over sea and land, bearing now to the nations—both neighboring and far off—the healing balm of Christ's gentle words.

An unquenchable burning desire for bringing souls to Christ was the passion of Patrick's life. And he pursued his passion with an unremitting perseverance, with a greatness of mind and a grandeur of soul that has infrequently been paralleled in missionary annals, and seldom surpassed.

And this singularly great man was, as we have seen, steeped in humility: "I was a stone, sunk in the mire till He Who is powerful came, and in His mercy raised me up."

It is of interest to note that the traditions of Patrick which linger down the ages represent him not merely as a saint,

lawgiver, statesman, and a brother of the common people, but ever, also, as an admirer of the literary men, scholars, and poets of the nation, and an ardent lover of their profane literature.

In recent times several ingenious people have demonstrated apparently to their own complete satisfaction that Patrick was a Protestant, a Methodist, a Presbyterian, a Baptist—a Jew even—almost everything except what he was—and that he founded in Ireland an independent church which they call the Celtic Church. These absurd contentions are set at rest—if they needed setting at rest—by the Canon of St. Patrick, preserved in the old Book of Armagh—which was finished by the scribe Ferdomnach in 807—a Canon which, those very learned Protestant Irish scholars, Usher and Whitley Stokes, accept as proof of his Roman authority and affiliation.¹¹ “Moreover, if any case should arise of extreme difficulty, and beyond the knowledge of all the judges of the nations of the Scots, it is to be duly referred to the chair of the Archbishop of the Gaedhil, that is to say, of Patrick, and the jurisdiction of this bishop (of Armagh). But if such a case as aforesaid, of a matter at issue, cannot be easily disposed of (by him), with his counselors in that (investigation) we have decreed that it be sent to the apostolic seat, that is to say, to the chair of the Apostle Peter, having the authority of the city of Rome.

“These are the persons who decreed concerning this matter, viz.: Auxilius, Patrick, Secundinus and Benignus. But after the death of St. Patrick his disciples carefully wrote out his books.”

¹¹ Even if, by straining of the imagination, we should suppose this document to be forged by Ferdomnach—without any conceivable reason for forging it then—it shows that, at the time Ferdomnach wrote it, the See of Armagh, the centre of the Church in Ireland, was subordinate to the Pontiff.

Again within the century after Patrick, we find the great Columbanus, when submitting to Pope Gregory the question of his dispute with the Gaulist ecclesiastics, saying: “We Irish . . . are bound to the Chair of Peter.”

MARAGH OF THE SILENT VALLEY.

BY MARY FOSTER.



THE high road led straight up from the sea through the fertile valley which climbed up into the moorland and was transformed into black, rocky country where the stern mountains crept close to each other above the narrowing road. Here, a rough track led up into the hills, and wound round precipitous rocks from which the fertile valley below and the distant blue sea were hidden.

Looking ahead, it seemed as though the pathway must end abruptly against a wall of rock, but it slipped through unexpected turnings, winding upward and onward until, round a sudden bend, the Silent Valley was disclosed to view.

The valley—well named Silent.

It was a wide space, sheltered on all sides by the great rugged mountains with their barren sides and beautiful curved outlines, smooth and rugged, pointed and undulating. No bird sang, no human voice rose on the air. Only the plaintive bleating of the mountain sheep broke the stillness; and from far below the listening ear could detect the murmur of the river, which had hollowed itself out a deep bed. Not a tree grew, no vegetation flourished save the rough mountain grass upon which the sheep grazed, and the glorious heather and aromatic bog-myrtle.

Mystery brooded about the Valley, it had a haunted air in utter abandonment and silence, in the midst of the quiet giant mountains, who surely kept many of earth's secrets in their impenetrable bosoms.

Yet one would grow to love the place, beautiful in its wild solitude, changeful in its very changelessness. Through the hidden windings of the Valley, the mist noiselessly floated in, covering everything with a damp, snowy pall; or it lay lightly upon the mountain tops, letting the sunlight play in the Valley beneath.

At other times, it came flying in from the sea, leaving the heights in the sunlight and enveloping the Valley in its

treacherous white haze, lying about for days, perhaps, until the west wind drew it out to sea again, or a storm from the north howlingly dispersed it to the four quarters of the earth.

Shadows fell fleetingly upon the mountains, and the sun lingered lovingly upon the heather, regretting, no doubt, that his daily visit to the guarded Valley was so brief.

Tucked in a corner of Slieve Bronach, and sheltered by it from the harsh north wind, stood a tiny cottage. It seemed part of its barren surroundings, so gray were its rough walls. The small potato patch which lay in front of the cabin just lent a faint touch of brighter green to the bareness, but the brown tilled earth of the little square of oats was indistinguishable from the heather and the turf.

Slieve Bronach had taken the humble home under his care, and he frowned across at Slieve Gillian, which rose abruptly near by.

Between the two peaks, and close to the cottage, there lay a mountain tarn of unfathomable depth—Lough Shawm, around whose shores hung countless legends. A curiously white gravel strand surrounded the water, which was brackish and undrinkable, but a limpid little stream trickled down Slieve Bronach's rugged side and lost itself in the tarn, its gurgling murmur hushed suddenly in the lake's deep silence, and its bubbling flow swallowed silently in the black waters of Lough Shawm.

The little cottage got all the sunshine of the short days, but no rays played upon the black surface of Lough Shawm. It was ever in shadow, for Slieve Gillian's lofty shoulder jealously screened its waters from the light. Thus they were gloomy and black, and intensely cold.

John Rooney had lived in the Valley all his life, and loved it dearly. He cared for the sheep, year in and year out—the great flocks that grazed all over the mountains, and he knew each sheep as well as he knew every sheep track about for miles. He had taken his wife from the great bog over the other side of Slieve Bronach, and as she, too, was a child of the mountains, she would not have been happy save in their midst.

And her children had known no other home. Her boys were grown up, and had ceased their irregular attendance at the queer little mountain school which lay a couple of miles

beyond where Slieve Ronan raised its rocky summit on the other side of the great torrent. And Maragh, her one girl, would soon be a woman.

She was a lovely child, with curling hair, brown, save where the sun had kissed it and made it gold. Her Irish gray eyes looked out of a round, dainty face which was tanned to a healthy red brown, and she moved with the artless grace of one who has always been clothed with freedom. The short, dark skirt she wore showed bare feet which had never known shoes, and a three cornered shawl did duty for both coat and hat. Her life had been spent in the Silent Valley, under the watchful mountains. She had never been away from their guardianship.

Across Slieve Ronan's shoulder, she trudged weekly with her parents to the chapel on Knock Garvagh's breast, near which stood the school she had attended fitfully with her brothers. Simple mountain folk from the neighboring valleys heard their Sunday Mass at Garvagh Chapel, and welcomed the priest from the fruitful valley far, far away, whence he came to spend a few hours weekly with his mountain flock.

From the chapel door one had a bird's eye view of the valley, which led to the sea. Maragh would stand and gaze at it after Mass, at the green countryside between the mountains where it broadened out to the far away sea. She could just see the great high road which lay like a thread through the cultivated land, and she gazed with interested wonder at the little white dots which denoted the dwellings of those whom she had never seen. Rich farmers, her father had told her with some contempt in his voice, not mountain folk like themselves. They traded with the "town" on the seashore, they even sent their cattle and grain across the seas to other countries. There was much "stirrin'" about those parts, John Rooney would add—he, who had once or twice been down the long, high road to the "town," where lived the priest, and where all the farmers met on fair days.

But Rooney could not see that it was better there than here in the Silent Valley where one seemed to live so very close to God.

Maragh loved to follow her father when he went after the sheep across the mountains. As a tiny child she had pattered beside him, hanging on to one of the wise sheep dogs, Laddie

or Lassie, when her sturdy little legs grew weary. She learned to know the sheep as her father did, she learned to give orders to the dogs as he did and to utter the weird mountain call which carried far further than a whistle in the silence of the Valley.

She loved to go to the lough, too, and gaze at her own reflection in its black, sullen waters; and to wonder and wonder what mystery lay under their surface. But most of all, she loved to run through the heather and bog-myrtle down to where the river flowed in the bottom of the Valley. Here they gathered the turf for their fire, and here Michael Lavery, who lived round Slieve Ronan's side in the valley of the Carrick-cruse, drove his donkey to cut the turf.

She had always loved Michael, and had run to him whenever he had appeared with his long spade, and he took her in his arms and set her upon his old gray donkey between the turf baskets. There she sat as happily as a queen. At first, the donkey had seemed a giant, and her perch upon his back perilously high, and she felt brave sitting there. Then, as she grew taller, it seemed as if the beast grew smaller, until Maragh's pretty head had to bend to kiss the rough gray nose. Then she grew too big to sit on his back at all, so she squatted upon a tussock of heather, and talked to Michael or helped him to load the baskets.

Then her feeling for him changed as she grew older, and love for the handsome son of the mountains, who looked at her so steadfastly and so lovingly, stole into her heart. A shyness came over her, and the happy, familiar intercourse was at an end. Maragh took her walks elsewhere, and the meetings were fewer. When Michael came to pay a visit to the Rooney's cottage, Maragh was always out.

Her feet began to turn in another direction. They sought the track which wound through the mountains, until, with a sharp bend, it faced the wide cultivated valley and descended steeply and tortuously to the distant threadlike road.

Maragh never went farther than this corner. She never attempted to set foot upon the steep descent, but from her lofty perch she would gaze and gaze at what she thought was the great world lying at her feet. Surely this must be the whole of God's great earth that she saw before her, so wide and smiling, so sunny a valley, so many homesteads dotted about. It

looked so fair and so lovely. Long after the sun had left the Silent Valley, he lingered here to play hide-and-seek through the clouds, and to beam upon the snug little farms, and he kissed the green corn golden there, long before he coaxed the yellow to appear in the little patch of oats near her home.

She could see in the dim distance a green wood, and she wondered what the trees were like and if they grew as tall as she was, or if they were like the moss which grew in the Silent Valley, which, she was told, the "good people" used for their beds. From the elevation upon which she stood, everything looked very flat except the towering mountains, but it was not to them her eyes turned, it was to the alluring valley at their feet.

When the wind blew towards her it brought strange sounds upon its wing, sounds from the wonderful life below—the barking of dogs, the bleating of sheep, and once when the wind was high, the sound of human voices was wafted to her listening ears. It was like a wordless message to her from the great world, and she thrilled at the sound.

Maragh always turned back unwillingly; the narrow track grew darker and darker as she followed its windings, and when she entered the Silent Valley all was gloomy and still.

The two sheep dogs looked wistfully after her as she set off on her solitary walks, her father followed his sheep along, casting a questioning glance at her before he went. But he said nothing. The Northerner is a man of few words, and but a poor hand at expressing emotion. So Maragh went her way, and her mother's eyes followed her anxiously, for the old woman thought she saw a change coming over her girl.

And Michael Lavery lingered in the bog, cutting his turf very slowly, but no one came to greet him; and since he had discovered his love for Maragh, he was shy about calling at her house. But one day, as he was walking near the tarn, he descried her figure in the distance, walking up the steep mountain track. It was a beautiful early autumn day. The sun was high in the heavens, riding across his empire of blue, beaming upon the world beneath him. The heather was brilliant, all the soft shades blending into one glorious glow of purple. Even the mountains seemed to revel in the sunshine, and the faintest ripple played across the gloomy waters of Lough Shawm.

Michael turned towards the track, and very slowly he began to mount its steepness. He felt he could bear his suspense no longer, he must follow Maragh and ask her if she would have him, if she could love him.

He came upon her at the top of the path. She was gazing so earnestly at the fertile valley beneath her that she had not heard his step, and she gave a great start as he spoke her name. She looked so pretty, so fresh and childlike and so desirable that the man's self-control gave way.

"Och, Maragh, girl," he burst out, "I can't live without ye."

Her gray eyes dilated as she looked at him, and the warm blood rushed to her brown cheeks. Then her eyes turned back to the valley and grew dreamy and wistful.

"Wud ye take me over then?" she asked, scarcely knowing what she was saying.

He put a rough hand on her shoulder.

"God knows I'd take ye annywheres so be ye'd come wid me. Och, Maragh!"

She looked at him again and her eyes softened wonderfully.

"Oh, Michael, haven't we allus loved each other?" she murmured, creeping closer to him. "An' if I had ye till meself, I cud do widout then, I'm thinkin', an' ye'd take the disthressful feelin' aff me breast."

She turned her back to the valley, and held out her hands to him.

"Help me, Michael. I'm not a good girl, mebbe, an' there's likely manny a betther wan ye cud pick—but, och, I love ye!"

They went back to the cottage an engaged couple. Mrs. Rooney shed happy tears over them, and John coughed gruffly several times, which was all the expression of pleasure he was capable of giving vent to.

But Maragh did not seem to be entirely happy. Her solitude was still very precious to her, and her lonely walks continued. The mountain track lured her to its summit, and from there her gray eyes gazed over the valley, wondering, wondering about the great unknown world. A restlessness came over her, and the demon of discontent, which she had looked to Michael to exorcise, took possession of her more than ever. She surprised her mother by frequent bursts of irritation which often ended in silly, unmeaning tears.

The old people and Michael concluded that the sooner the marriage took place, the better. Maragh agreed eagerly, and the wedding was fixed for six weeks ahead.

One Sunday, Maragh came back from Mass with quite an excited face. Her mother had not been well and had been unable to go, and as Maragh came into the kitchen, she cried out:

"Oh, ma, who d'ye think was in chapel today? 'Twas Maggie Doran from the village below! Have ye iver heard tell of her? She's Pat Doran's girl, him as owns the grand farm where the mountain sthreet joins the road beyant. My! but she's a grand girl! and her wid the finest of dresses, ma, blue an' red an' wid a real coat, no shawl—an' the loveliest hat iver ye saw!"

"What call had she to be comin' till the chapel at all?" inquired Mrs. Rooney. "Sure, the Dorans, I mind who ye mean, has allus gone till the chapel below in the town."

"Ay, but Maggie fell out wid the leddy as sings high. She sings in the choir, ma, an' they were rude till her below, an' she's come here, an' is allus goin' to. An' oh, Ma! she sang the music lovely! an' all the wee girls was turnin' of their heads to see the sthrange voice. Oh, but it was grand! An' she talked till me afther, ma, outside the chapel door, an' there she had the lovely blue an' red cart dhrawn be the beautifullest donkey iver ye saw. She tould me they had a grand horse in their stable forbye, but that she cudn't be takin' him up the wee roads here. She asked me me name, an' whin I tould her, she said she knew all about us Rooneys, an' that we bid for to be great friends. An' she—"

"Ye'd no call to git talkin' wid the likes of her," interposed old John unexpectedly. "She's too mighty fine for us. She'll stick notions intill yer head, she will."

"Oh, but da, she's so good. She did put a three penny piece intill the plate, for I saw her, an' whin they bid for to give her change she wouldn't take it aff thim. An' she said her beads twict round durin' the sermon an' her lips moved the whole time, they did. An' she says I bid for to go down an' see her in her bewtiful house," the girl added in awestruck tones. "An' that she bid to come an' see me, an' she tould me heaps of things, she did."

Old Rooney shook his head, and put his pipe far into his

mouth as though to prevent himself from speaking. But his wife looked kindly at her child.

"If so be she's a good girl I don't know that I've annything to say against yer takin' up wid her," she said quietly. "Sure, a girl friend 'ud likely be good for the child, father," she went on, turning to her husband. "Mebbe we've brought her up too lonesome like, an' her the only girl. She bid to meet wid other folks whin she's Michael Lavery's wife, an' he livin' in the valley behind where there's a grand wee town only fower mile beyant. Mebbe—mebbe— But, daughter, dear, ye've no call for the grand clothes an' the hat. I mek no doubt she had the boots till her feet—they're mighty fine in the valley, I've allus heard tell. But ye're rared mountain born, ye are, an' ye'll niver have the want for thim onneedful things."

Maragh looked at her mother with shining eyes. She had scarcely attended to what had been said, she only knew that this wonderful girl whom she had seen and spoken to that day was going to be her friend—and a wonderful link with the wonderful outside world.

She smiled into her mother's weather-beaten face, then she drew her shawl over her head and slipped out of the cottage.

"I doubt 'twill make her wuss," remarked John, when she had gone. "'Twill make her oncontented wid us, mother."

But Mrs. Rooney shook her head cheerfully.

"'Twill stir her up, John. She's all for the dhreams, an' her soon to be a wife. Let is make her happy, father, 'tis so long since she sthuck her mind on annything. Be the help of God 'twill put the sinse intill her head that I can't git there. Ye've no call for to be worrittin', John, 'tis wimmin worrits, but they know best."

Rooney put his pipe back into his mouth.

"Ay, the wimmin knows best for sure," he grunted, "whin they has the concarns 'bout wimmin."

Mrs. Rooney heard plenty about Maggie in the next fortnight. It was always: "Maggie says this," and "Maggie says that." It happened that a Mission was going on in the parish, and the mountain chapel-of-ease got its share of the extra services, so the two girls saw a good deal of each other. Maggie Doran liked to patronize. She had had several ardent friendships with most of the girls in her neighborhood, but

she had ended by quarreling with them all. Now she found a girl entirely to her taste in Maragh, a simple girl who admired her genuinely. Maggie found it very pleasant, and she liked making a show of being kind to the girl, that the neighbors might praise her condescension towards such a humble person.

She used to walk half way back from the chapel with Maragh, just to where the mountain path led into the Silent Valley, and once or twice she met her new friend at the top of the steep track which communicated between her valley and Maragh's.

She had wonderful things to relate of the great world in which she lived, the wide fertile land where the mountains were softly undulating instead of rough and rugged as they were in the Silent Valley. She told of the life in the "town," which lay three miles down the straight high road from her home. She described the shops and the grand people who walked about the streets, who all wore hats and coats and boots.

"No shawls or bare feet in *our* town," she remarked once in a superior tone which made poor Maragh look down shamefacedly at her threadbare shawl and bare, tanned feet.

"Ye're too good for this ould place," Maggie had said upon another occasion, as they stood together at the entrance to the Silent Valley. They had walked from the summit of the track and had just left the broad country in which Maggie's home lay, bathed in the last golden rays of the setting sun, and the Silent Valley seemed very dark and gloomy by contrast.

"You should come down to our place an' see somethin' of the world, instead of bein' cooped up here yer life long. I'd eat me heart out if I had to stay in a place like then. Ye'd like the folks over below, Maragh, they'd 'livin' ye up, faith, they wud, an' take the dhramin' look out of yer eyes. Ye don't bid for to live here always," she added slyly. "Wait till somewan wid an eye till his head comes along, an' ye'll not be here manny weeks."

Maragh drooped her head. She had told her friend that she was engaged to Michael Lavery, but Maggie had laughed as if it were an amusing piece of hysterical sentiment, and had told her friend that she, too, had gone through that stage.

Mrs. Rooney made no remarks upon her daughter's

changed conversation until the girl announced one day that she wanted to put her marriage off for a while.

"I'm over young," was the girl's excuse, "an' Maggie says as the happiest time of a girl's life is whin she's engaged to be married."

"I don't hould wid long waitin's," her mother objected, and she glanced over at where Michael Lavery sat quietly in a corner, listening rather ruefully to what was being said.

He shrugged his shoulders upon being appealed to.

"Let the gal have her way," he said, "widout she's not for keepin' me waitin' on her too long."

He was a bit of a fatalist; besides, he was far too fond of Maragh to thwart her in any way. He looked at her rather wistfully as he bade her goodnight, but his rugged face relaxed into happy smiles as she put an arm round his neck and kissed him, telling him that he was patient and kindly.

He spoilt her dreadfully.

When the Mission was over, Maggie brought her friend down to her own home to spend the day.

Maragh had never been outside her Valley before, and the country was something wonderful to her. She looked with breathless awe at the trees and the wild flowers, and she set foot upon the high road with a feeling of pleasurable excitement. She gazed at the white-washed cottages, and listened to the voices which rose from the farms. To her, it seemed as though life were a veritable turmoil here. Children trotted about, and wherever the eye fell, it rested upon some dwelling. Maragh shut her eyes for a moment, and called to mind her home Valley, with its brooding silence and its bareness, unbroken by any sign of human habitation.

And then, the Doran's house! The wonderful white-washed kitchen upon whose walls hung pictures, not only such as adorned her own home—colored oleographs bought at the Missions. Here there were real photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Doran and their eight children, of an American cousin, and a "friend" simpering beside her young man. There was also the portrait of a young gentleman whose name Maggie did not mention, but whose likeness produced a conscious tittering and coy looks on the part of Miss Doran.

Outside there were the cows and pigs and poultry, the donkey and a rawboned ancient horse; and Maragh's eyes

opened wider and wider at all these wonders. She had never beheld either a cow or a pig, and though Michael's donkey was called a "wee horse," the animal that occupied a corner of the shed here seemed very different from her old friend of the bog.

They had a grand tea with sweet cakes, which Maggie had bought in the "town," and Maragh ate them with respect for that reason. There were new-laid eggs and cheese and ham, besides large quantities of jam; and the stranger marveled at the generous fare.

After the meal was over, Paddy Doran, the eldest son, played the concertina, and one or two of the neighbors dropped in and danced. It seemed that wonders would never cease. Maragh gazed spellbound, her best green shawl fallen back from her pretty brown head, her red lips parted eagerly, and her eyes sparkling from over-flushed cheeks.

"Ye'll have to come again soon," said fat, old Mrs. Doran when it was time for the girl to go, and Pat and Maggie and a young neighbor prepared to see her half way home.

Maggie left her brother to escort their guest, and she and the other young man went on ahead, keeping up a flow of ceaseless laughter and loud chaffing.

But Maragh walked very silently beside Pat Doran. Something very wonderful had happened to her today. She had seen the great world, and something within her had rushed out to meet the pleasure, and the old restless longing had returned to her breast intensified a hundred fold.

From that day, Maragh was a changed girl. The demon of unrest had taken possession of her. The old life would do her no more, the little home was too small for her, her wings would fain soar higher than the confines of the guarded Silent Valley. And because she saw no escape, she wearied her heart out in misery, and lived only for the meetings with Maggie who came from the glorious life in the little world beneath her.

When first she appeared at home in a hat Maggie had given her, her father fired up angrily and bid her take it off. The girl rebelled, and there were some bitter words in the little kitchen which had never beheld any ungentler scene than a childish quarrel. She took off the offending head-gear in the end, but she hid it carefully away with an old pair of shoes and stockings that had also come from Maggie.

Now that it was too late, the parents tried to stop the

friendship between the two girls, but Maragh could always find means of slipping out. Michael Lavery tried pathetically to woo her back to his side, but they had all spoilt her too much in happier days, and she had grown headstrong and obstinate. Discord reigned in the little cabin, where hitherto love alone had dwelt, and bitter looks took the place of smiles. The little home had grown very sad.

An autumn storm had broken over the Valley one day in late October, and the wind moaned drearily round the cabin. The sea mist was flying in between the mountains, covering everything with its white, impenetrable pall. It was dark and dreary in the Rooney's kitchen when Maragh came in. John was smoking a pipe before he went out with the dogs, and his wife was straining her eyes over a piece of mending, trying to catch the last of the fading light from the small window.

The girl sat down listlessly, her empty hands on her knee, her gray eyes staring absently into the fire, and Rooney suddenly grew angry at the sight of his idle daughter.

"Ye should be helpin' of yer ma, in place of sittin' lazily there," he broke out. "A great stirk of a girl as ye are, no help till annywan, spendin' of yer days away over beyant colloguing wid a girl as isn't fit company for anny decent sowl. Ye'll bid to quit yer ways, daughter, or—or I'll not have ye here."

The man's temper had risen as he spoke, the pent up anger over which he had been brooding for the past few weeks found an outlet at last, and he bade his wife be silent when she gently reproved him.

"I'll say me say," he continued, taking his pipe out of his mouth and waving it about. "She's a worthless girl, an' we've both got her spoilt enthirely, but I'll spoil her no more! She'll take her share in the work, she'll bid to quit thon walks an' meetings wid thon worthless Doran, ay, an' she'll bid to larn to be a dutiful child an' a good wife till the man what's far too good for her."

He paused and spat into the fire.

Maragh had risen, and was standing before him, her eyes shining queerly.

"Faith, ye've no call for to be sendin' of me aff," she said, "'tis I'm goin'. I came in to tell ye. There's a fine situation a-waitin' me in a fine city beyant. I'm goin' wid Maggie, she's fixed for us both. We're weary of livin' the lonesome lives

shut in from everything as we are, away from the great world where things is fine and bewtiful an' there's people as *lives*, in place of the dullness we call life here. Ay, I'm goin'."

Rooney rose slowly, and looked at her thoughtfully.

"Ye're a fool!" he said, more quietly, however, for her angry words had somehow calmed him, though he did not believe that she spoke seriously. "Ye jist git out an' think it over for a spell, an' ye'll find I'm right."

He re-filled and lighted his pipe, and whistled to the dogs. Laddie rose at once to follow him, but Lassie blinked her eyes at him and put her muzzle into Maragh's hand. Rooney went out.

"I'll be back afore dark," he called over his shoulder.

Mrs. Rooney looked at her daughter's face yearningly.

"He's a bit put out, is yer da," she began tentatively, "an' does not mean all he says, same as you don't. Sure we all takes our turn at times and does be vi'lent whin we've no call to give tongue till the bad words. Sure, Maragh, wid the boys away an' arnin', ye are all we have left, an' we'd be loth to part wid ye, child. Ye cudn't go for to lave us, ye didn't mind what ye said."

Maragh shook her head silently, and her mother saw the gleam of tears in the gray eyes. She put out her arms lovingly and enfolded the girl to her breast.

"There, me heart," she whispered, as she released the unresponsive form from her embrace. "Make up the fire, there's a good child, an' sit the kettle on while I take a run out till the clothes on the heather below. I doubt but there's rain comin'."

"I'll take a turn meself jist now," Maragh replied, in her usual tones, as she busied herself about the fire. "Lassie will come wid me. I'll not be for anny supper, ma. I'll go till me bed quiet, so don't be comin' intill me room. I'll be thinkin', an' would like to be let alone."

"An' there's no bad feelin' between yer da an' you?" asked Mrs. Rooney anxiously, from the door.

The girl shook her head slowly.

"Sure?" the mother insisted wistfully.

"Oh, no, ma. Sure ye're both me father an' mother. I've no call for to quarrel wid yez."

The older woman left the house, and Maragh watched her

till she was quite out of sight in the mist. Then she ran to a corner of the room, sprang upon a chair and felt along a shelf which was roughly set up just under the ceiling. She brought down a battered tin box to the kitchen table, where she carefully opened it. A fat roll of notes and some gold and a few loose coppers lay before her. It was not the first time her eager fingers had rummaged in the old box. Some of the money with which it had been filled had already found its way to Maggie's ready hands, in answer to her insinuating hints regarding a return for the hat and boots and other trifles of finery Maragh had received.

The young girl snatched up a bundle of notes and a handful of coins and tied them into her handkerchief. Then she crept hurriedly into her bedroom where she put together one or two precious bits of finery, secreted them under her shawl, set the hat upon her unaccustomed head, and carrying the boots and stockings, she descended the crazy stairs swiftly.

She found a stump of a pencil on the mantelpiece, and tearing a strip of paper from a book, she laboriously scrawled: "dear ma I am gone as I said will rite from my place."

This she folded up, after writing her name, and kept in her grasp. Then she took a last hurried look round. Everything was very still, save for the increasing moaning of the wind which was driving up through the mist, heralding rain. The old clock ticked in the corner, the fire smoldered under the kettle. Everything was just as usual, but to the girl the familiar little kitchen seemed to have altered suddenly.

She called softly to Lassie, and the dog stretched herself and rose obediently.

Outside, the sea fog was flying rapidly by; so dense was it that it hid the little gate at the foot of the potato patch in its white covering.

The girl and the dog set out, and were swallowed in the mist.

Early next morning, Mrs. Rooney was awakened by Lassie's piteous whine outside. The dog had been out all night, but that was not unusual, though both animals generally sought the warm kitchen when the weather was wild and rough, and the rain beat against the window panes as it had been doing all night.

Dawn was near, and Mrs. Rooney, who was an early riser, left her bed and hastily donning a few clothes, went downstairs to open the door. The poor beast was wet through, and she patted her kindly and rubbed her down with a handful of straw. As she held the dog's collar something upon it caught her eye. It was a sodden piece of paper tied to the strap, and she took it off and unrolled it carefully. The rain had reduced it almost to pulp, but it had been folded so often that the inside was comparatively dry.

Mrs. Rooney was no "scholard," but she could read easy words, and she could just make out a few of the letters which were traced upon the paper she held.

". . . gone as I said . . . write . . . place . . ." and the last three letters of Maragh's name.

Mrs. Rooney sank down upon her knees and buried her face in Lassie's shaggy wet coat.

It was thus, that her husband, who had been awakened by the opening of the door, found her a few minutes later. He laid his hand upon her shoulder, and cried in his loud voice:

"Woman, what ails ye?"

His wife looked up, with the tears streaming down her cheeks and her bosom heaving with sobs.

"She's gone!" she gasped, handing him the piece of paper.

"It can't be so!" he muttered, looking at it dully. "Have ye been till her room?" he added, with a happy thought.

Mrs. Rooney shook her head silently, and he sprang up the ladder, and opened the door of the girl's little chamber. It was empty and the bed was untouched. He descended the steps very slowly.

"Ay, she's gone," he murmured, and the old folks looked stupidly at one another.

Then the man's eye fell upon the old tin box, which Maragh in her haste had set upon the mantelpiece. He took it down and opened it, and his face grew very pale.

"She's thieved us!" he cried. "She's taken our money aff us!"

The mother glanced into the box, then looked pitifully at her man, while the one miserable little excuse that she could find faltered from her lips:

"But not all," she whispered. "She's left us some. She hasn't it all took aff us."

Rooney uttered an oath as he shut the box and set it back on the shelf.

"She's thieved us!" he repeated. "She's no child of ours. Niver will she set her fut here again. Wife, ye'll not speak of her till me."

Michael Lavery's round, good-humored face appeared at the door after the dinner things had been cleared away that day, when John was far out on the mountains after his sheep.

Mrs. Rooney looked up from her washing, and nodded sadly.

"She's gone," she said listlessly, and she told the whole miserable story, except that she made no mention of the missing money. For the Irish are loyal to their own, even when they are sorely sinned against.

"I found this on the dog's collar," she ended, producing the soiled piece of paper. "She had it tied on till it. She had Lassie took wid her, but she'd likely bid her go home when she'd no more call for her, an' the poor baste 'ud obey same as she allus does."

Mrs. Rooney burst into heartbroken sobs, but the man who had just received the death blow to his love stood erect before her.

"I'll go away afther her," he said briefly.

But the mother shook her head mournfully.

"'Twill be no manner of use," she returned sadly. "She'll not come for ye, an' we don't know where she's gone."

"But I bid to thry an' find her," Michael persisted. "An' anyways, I'll go till Dorans."

Mrs. Rooney looked at him wistfully as he stood in the doorway for a moment, his stalwart frame filling the opening.

Then he turned to her again with a sort of shy tenderness.

"Faith, but I'm sorry for ye, mother," he whispered in a shaking voice, "an' sure for meself, the heart's broke on me."

He strode to the door, and the mist received him in its embrace.

When Lavery reached the Doran's after his long walk, he found the family assembled in the kitchen busily discussing their Maggie's departure. He stood by silently, finding it unnecessary to put any question, for the eager information was repeated from every lip.

"I've come for her," he said doggedly, when the tale had

been related again and again, and he looked around as though expecting to see Maragh crouching in some corner.

Old Mrs. Doran, a kindly stupid soul, wiped her red eyes.

"Sure, there's no power on earth cud bring thim back till us," she said sadly, when the hubbub of talk had died down a little. "Go back till yer home, Michael Lavery, and breathe the pure air of yer good valleys beyant. Folks is good there or ought to be, but down here—there's things does be bad sometimes. Ye're too good for her, Michael, she's not worthy of ye, an' our Maggie's as bad, ay, an' worse, for to bring thon good child to this. But she'll not come back for ye, son, an' she's chose her path, so let her larn till live her life in it."

She looked at the young man very kindly, her fat, good-natured face quivering with emotion.

"Sure, I'm no hard, Mike boy," she added softly. "I'm thinkin' what's best for ye. Go back till yer mountains, an' pray for her, an'—an' for us all, God help us!"

That winter passed by very slowly and drearily in the Silent Valley. There were wild storms and torrential rains, in which John had to be out scouring the mountains after his sheep. The snow fell heavily that year also, and the bog was frost bound and the turf hard to get. The old folk were very lonely; and even when Michael stepped in to cheer them, it was a silent trio that crouched round the embers of the carefully husbanded fire.

News arrived from time to time of the girl who had once made the cabin ring with her joyous laughter and who had been the joy of her parents' and lover's hearts.

The priest, who on his weekly visits to the chapel-of-ease, was the bearer of the rare letters which arrived for his mountain flock, had brought two or three missives for the Rooneys. The old people had never received a letter before, and they had not thought that through such means would they hear news of the missing girl. The sheets were but sparsely covered with the round irregular scrawl, but they were spelled out by three anxious people over and over again.

Maragh wrote that she was happy, very happy in her situation in a grand house in Dublin, that she was wearing grand clothes and eating lovely food. Maggie was with her, and all was well. The second letter had not so much of

Maggie in it, the third, after several weeks' interval, did not mention her name. The fourth, received many weary months later, announced that the girls had quarreled and were separating, Maragh to a new place in a town far away, whose name neither the Rooneys nor Michael had ever heard before.

Not even the priest himself knew the name, but he thought it was in Scotland or England. Old Mrs. Rooney wept long and silently on hearing that. Now that the cruel sea flowed between her and her darling, she felt that they were separated indeed. And all hope of the girl's return died in her breast.

After that, no more letters came. Mrs. Rooney fretted sorely, and John, whose wrath had long since died away, would have given ten years of his life for a glimpse of the daughter they had both loved so well. They spoke of her gently, as one would talk of some dear, dead child, recalling all her old loving ways, her sweetness, her fair budding womanhood, glossing over, with the Irish peasants' largeness of heart, all the miserable faults and failings they had taught themselves to forget.

Michael would listen silently, his heart aching with the great void she had left in it, and longing, longing with all his strength for her sweet presence.

But the blank months slipped by, bringing winter again to the Silent Valley, and another spring passed, until the seasons lay unnumbered in the track of the speeding years.

It was a dark day in autumn, six years later.

Mrs. Rooney, aged greatly in her loneliness and sorrow, was crouching over the low burning fire, trying to get some warmth into her old bones, as she dreamed of the past and all its joys and all its sorrows.

The mist was creeping stealthily up the Valley, quietly covering everything and drenching the air with its soft moisture. Not a breath of wind stirred, only the mist crept up and up insinuatingly, like the wave of a tranquil, inflowing tide.

Mrs. Rooney bestirred herself and looked round. The haze had entered the open door of the cabin, the table and chairs were damp under its touch, the glass face of the clock was dim with its breath. It hung very white and dense outside, hiding even the potato patch from view, and Mrs. Rooney turned uncertainly towards the door, wondering if she should

venture out as far as the stream, or wait for a chance clearing of the weather.

Then she stood rooted to the spot, her eyes gazing at something which surely must have been an apparition.

For out of the mist a figure appeared, blurred and indistinct at first, but becoming clearer the closer it drew to the door.

It was the figure of Maragh, the features of Maragh, but such a changed Maragh that the mother instinctively fell upon her knees praying aloud.

"For sure, the child bid to be dyin' somewheres," she muttered to herself, "an' the blissid God has tuk pity on me an' sint her sowl till me the way I should be prayin' for her."

Then she looked up again, and she rose from her knees as the girl approached slowly, and she knew then that this was no spirit, but warm flesh and blood, though it was a sad, miserable object that stood before her.

She stretched out her arms yearningly, and the poor disheveled creature flung herself into them.

"Och, I'm a bad, bad woman," cried the girl, at length freeing herself from the clinging arms and pushing back the tangled hair from her face. "I've no call for to be here at home. I ought to be dead, I ought."

"Whisht!" interrupted the mother with a touch of sternness, "don't go for to be talkin' like that of what is in God's hands."

"I thought I'd just take a peep intill the ould place before—before I wint away. I didn't know what I'd find here afther all these years, I didn't look for to see anny of yez, but the mist, it led me farther nor I thought. Now I've set me eyes upon ye wance more, I'll away. I can't go for to stay wid ye, an' me da comin' in mebbe. But I'm glad I've seen ye, ma, but I must go—I must go!"

Mrs. Rooney drew the girl into the kitchen.

"Och, child, ye said the same years ago whin the longin' for seein' the world was burnin' in yer blood. But 'tis the longin' for home now that has the heart ate on ye. Och, how I've wanted ye all these years! an' yer da, an'—an' Michael."

The girl shuddered and drew back.

"Ye don't know who ye're askin' intill yer house," she murmured, hanging her head. "Och, I'm a bad girl, but,"

she added, raising her head for one moment, "I do believe the worst iver I done was whin I—I stole from me own good parents. But I'm bad, bad."

She sank into a chair, and leaning her head upon the table, burst into tears.

"I'm for askin' no questions, child," said Mrs. Rooney gravely, and she put a tender hand upon the bowed head. "What's wrong that ye've done is between yerself an' God. An' 'tis the praste ye bid to tell an' not us poor sinful mortals, an' put yerself right again. Ye're our own wee girl, nothin' can change that, an' ye've come back till the ould home in yer throuble. God help ye. The mist tuk ye wance from me, but it brought ye back, I'll not let it take ye aff me again."

While she had been speaking, two figures had appeared in the misty doorway. She now turned to them.

"Come in wid yez," she said softly. "Here's our Maragh come back till us again."

But the girl cowered back as the men approached.

"Och, let me go!" she gasped. "I'm bad, bad, not fit for yez."

Michael sprang forward, and took the girl's passive hand and gazed into her downcast face.

"Maragh! Maragh!" he cried passionately. "I've been waitin' on ye so long. I can't, God knows I can't, let ye go again!"

"I'd have a lot for to tell ye afore iver I looked ye in the face again, Michael," the girl whispered. "What I've done, what I've lived through—"

"Ay, it has all made a woman of the child as left us, an' iverything as is wrong is for the praste to know, Maragh, not us. Make yerself right wid him an' come back till us. Sure ye were niver called Maragh of the Silent Valley for nothin'. Here in God's own good Valley the bad world does be forgot, the mountains shield us from the life below. Didn't God sind yer steps this way for His own good will that ye should come back an' mind the broken hearts ye left behind ye whin ye were a child, but a child, Maragh? Now 'tis the grown woman ye are wid the woman's cares an' the woman's duties to the man as she's promised till. Have ye forgot yer promise till me, have ye forgot the love I bear ye, an' the longin' I have for ye? Look out at the mist, Maragh, how it is sweepin' down from the

mountains, an' jist creepin' down the Valley, druv be the lightest wee taste of wind. The sun'll be out soon whin the wind has the fog druv out. So 'twill be wid the past. Let the mist bear it away on the wind, far, far out beyant our memories, an' wid God's own sun, let us begin our life together, you an' me, an' da an' mother. Me heart's longin' for ye, Maragh."

His voice had sunk to a murmur and he had drawn the weeping girl to his arms.

Old Rooney made a great fuss about lighting his pipe to conceal his emotion.

"Ay, ay," he muttered, "it bid to be so, 'tis the will of God. Maragh, child, obey yer ould da," and he jerked his thumb in Michael's direction, and nodded his head at his old wife. "Eh?" he asked, and he bent forward suddenly and awkwardly kissed the girl upon her rough, tumbled hair.

Mrs. Rooney bustled forward, wiping her eyes upon her apron.

"Come, child. Things bid to be as they were. Ye'll talk till thim both later. Come up wid yer ma till yer own wee room, an' rest ye. I've a notion for a wee crack wid ye after all these years."

MAGDALEN.

BY CAROLINE GILTINAN.

Cover thine eyes, O Magdalen,
Thine eyes where thy soul, tear-drowned,
Is staring aghast at the tortured Man
Stretched on the blood-stained ground.

Cover thine ears, O Magdalen,
Hear not the thudding sound.
They are nailing your God on a wooden cross!
. . . His Body is all a wound!

ASCETICISM: AN UNPOPULAR APOLOGY.

BY JOHN KEATING CARTWRIGHT, D.D.



NOT long since I met one who thought the members of an old religious order in a certain country great and foreign fools, because they still obey an old observance of eschewing meat diet in large part and of making fish and beans the staple of their fare. This young person (I am young, too, but not in the same sense) thanked God that he was not as these others. These austerities, he continued, used to have a place in the scheme of spiritual development, but they have a place no more. The nature of man and original sin are different from what they used to be. "*Nous avons changé tout cela,*" so that nowadays perfection may be reached much better by motor cars, and self-knowledge by the cinematograph much more pleasantly and perfectly than by meditation, fasts and many groanings. Asceticism was all very well for mediævals, but it should now be an ecclesiastical memory, just as feudalism and chivalry are political and social memories.

There can be no doubt that this objector is, in some measure, representative of his age. Is it not true that asceticism is frowned upon nowadays by "thoughtful" men? Is it not true that the gentlemen who write articles in the *Encyclopædia Pithecanthropica* have found it out in its tricks and its wiles, and that their opinion is sturdily applauded by that enthusiastic corps of sciolists who write the monthly *Pantipolitan*? We know—for they have taught us—that this proposition of fasting, and wearing hair shirts, and going barefoot and being humble is all a bad business, unsuited to the larger freedom of the present age. Morality, indeed, that helps along our race's comfort, we must have. But anything that means pain, discomfort, sacrifice, is unreasonable, immoral. Has not Nietzsche something good about the "senselessness of pain?" Have not the St. Simonians and others "rejected the dualism so much emphasized by Catholic Christianity in its penances and mortifications," and do they not "hold that the body should be restored to its place of honor?" Nay, did not the

magnificent Luther win for us long ago the freedom of the intellect to serve the interests of the lower man? This freedom is our race's heritage. This heritage we must not lose by yoking ourselves to the tyranny of an ecclesiastical and inhuman morality.

So the writers argue in *Pithecanthropica* and *Pantipolitan*, "*quæcumque ignorant blasphemantes*," indignant at the hindrance our progress has suffered from asceticism, grateful to the heroes and heralds of revolt that have been their saviours.

But "*quid mihi de iis qui foris sunt judicare?*" Sadly, we have among us many a silly satellite of theirs, even now and then a "*fidelis*," who speaks with the newspaper and periodicals and the world, rather than with the Church. Nay, I have known a woman, pious in a sense, whose only thought of the lovely life of Francis of Assisi was that it is too hard. I would not have asked her to imitate him closely (I do not urge myself to that), yet a more appreciative judgment might have been expected from one who practises dutifully her Friday abstinence and Lenten fast. But so it was; with a mind sapped by modernity, she could not rise to the admiration of even the humane asceticism of Francis Bernardone.

It were vain to deny that there is in things ascetic something arduous not only to the practice but to the thoughts of the natural mind. Life in cavern or in desert, hair shirt and discipline, early rising and meagre diet, cast-down eyes and silent lips, are things bitter to those who have not done them, and it is familiar to witness the reluctances of unspiritual persons even to approach the doorway of a Carmel or a Camaldoli. The loneliness and quiet of such unworldly places, the dearth in them of curious sights for eyes that love to wander, increase the displeasure which soft natures feel at all that reminds them of pain or discomfort.

On the one hand, the general prejudice as to the uselessness of purely spiritual activity, on the other, the failure of weak minds to grasp the reality of the unseen fruits of such endeavor, or again it may be, in believing but still not deeply religious people, that self-reproach which arises at the notion that they themselves should go and do in like manner. All these are so many reasons why the natural man should find a visit to such a place distasteful. And since these causes have always existed, and, for the majority of individuals shall

always be renewed in the ordinary courses and circumstances of human life, it is hopeless to argue and vain to write against them. Yet there is a certain number of people who really think and really have good will, and for these there is a cause of error which does more harm than all the others—the confusion with which they present to themselves two really different things: asceticism and morality, mortification and virtue, sacrifice and perfection, the counsels and the laws, zealousness and dutifulness, the means and the end.

Clear thinking never injured a good cause, and it would be well to distinguish carefully between what are two separate, though related, sets of phenomena in hagiography, the moral and the ascetical. We should group under the former heading all features and incidents in the lives of saints which illustrate the perfection of their *compliance with the laws* of God; under the latter, all practices, severe in character and *voluntary in principle*, by which they strove to render the said compliance more sure and more easy. The first would comprise everything in their lives which they did because they conceived it to be God's will for them; the second includes tasks self-imposed. In the first case it is a question of duty; in the second, one of zeal. In matters of duty, even when fidelity was so tried as to be heroic, it was still fidelity to duty, not to be avoided without sin, and, therefore, not strictly to be called ascetical. In the other cases, even when self-chosen penances were the very props and resources of much-strained virtue, they were still self-imposed, taken from counsel, not from precept, and, therefore, not the saint's moral life, but only the means thereto.

When John Gualberti, forgetting the maxims of his age, overcoming the traditions of his class, letting slip the awaited opportunity, crushing down his long desire and cherished purpose of revenge, allowed his enemy to escape, he did a thing difficult in the circumstances, but a thing he was morally obliged to do; hence this is not an example of asceticism. No more are the deaths of martyrs properly to be called ascetical, although their generosity justly merited God's "*æterna dona*" and the Church's age-long praise. When, on the other hand, we read of Simeon Stylites, living for years on a pillar, or of the renunciation and blessed raggedness of St. Francis of Assisi, or of the dreadful voluntary diet of Benedict Joseph

Labré, we have in these cases instances of asceticism or mortification properly so-called. It is the latter kind of incidents which from the nature of things (and of pious writers) predominate in biographies of saints. For this reason, perhaps, people are misled into confusing them with the essential virtues. Yet valuable and important as they may have been to the saints who wanted to attain perfect virtue, they were only means accessory to that end. They were valued by the saints themselves and by the Church, they were approved by God, not because of any proper loveliness of their own, but because they were instruments in attaining that perfection in the service of God which alone is in itself desirable.

Asceticism, therefore, in the Christian concept of it, is not morality, any more than the means is the end. The two things were never identified in the minds of our saints, though all of them practised austerity as well as virtue. In their biographies, however, there is sometimes a confusion; frequently, there is one in the minds of those who read their biographies without sufficient critical apparatus of Christian philosophy. To this confusion we must attribute much of the hostility, or at least of the suspicion and faint praise with which un-Christian writers damn our saints. One of the great Encyclopædias of the day, for example, in an article on the subject, states that "all asceticism worthy of the name has a moral purpose, and is based on the eternal contrast of the proposition. 'This is right,' with the proposition, 'That is pleasant.'"

Now, whether or not this description applies to other forms of austerity, it certainly is not true of Christian asceticism. Of course, our asceticism has a moral purpose—otherwise, it would be mere superstition; but there is no eternal, *i. e.*, essential contrast, there is only an accidental, although frequent, contrast between the two propositions mentioned. The eternal and necessary opposition is between "This is right" and "That is wrong;" between "This is good" and "That is evil." In this conflict, in the struggle of the human will therein, lies morality, virtue, the fulfilling of the Commandments. To make the right choice in confronting these two standards, all are called by the command of God. Yet, when the choice is made, there remains another choice between "This is pleasant" and "That is better." To make choice here also we are called, yet this time the call is no command but an in-

vation, a counsel. We are free to disregard it and still be friends of God. We are urged to heed it, and be ascetics, heroes, perfect men, choosing the straight and narrow path which is not the only road that leads to heaven, but leads there most surely and most quickly. To morality all are bound; to asceticism all are urged. Morality is the obeying of laws; asceticism, the heeding of counsels. Morality is the standard of those who love God at all; asceticism, the sure way to reach that standard followed by those who love Him perfectly and will not be hampered in this love.

In order to bear out this distinction, we can quote St. Thomas where he says that "perfection consists *essentially* in the Commandments—but, secondarily and instrumentally, it consists in the counsels."¹ But the best argument comes from the etymology of the very word that Christian usage has made classical, "Asceticism." *Ἀσκηέω*, I practise, was used of the athlete to describe his training for the races. *Ἀσκηέω*, I practise, is used of Christians in their preparation for the tests of virtue. I practise. I do not content myself with observing the law when necessity requires it; but, knowing that the law is sometimes hard of accomplishment, I practise doing hard things which I am free to leave undone, I suppress my lower appetites even when the things they aspire to are innocent, I accustom my will at all times to dominion, so that when the law demands it, strength of will may be at hand. I do not follow these exercises for their own sake. I am not like the Hindu who sees in "*tapas*," burning, something in itself desirable. I do not suppress my appetites in order to destroy them, but by constant effort and *practice* I accustom them to harmony with the better things.

The stern *practices* of the saints had therefore a reasonable purpose. They were not fanatical vagaries, but were justified by an enlightened philosophy. So Jerome, lacerating his body with stones, or Patrick, spending his nights in cold water, did not delude themselves into believing that these practices were part of the burden of the moral law. Simeon Stylites did not think that to live on a pillar-top is in itself a nobler or a holier thing than to live in an Antiochene palace. They knew their duty better than you or I; but they knew besides that things of duty are often difficult, and, in order to be prepared

always to do what was difficult and commanded, they preferred to do at all times what was difficult but free.

Here then lies the great psychological advantage of asceticism. It is not virtue. But, like virtue, it is arduous; sometimes, more arduous. Therefore, he that is able voluntarily to impose on himself such severe trials need not fear to slip in easier though more necessary things. He finds himself in *all* the actions he performs *voluntarily* exercising that self-control that is *obligatory* only at certain times and under given circumstances; and so, however hard it may be in such circumstances to carry out God's will, he knows that he has done things as hard or harder in the past. Does God's command outrage the lower appetites? Yes; but so has his own will outraged them often by fasting, by watching, by stripes. Do the indignant senses protest to the will against the claims of God? Yes; but so have they often in moments of self-denial. Does the will feel the influence of these unruly passions, when they rebel against God's mandate? Yes; but not so much as it used to, before it had inured itself to sovereignty. For now it is so accustomed to command, it has gone on so long in majestic domination over every lower desire, it has habituated itself so firmly in the execution of its overlordship, that it finds it easy to impose decrees that once might have been irksome; and the appetites, still in themselves reasonless and headstrong, soon give up the fight that is so hopeless against this constant ruler, and no longer disturb that order which is the beauty and well-being of the soul.

So man through asceticism approaches again to that paradisaical condition of innocence where the law of God is not only possible to him, but easy, and evil repugnant; where to do the right makes not only the duty but the spontaneous desire of the ennobled creature; where virtue stands safe above temptation, because lower cravings have perished; where good is triumphant, not only in victory, but in abiding peace.

Sadly true it is that such a beatific state is never perfectly attained by any man in this mortality. Yet it is none the less certain that towards this condition all spiritual progress tends, and that by how much one conquers each succeeding passion and temptation, by so much does he get more near to security of virtue. Was not this the privilege of Adam before the fall, a glorious freedom from lower strivings—was it not this that

made his fall so great since his rebellion was deliberate and unprovoked? Assuredly, it was so; and our better aspirations even now tend ever towards the regaining of that paradisaical innocence which our hearts have not forgotten. It was this that the sagacious and right mind of Aristotle sought when he identified the wholesomeness with the happiness of man, placing as the standard for the perfectness of virtues the pleasure with which they are exercised: "And for a test of the formation of the habits we must take the pleasure or pain which succeeds the acts; for he is perfected in Self-Mastery who not only abstains from the bodily pleasures, but is glad to do so; whereas he who abstains but is sorry to do it has not Self-Mastery; he again is brave who stands up against danger, either with positive pleasure or at least without any pain; whereas he who does it with pain is not brave."² And in another place: "So then this life (of the virtuous) has no need of pleasure as a kind of additional appendage, but involves pleasure in itself. For . . . a man is not a good man at all who feels no pleasure in noble actions, just as no one would call that man just who does not feel pleasure in acting justly, or liberal who does not in liberal actions, and similarly in case of the other virtues which might be enumerated: and if this be so, then the actions in accordance with virtue must be in themselves pleasurable."³ Of course, the great realist was not so blind to the facts of life as to think that this perfect ease in virtue is ever here on this earth verified. He wished simply to portray the ideal or ambition which it is the purpose of every man in the pursuit of virtue to attain.

Dante, the poet of Christian thought, has put this abstract ideal into images of life. The *Divine Comedy* is a great imaginative picture of the future world, but the whole point of the portrayal is to shadow forth the dramatic progress of the soul in this. We cannot recall here all the scenes of that long and trying journey down through the lessening circles and slippery precipices of Hell to its concentrate horror, up by laborious crags and ledges of the steep Purgatorial mountain through regions almost as dreadful, and less sad only because of hope. It will be sufficient to remember that in those first two acts of the divine drama the poet did not mean to prophesy what the other world will be, but that he uses his fancies of it as images

² II., 3.³ I., 8.

or metaphors to make more clear and strong the lessons of this life.

So, in the first act the terrors of the "endlessly bitter world" are imagined for us only to show how the soul here on earth, using its powers rightly, must come to see the hatefulness of sin. So all the mingled difficulties and beauties of the *Purgatorio* provide in fervid pictures the lesson which the philosopher taught in colder words, that by constant efforts towards good the will is strengthened till it reaches the consummate mastery of self, which is peace. Therefore, the journey has its first respite and reward in the meadows and woods of the ancient Eden. Dante, typifying the human soul, reaches as the end of his efforts that home and condition which were God's original gift to man, and here Virgil, the impersonated Human Reason, takes his leave. Only with "skill and art" has the master led the pupil thus far, but now he finds him perfected to this degree that righteousness and desire are identical. The soul has become worthy of freedom, capable of following his own guidance.

"Both fires, my son,
The temporal and eternal, thou hast seen;
And art arrived, where of itself my ken
No further reaches. I with skill and art
Thus far have drawn thee. Now thy pleasure take
For guide. Thou hast o'ercome the steeper way,
O'ercome the straiter.
Thou may'st or seat thee down,
Or wander where thou wilt. Expect no more
Sanction of warning voice or sign from me,
Free of thy own arbitrament to choose,
Discreet, judicious. To distrust thy sense
Were henceforth error. I invest thee then
With crown and mitre, sovereign o'er thyself."

The aim of pagan philosopher and Christian poet are at one. True harmony of the complex human nature can come only through perfect virtue.

Yet we must note two profound differences between these great minds in the means by which they propose to reach this consummation. The first we may easily guess: Aristotle knows nothing of the need of divine grace. Therefore, Dante is more deep and true when he chooses for the soul's guide not Reason

only, but Reason prompted by Grace, Virgil coming at the request of the tearful Beatrice, "till those bright eyes with gladness come, which, weeping, made me haste." Yet, even apart from this, and keeping to the consideration only of natural means, Aristotle suggests no need for anything but the simple exercise of virtue, the mere avoidance of evil and election of good. One is to become virtuous by doing acts of virtue: a facile prescription. Dante, on the other hand (and here we return to the real point of our essay), Dante with sure instinct knows that not by such means alone can man be made perfect. Even after all the experiences of Hell and Purgatory, after all he has learned of vice and goodness, after traversing all the circles and the cornices, he finds between him and felicity a wall of fire. This fire he must pass through. Hitherto, he has had only to witness suffering. Now he must share in it. Here, for the first time, the joyous angel of God stands on the flames' brink, and proclaims in a voice "much more living" than our own:

"Go ye not further, holy spirits, . . .
Ere the fire pierce you."

Hitherto, he has known only the effort of doing the good that is the burden of the moral law. By this he has been sanctified and is a "holy spirit." But his peace is not confirmed unless he gain perpetual purity by the burning test of penance and asceticism. Terrified at first and shrinking, he, at length, plunges into the torment, and emerges into the freedom of Paradise, with none but his own will to guide him, possessing his soul unto himself.

To sum up, the real proper notion of asceticism is that it is a means, not an end. The end of every Christian life is to please God by practising all the virtues. This is to say by obeying the Commandments. Now obedience is sometimes easy, but just as often it is very hard and tries man's resolution sorely. On this account the will must be well trained, else in critical moments it will fail to conquer. The training consists, first and foremost, in the practice of obedience itself, but this alone will never give security. He who would be sure of himself must expend in the effort the maximum of energy. Besides doing all that is commanded, he must do more, he must

take other safeguards. So, by fastings and watches, hair shirt and discipline, cast-down eyes and silent lips, life in cavern or desert or on pillar-top, in short by a life of asceticism, he makes his will assured of victory.

The writers in the *Pithecanthropica* will point out that this is not historical asceticism, that I fail to consider the Pythagoreans and Cynics, Essenes and Therapeutæ, Manichæans and Celts, Bogomiles and Flagellants, Zulu taboos and Hindu fakirdom. It may not, indeed, be historical asceticism, nor prehistorical, nor ethnological, nor anthropological, nor paleontological asceticism. But it is Christian and correct asceticism. In this article I am occupied solely with asceticism as practised by noble Christian men and women, and as revered by others less strong of will, but fully intelligent. In their lives asceticism has a purpose, in their minds a meaning and value such as I have exposed.

Without aspiring to such high life ourselves, let us yet have the honesty to recognize in it something that is great and holy and precious in God's sight. It is a tradition of which hagiography is too full for it to be despised or unheeded. The lives of the saints should not be to us valuable only as historically instructive, still less as a pastime, still less as objects for our criticism, but as containing matter which yields to humble minds lessoning in the worth and possibility of Christian ideals. Together with the rest of the Church's history, they are a sort of protracted Scripture, a Third Testament, an uninspired, but most inspiring, Bible wherein we may see the imitation of Christ as in the first we saw His foreshadowing. Of their histories it may be said in an applied sense: "Whatsoever things are read are written for our learning." There are here facts and teachings, rich and diversified. There is the miraculous, the prophetic, the heroic, the mystical; but the ascetical forms part and parcel of the magnificent tradition. We see here its necessity for any perfect Christian life. With less we may reach such a standard that worldly men in their rough reckoning shall call us good, high enough, perhaps, for a pagan to call us perfect, but not so high as to merit that appellation in its Christian meaning.

There have been those, however, who have all but attained the level of perfection set by those words of Aristotle, imaged by Dante in his earthly paradise; but they have not

been people like you and me in the convenience of our moralities, and we call them not stoics, nor philosophers, nor heroes, nor demigods. We call them saints. Remember that none of them has reached his sainthood by being content with doing what was commanded. All of them embraced and cherished some of the many forms of that asceticism which we must reverence in word and thought, although we imitate it not in deed.

THE GIFT OF SHAMROCKS.

BY S. M. E.

HE took the small-leaved shamrock from his breast,
As though it were a diamond-mounted crest,
And gave with eyes grown deep with love and pride:
And as I took the gift of mystic green, I knew
He saw, not me, but fields brushed by the dew,
That lay, so green, his mother's home beside.

And still each year I take from that kind hand
The dainty leaves sent from far Ireland—
Though sorrowing Time has come and stood between—
Still see the tear-dimmed eyes the glance so true;
Through them behold the hills I never knew—
The Irish hills where grow the shamrocks green.

THE PURPOSE OF THE STATE.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



THE State, or civil society, is not a voluntary or optional association, such as, a trade union or a social club. It is a necessary society, a society which men are morally bound to establish and to maintain. This obligation arises from the fact that without a political organization and government, men cannot adequately develop their faculties, or live right and reasonable lives. God has so made human beings that the State is necessary for their welfare. "Man's natural instinct," says Pope Leo XIII., "moves him to live in civil society, for he cannot, if dwelling apart, provide himself with the necessary requirements of life, nor procure the means of developing his mental and moral faculties."¹

This, then, is the general end or purpose of the State, the promotion of human welfare. However, not all human welfare falls within the State's province. Man's spiritual and moral well-being are the special object of the Church. "The Almighty, therefore, has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the one being set over divine and the other over human things."² Nor is the jurisdiction of the State over "human things" exclusive and complete. There is another association, another institution, for the promotion of temporal welfare which, in its own sphere, is superior to the State in authority, and prior to it in point of time. That is the family. In the primitive age of most peoples, the family provided for many of the needs and performed many of the functions that, in later stages of development, have come under the care of the State. Moreover, men have a natural right to form a great variety of voluntary associations for their common temporal advantage, as, in the fields of industry, fraternal insurance, and purely "social" activities. Therefore, the end of the State is to promote the common good only to the extent that this object cannot be attained by the family or by voluntary associations.

¹ Encyclical, "The Christian Constitution of States."

² *Idem.*

This, in a sense residuary, province always exists, and is always very extensive and very flexible. Concerning it, there still exists a theory which is older than the Christian era, appearing among the Orientals, as well as in Greece and Rome. In brief, it regarded the State itself as the end of all individual effort. Hence, the State had for its province the whole field of human action, religious, moral, domestic, economic and social. The State could legitimately intervene and interfere in every department of life; and to it every person and every interest was completely subject and completely subordinate. According to this theory, the province of the State comprised not merely man's temporal interests, but every detail of his existence; and the welfare of the individual, or of any particular group of individuals, was conceived to have no value, except in so far as it served the interests and aggrandizement of the State. "The individual was always under the eye of the State; his conduct was regulated and his life determined for him with such minuteness that he was regarded as existing for the State rather than the State for him."³ In the words of Lord Acton, the ancients "concentrated so many prerogatives in the State as to leave no footing from which a man could deny its jurisdiction or assign bounds to its activity.

If I may employ an expressive anachronism, the vice of the classic State was that it was both Church and State in one. Morality was indistinguished from religion, and politics from morals; and in religion, morality, and politics there was only one legislator and one authority. The State, while it did deplorably little for education, for practical science, for the indigent and helpless, or for the spiritual needs of man, nevertheless claimed the use of all his faculties and the determination of all his duties. Individuals and families, associations and dependencies were so much material that the sovereign power consumed for its own purposes. What the slave was in the hands of his master, the citizen was in the hands of the community. The most sacred obligations vanished before the public advantage. "The passengers existed for the sake of the ship."⁴

In this ancient theory, the reader will have perceived two distinct elements, apparently independent of each other.

³ *Introduction to Political Science*, by James W. Garner, p. 312.

⁴ *History of Freedom and Other Essays*, pp. 16, 17.

Nevertheless, they are closely related. If the State is conceived as an end in itself, to which individuals and citizens are mere means, its province will necessarily be regarded as comprising the whole field of the individual's relations and actions. Since everyone of these affects the prosperity of the State, they must all be under the absolute control of the State. Therefore, the theory of the State as a final end implies the theory of the State as embracing every end which the individual may conceivably seek. And there is a strong tendency for the rule to work both ways. The first element is liable to imply the second.

If the end of the State be coextensive with man's whole life and interests, if it may regard as its proper and exclusive field, not merely the maintenance of peace, security, order and justice, but all the details of man's welfare in his religious, moral, domestic, economic, and purely "social" relationship, the State will sooner or later come to regard its own prosperity and aggrandizement as the final end of all its policies and actions. The narrow sphere assigned to individual initiative and individual liberty, and the immense concentration of power in the hands of political functionaries, will be mutually helpful forces impelling men to look upon the prosperity of the State as superseding and absorbing the welfare of human beings.

The theory of State omnipotence and omniscience has been revived in modern times. One of its most notable later forms is that expounded by the German philosopher, F. W. Hegel.⁵ In his view, the State is the highest expression, manifestation, evolution of the Universal Reason, or World Spirit. Since perfection of life consists in the continuous expansion of the Universal Reason, and since the Universal Reason obtains its highest development in the State, all persons and institutions should serve and magnify the State. The individual exists for the State, and bears the same relation to the State as the branch does to the tree. Hence the State is the final and supreme end of human action, is an end in itself.

The number of political writers who have fully adopted the Hegelian theory of the State is negligible. Its philosophical basis is a pantheistic view of the universe which has not found

⁵ *Philosophie des Rechts*; English translation by S. W. Dyde, *Hegel's Philosophy of Right*.

wide acceptance. Nevertheless, the central idea that the individual exists for the State, and not the State for the individual, has been approved in some degree by a large number of political writers and by not a few political rulers. While Professor James W. Garner declares that "modern political thought and practice reject the view that the State is an end rather than a means,"⁶ the Rev. Theodore Meyer, S.J., asserts that this view is held "not merely by one or two, but probably by a majority of the teachers of public law."⁷ According to Meyer, the prevailing form of the theory is this: The end of the State is the indefinite furtherance of human culture or civilization. While this end may, indeed, be identified with individual welfare, it is formulated by the advocates of the theory in such general and abstract terms that little consideration is given to the individual's concrete interests. The latter are always remote, always lost in some future condition of humanity at large. Existing individuals become secondary and subordinate to the general interests of the future. Since the evolution of humanity and the indefinite progress of civilization necessarily tend to be identified with the welfare of the State, the latter comes to be regarded as the supreme end.

A theory of State purpose which can easily be, and sometimes has been, perverted into the doctrine that the State is an end in itself, is that which holds that its primary object is the development of national power (*"der nationale Machtzweck"*). If national power be confined within the limits fixed by natural law and human welfare, and if it be conceived as an intermediate and instrumental end—as a means to the welfare of the people—it is unobjectionable. Occasionally, however, it has been accepted, especially in practice by political rulers, as not only the primary, but also the ultimate end of State activity. Wherever this acceptance and policy prevail, the individual is unduly subordinated to the State. The glorification of the State as a detached entity is sought to the detriment of its citizens.

A more general and fundamental influence in favor of the doctrine that the State is an end in itself, is produced by the almost universal rejection of the doctrine of natural rights. If the individual has no rights that are independent of the

⁶ *Introduction to Political Science*, p. 312.

⁷ *Institutiones Juris Naturalis*, II., 276, note.

State, then the State is the supreme determinant of rights. Theoretically, indeed, men may hold that the end of the State is the welfare of individuals, and that in the promotion of this end the State may disregard the natural rights of particular individuals, or particular groups of individuals. This course may be represented as promoting the welfare of the great majority of individuals, rather than the interest of the State as an abstraction. Nevertheless, the disregard of natural rights in the case of any group of individuals and the assumption that the State is the source of all individual rights, necessarily tend to diminish the importance of the individual as such, and to exaggerate the importance of the State. Therefore, this view gives strength to the theory that at any given time, and in relation to its existing subjects or citizens, the State is an end in itself.

Another source of the doctrine that the State rather than the individual is the supreme end of human action, is found in the modern theory of sovereignty. This is the theory associated with the name of the English jurist, John Austin.⁸ It maintains that political sovereignty is legally unlimited. Two postulates are implied in this theory: first, the State recognizes no other society as its superior or as its equal; second, the State has the physical power to coerce all individuals and societies into obedience to its mandates. The first of these contradicts the Catholic doctrine that, in its own sphere, the Church is an independent, perfect and supreme social organization, and that, in society as a whole, it is coördinate with, not subordinate to, the State. This is a question of moral right, of the requirements of reason; it is not a question of physical power. Whether the State does or does not recognize this moral right and national authority of the Church in the field of the spirit, whether the State does or does not hinder by force the Church's exercise of this right—the right itself exists and endures. The second postulate of the Austinian theory involves a question of positive fact. Is the State always sufficiently strong to coerce at will the actions of all individuals and associations within its territory? History supplies a rather large list of examples in the negative. However, it is correct to say that the State usually has sufficient physical power to overcome any opposing force within its borders.

⁸ *Lectures on Jurisprudence*, 1832.

The conception of sovereignty, or the supreme politico-physical power of the State, as legally unlimited easily passes into the assumption that it is unlimited morally. If sovereignty were defined as the supreme legal, political and physical power of the State to do everything that the State has a moral right to do, this assumption could never be drawn from the definition. When the moral qualification is omitted from the definition, it readily comes to be ignored in thought and practice. Legal omnipotence insensibly passes complete and unqualified omnipotence. Defenders of the Austinian doctrine may protest that the latter conception "is characteristic only of some exponents of the doctrine," that the doctrine "in no way necessarily denies that the State ought to obey the moral law," yet their emphasis upon the absolute character of sovereignty, and their failure to make explicit reference to its moral limitations, promotes the assumption, conscious or unconscious, that no such limitations exist.⁹ After all, the definition of sovereignty merely in terms of physical and legal power has little or no practical value, imparts little or no practical information; for the idea of the State necessarily and immediately implies this measure of power over its territory and people. What is required, is a statement of the *reasonable* power possessed by the State. And the average man naturally assumes that any formal authoritative definition is intended to be of this character, is designed to tell him not only what the State has the physical power to do, but what it may do in harmony with the moral law and the principles of reason.

The influence of the current theory of sovereignty in promoting the view that the State is not bound by the moral law, is reënforced by two particular assumptions. The first is the assumption which denies that individuals or social groups "are possessed of any natural rights which, in effect, limit the power of the State."¹⁰ If the State may properly disregard natural rights, treat them as non-existent, it may logically take the same attitude toward all other elements of the moral law. Indeed, the great majority of conflicts between the State and the moral law have to do precisely with the question of natural rights. The second assumption which lends support to the

⁹ Cf. "The Pluralistic State," in the *American Political Science Review*, vol. xiv., pp. 398 seq.

¹⁰ *Idem*, p. 404.

doctrine of State independence of the moral law, is that in case of conflict the State itself is the only authority competent to decide whether or not its proposed action constitutes a violation of morality. In the view of Burgess, the State is the best interpreter of the laws of God and of reason, and is the human organ least likely to do wrong; hence one must hold to the principle that "the State can do no wrong."¹¹

To the extent that men regard the State as the supreme moral authority, as above the moral law which governs the actions of individuals and private societies, to that extent they must logically regard its judgments, its actions and its welfare as the supreme consideration. They come to look upon the State as an end in itself.

At first sight it would seem ridiculously incorrect to enumerate among those who hold the State to be an end in itself the advocates of Socialism. For they profess to desire, above all else, the welfare of the masses; they insist that the Socialist State and administration is to be supremely democratic; and many of the older Socialists went so far as to predict that upon the establishment of the Socialist organization the State would die out, as "a government of persons" to become supplanted by "an administration of things." Nevertheless, their programme of State ownership and management of all the industries that produce for a national or an international market, involves both State omnipotence and State omnicompetence.

A State that controlled both the political and the industrial life of the people, would completely subordinate the individual to a centralized bureaucracy. This would be under the more or less immediate direction of a majority, and not infrequently of a powerfully organized minority, of the citizens. Consequently, the welfare of the majority, or of the dominant minority, rather than the welfare of the individual as such, or the welfare of all individuals, would come to be regarded as the supreme consideration. It would also come to be conceived as simply the welfare of the State. From this stage it is only a step to the position of regarding the State as an end in itself. At least, this would be the tendency if, as most Socialists expect and assume, the constitution of the commonwealth contained no guarantees of individual rights against the autocratic and oppressive action of the State.

¹¹ *Political Science and Constitutional Law*, I., pp. 54-57.

In brief, the acceptance of the theory of the State as a final end would be a practical consequence rather than a formal postulate, an implicit rather than an explicit element, in the Socialist system. Given the invincible combination of political and industrial power, given the absence of a bill of rights for the individual, the inevitable result would be the absorption of the individual into the State and the conscious or unconscious general acquiescence in the theory that the welfare of the State is the supreme end of social and political endeavors and policies. Indeed, the great majority of persons who today exaggerate the dignity and rights of the State are led to this position, not by a metaphysical theory of its nature and end, but through a denial or a disregard of the natural rights of the individual.

Whatsoever may be its sources, and however widely it may be held, the theory of State omnipotence and omnicompetence, is fundamentally false. The State is not, as Hegel thought, the highest expression of the World-Spirit: it is merely an organization of human beings. The main purpose of the State is not to promote the general evolution of humanity, culture or civilization: this aim is secondary and subordinate. While the State is under reasonable obligation to give some attention to the generations yet unborn, the welfare of the men and women now living is paramount. Individuals are not mere means or instruments to the glorification of the State, but are persons having intrinsic worth and sacredness. They are endowed with rights which may not be violated for the sake of the State.

Considered apart from the individuals composing it, the State is a mere abstraction. Considered as a majority or as a select minority of its component individuals, the State has no right, nor any reason, to disregard the claims of any section of its members, since all are of equal worth and importance. National power is a means to State efficiency, not the end for which the State exists. As regards the sovereignty of the State, it is strictly limited by the moral law, and its true end is in harmony with the moral law. Finally, any organization of the State which involves the practical disregard of individual rights and individual freedom, is quite as unreasonable as a system which formally assumes the State to be an end in itself.

To all these theories, which either frankly make the State an end in itself, or tend to do so by exaggerating its authority and scope, we oppose the Catholic doctrine as expressed by Pope Leo XIII. toward the close of his Encyclical, "On the Condition of Labor:" "Civil society exists for the common good, and hence is concerned with the interests of all in general, albeit with individual interests in their due place and degree." In this statement are two significant declarations: first, that the end of the State is not itself, either as an abstraction, or as a metaphysical entity, or as a political organization, but the welfare of the people; second, that the welfare of the people, "the common good," is not to be conceived in such a collective or general or organic way as to ignore the welfare of concrete human beings, individually considered. A brief analysis of the phrase, "common good," as interpreted by Catholic authorities, will enable us to see specifically and precisely what is the true end of the State.

Taking, then, the two words, "common good," as the most concise expression of the purpose for which the State exists and functions, let us ask ourselves, first, what are the beneficial objects denoted by the term "good?" They are all the great classes of temporal goods; that is, all the things that man needs for existence and development in this life. They comprise all these orders of goods: spiritual, intellectual, moral, physical and economic. More briefly, they are all the external goods of soul and body. Hence it is the right and duty of the State to protect and further the religious interests of the citizens; to promote within due limits their education; to protect their morals against external dangers and to facilitate moral education; to safeguard the liberty and the bodily integrity of the citizens from undue restraint, malicious attack and preventable accident; and to protect private property and provide the citizens with a reasonable opportunity of obtaining a livelihood and advancing their material welfare.

That all these objects are conducive to human welfare, is self evident; that none of them can be adequately attained without the assistance of the State, is fully demonstrated by experience; that they all come within the proper scope and end of the State is the obvious conclusion.

Now these objects, spiritual, intellectual, moral, physical and economic, are the end of the State, not under every aspect,

but only in so far as they are or can be made "common." While the State exists for the individual, rather than the individual for the State, it is not the business of the State to take cognizance of every individual, as such, and to provide him directly with all these goods, after the manner of the provision made by a good father for his helpless children. Were the State to attempt this it would injure, instead of promoting, the welfare of the vast majority of individuals. This is the verdict of experience. All that the State can do, therefore, is to *make these goods available*. It can bring them within reach of the individual only through general acts which aim to produce a *common* effect. It can provide common *opportunities*; the individual must take advantage of the opportunities and make them fruitful for his peculiar needs. As a rule, therefore, the State promotes the common good by general laws and institutions, not by particular benefits.

On the other hand, the common, or general, or public good must not receive a rigid or an exclusive interpretation. The end of the State must, indeed, be conceived as common and universal, in the sense that no class nor any individual is to be positively excluded; but not every act of the State need affect all citizens in the same way, nor be directly beneficial to the whole community. As a matter of fact, few, if any, laws or other civil acts have precisely the same effect upon all individuals. Conspicuous examples of this fact are tariff laws, tax laws, industrial legislation of all sorts, and, indeed, substantially all the enactments of any legislative body. Even such elementary public institutions as the police force, the fire department and the public school affect different classes of citizens differently and unequally.

In the second place, acts of the State need not always benefit the community as a whole. While the State is obliged to pursue the common good of all, it is not required to make *every one* of its acts serve that end immediately and directly. While it must confer general rather than particular benefits, it often fulfills this obligation through enactments whose immediate effect is to promote the welfare of only a single class. Indeed, it is required to do this very thing if it is to attain its final end. For its final end is the welfare of all its individual members. Since its component individuals are grouped in different classes, economic and other, they necessarily have

different interests. Unless these varying interests are recognized and adequately cared for by appropriate State action, some of the classes of the community will not be justly treated by the State. In respect to these, the State will have failed to promote the good of all.

The specious objection to class legislation is based entirely upon *a priori* assumptions. It derives no support from the facts of contemporary society. Its roots are to be found in the individualistic theories that pervaded political thought when the Government of the United States was established. The political thinkers of that day assumed that all men were so nearly equal in capacities and opportunities that all would benefit equally by the few laws that were required to promote the common welfare. While even then the population of the country was divided into at least two important economic classes, the agrarian and the commercial, and while these interests clashed more than once in the legislation of the time, and even in the making of the Constitution, the diversity of class interests was neither so pervasive nor so sharp as it has since become; and the leaders of political thought believed that class differences and disadvantages would tend to diminish rather than increase. Thus began a misleading tradition which has in all the succeeding years stood in the way of the correct doctrine concerning the end of the State, and prevented the enactment of necessary and humane social legislation.

If the State is to promote the common good in an equitable and adequate degree, it must consider both the good of the whole and the good of the various classes. The common interests of all the citizens can be cared for through uniform and general legislation; for example, laws for the protection of religion and morals. The varying interests of the different classes must be provided for by enactments which differ according to the different needs and deserts; for example, laws concerning industrial combinations, coöperative associations and labor organizations. To avoid all class legislation will mean discrimination in favor of certain classes, namely, those that are exceptionally powerful. These will be left free to exploit the weaker classes. Hence, in the sentence quoted above from Pope Leo XIII., the State is said to be concerned "with individual interests in their due place and degree." Earlier in the Encyclical, the great Pontiff expresses the cor-

rect principle with more amplitude and precision. "Whenever the general interest, *or any particular class*, suffers or is threatened with injury which can in no other way be met or prevented, it is necessary for the State to intervene." The principle laid down in the italicized section of this sentence is still more specifically and emphatically stated in other passages of the same Encyclical. For example: "The richer class have many ways of shielding themselves, and stand less in need of help from the State; whereas those who are badly off have no resources of their own to fall back upon, and must chiefly depend upon the assistance of the State."¹² The Catholic who denounces all class legislation puts himself in opposition to the formal and specific teaching of the Church.

The *common* good means not only the good of all in general, or as a whole, but the good of every class and, so far as practicable, the good of every individual. To put the matter in summary terms, the State is under obligation to promote the welfare of its citizens, as a whole, as members of families, and as members of economic classes.¹³

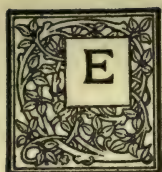
How far the State should go in the pursuit of these objects; whether it should directly provide the various kinds of goods required by the various classes, or merely create and guarantee the opportunity of acquiring them; by what principles and rules the State should be prevented from encroaching upon the proper sphere of the individual, the Church and private associations—are questions which concern the State's *functions*. They will be discussed in a succeeding article.

¹² The whole section of the Encyclical on the part of the State in the reform of industrial conditions is fundamental.

¹³ Cf. Costa-Rosetti, *Synopsis Philosophiæ Moralis*, pp. 479-495.

THE CHANGE OF INAUGURATION DATE.

BY HERBERT F. WRIGHT.



VERY four years—just about the time of the inauguration of a new President—the Congress of the United States renews the discussion of the question: Whether it is advisable or expedient to change the beginning of the presidential term to some other day than March 4th?

In this connection it might be worth while to note just how the fourth of March was selected as the day on which the Executive Head of our Government was to be inducted into office. Article I., Section I., of the Constitution adopted by the Federal Convention on September 17, 1787, and submitted to the States eleven days later, says:

The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office during the term of four years, etc.

It was impossible for the framers of the Constitution, the delegates to the Federal Convention of 1787, to fix a day for the commencement of the presidential term of office. No power to arrange any matters regarding the starting of a new form of government had been given to the constitutional convention; it was merely instructed to draw up a constitution. It was the Congress, which, by its resolution of September 13, 1788, named the first Wednesday in January, 1789, as the day for appointing electors in the several States, the first Wednesday in February as the day for the electors to assemble in their respective States and vote for President, and the first Wednesday in March as the time for commencing proceedings under the said Constitution.¹

This first Wednesday in March in the year 1789 happened to be the fourth of March. On this day for the meeting of the first Congress under the Constitution, the previous Congresses

¹ Cf. Hunt and Scott, *The Debates in the Federal Convention of 1787, which Framed the Constitution of the United States of America*, reported by James Madison (New York: Oxford University Press. 1920), p. 689.

having been under the Articles of Confederation, only eight Senators appeared and took their seats, and these not constituting a quorum, they adjourned from day to day until March 11th, when "it was agreed that a circular should be written to the absent members, requesting their immediate attendance."² No additional members appearing by the following Wednesday, "it was agreed that another circular should be written to eight of the nearest absent members, particularly desiring their attendance, in order to form a quorum." One Senator appeared on March 19th, one on March 21st, one on March 28th, and on Monday, April 6th, "Richard Henry Lee, from Virginia, then appearing, took his seat, and formed a quorum of the whole Senators of the United States," the quorum of the House having been secured much earlier.

On this memorable day, the votes of the electors for President and Vice-President were opened and counted in the presence of the House and Senate, George Washington receiving 69 votes and John Adams 34 votes, with 35 votes scattered among ten other candidates. These two were accordingly named President and Vice-President respectively. Washington himself did not take the oath of office in New York City until Thursday, April 30th. Three years later, by the Act of March 1, 1792, the Congress fixed the commencement of the presidential term as follows:

The term of four years, for which a President and Vice-President shall be elected, shall, in all cases, commence on the fourth day of March next succeeding the day on which the votes of the electors have been given.³

Under the present laws, the presidential electors, equal in number to the number of Senators and Representatives,⁴ are appointed on the Tuesday after the first Wednesday in November.⁵ On the first Wednesday in December of the year in which they are appointed, they meet and give their votes.⁶ They make and sign three certificates of all votes given by them, each certificate containing two distinct lists (one for

² The quotations concerning the First Congress are taken from *Annals of the Congress of the United States, First Congress, Vol. I.* (Washington, 1834), pp. 15, 16.

³ Revised Statutes of the United States, passed at the First Session of the Forty-Third Congress, 1873-1874, Section 152 (Second Edition, Washington, 1878), p. 24.

⁴ *Ibid.*, Section 132, p. 22. ⁵ *Ibid.*, Section 131, p. 22. ⁶ *Ibid.*, Section 135, p. 22.

President and one for Vice-President), and having attached one of the lists of electors furnished them by the Governor of the State.⁷ They then seal up the certificates and certify upon each that the lists of all such State's votes for President and Vice-President are contained therein,⁸ disposing of the certificates in the following manner:

One. They shall, by writing under their hands, or under the hands of a majority of them, appoint a person to take charge of and deliver to the President of the Senate, at the seat of Government, before the first Wednesday in January then next ensuing, one of the certificates.

Two. They shall forthwith forward by the post-office to the President of the Senate, at the seat of Government, one other of the certificates.

Three. They shall forthwith cause the other of the certificates to be delivered to the judge of that district in which the electors shall assemble.⁹

Whenever a certificate of votes from any State has not been received at the seat of Government on the first Wednesday of January, the Secretary of State shall send a special messenger to the district judge having custody of a certificate, who shall forthwith transmit that list to the seat of Government.¹⁰ Congress must be in session on the second Wednesday in February succeeding every meeting of electors, and the certificates (or as many as shall have been received) shall then be opened, the votes counted and the results declared.¹¹ Mileage of twenty-five cents for the messenger by the most usual road to the seat of Government from the meeting-place of the electors is provided for,¹² and every messenger, accepting appointment as such under Sections 140 and 141 and neglecting to perform the services required of him, shall forfeit the sum of \$1,000.¹³ This year, in view of the political landslide, the electors have failed to grasp the full significance of this last provision, so that it has become necessary for Senator Smoot of Utah to propose the remission of the \$1,000 fine and the payment of mileage to the messengers of the electors, who arrived late, but before January 31st.

For the past thirty years or more, attempts have been made to change the date of Inauguration Day, but in vain. The new

⁷ *Ibid.*, Section 138, p. 23.

⁸ *Ibid.*, Section 139, p. 23.

⁹ *Ibid.*, Section 140, p. 23.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, Section 141, p. 23.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, Section 142, p. 23.

¹² *Ibid.*, Section 144, p. 23.

¹³ *Ibid.*, Section 145, p. 23.

dates proposed have been November 4th (Senator Works in 1913), April 4th (House Joint Resolution 46 in 1909), the last Wednesday in April (Senator Depew in 1909), May 4th (Senate Resolution 83 in 1898) and the second Monday in December (Representative McArthur in 1921). At least eight proposals were made in 1909. These efforts were centred upon amendments to the Constitution, because under the Constitution the official term of members of the House of Representatives is fixed at two years (Article I., Section 2); and the Continental Congress having fixed March 4th as the time for the commencement of that term, the commencement and termination of each succeeding House of Representatives was thereby established and can be altered only by an amendment to the Constitution, each Representative being entitled to his full term of service and the people to their constitutional representative. We can readily draw the inference that, in order to change the date of Inauguration Day, the Constitution must be amended.

As Senator Hoar of Massachusetts once vigorously declared, the Constitution should never be amended unless there is some great principle involved in the proposed change. The only changes made up to his time were made, he said, to cover points purposely obscured in the original document for the sake of harmony. Even these amendments have lessened the respect and reverence with which the instrument is regarded. In view of this, how undesirable and short-sighted it would be to enact changes therein, except for purposes that the nation as a whole, not merely that small percentage of the nation present at the inauguration, urgently requires, since those who advocate the change in question give only two reasons: the inclemency of the weather, and the insufficiency of the time allotted to the Congress to legislate the thirteen great appropriations. Let us consider these in order.

It is an acknowledged fact, they say, that March 4th is always rainy or stormy or snowy or extremely disagreeable. The last Thursday in April, the anniversary of the first inauguration, is, they maintain, an ideal day for inauguration. It might be interesting to note, however, before we see if statistics bear out the above statement, that in April, 1898, when a bill proposing such a change was up before the Congress for discussion, the last Thursday was the coldest day of the winter.

On May 10, 1898, Senator Perkins of California delivered

a speech on this question in the Senate chamber. In reply to his query as to the weather conditions of Inauguration Days from 1789 to 1897, Professor Willis Moore of the Weather Bureau furnished him with comparative tables showing the state of the weather on the fourth of March and the last Wednesday in April in each year from 1873 to 1898 and indicating the direction and maximum velocity of the wind, the highest and lowest temperature and the condition of the weather. Before 1873, when the Weather Bureau was established, the information was supplied by Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford, then Librarian of Congress. According to this information, of the twenty-eight Inauguration Days between 1789 and 1897, seventeen have been fair and pleasant days, nine have been stormy days and two have no existing record.

Using the Weather Bureau Statistics from 1873 to 1897, there have been sixteen clear, fair or partly cloudy days falling on the fourth of March, and seventeen clear, fair or partly cloudy days falling on the last Wednesday in April.¹⁴ There have been ten rainy, snowy or threatening days on the fourth of March and nine rainy, snowy or threatening days on the last Wednesday in April. There has been snow or sleet four times on the fourth of March in twenty-six years and snow or sleet once in April, but this storm was more severe than any on the fourth of March. There has been rain six times on the fourth of March and six times on the last Wednesday in April. The only advantage of April over March in all these years, seems to be that on three April days there have been high winds and threatening weather in place of light snow or sleet.

Surely we would gain nothing by changing from the fourth of March to the last Thursday in April or some similar date. Experience should "show us that there is no necessity for changing the Constitution to adapt it to the clerk of the weather unless we can so control the elements that we will have assurance that we will have a pleasant day on the last Thursday in April."

But most of the Congressmen advocating the change claim that the more important reason for it is that Congress needs about thirty days more in which to legislate the thirteen great appropriation bills. This is obviously untrue, since as Senator

¹⁴ We have taken Wednesday because a record of this day was obtained by Senator Perkins from the Weather Bureau, and will serve as an example of weather in the latter part of April.

Perkins pointed out, Congress in its short session has had no difficulty in this direction during the past century and a quarter of its existence. Senator Allen, in speaking on the subject, said:

Rarely anything is done in December. There is plenty of time to legislate if we only would. But the difficulty is that when we come here, instead of starting at our work as though we intended to accomplish it, we begin skirmishing for position in party politics. Every needed law, every needed appropriation bill, everything necessary to be done by the Congress of the United States for the benefit of the people of this country can be done in five months for the whole two years if we would sit down here and go to work.

Moreover, if, as some Congressmen desire, in order to secure a longer period for the passage of the appropriation bills, the time of the assembling of the second session of the Congress were fixed for the second or third Monday in November, adding two or three weeks at the beginning of the session, and the session prolonged until April 30th, adding nearly two months at the end, this, of course, could be done by statute; but if that be done the members of both the House and the Senate must be absent from their State elections, which occur on the second Tuesday in November, and absent two years out of every four years from the national elections and the national campaigns, where they are expected to give an account of their stewardship.

Neither the inclemency of the weather, therefore, nor the insufficiency of the time of the session of the Congress warrant such a serious step as is proposed. A more important objection, however, to the present state of affairs—an objection which is really well-founded and too little stressed—has to do with the excessive interval between the elections and the assuming of office.

In the case of a Senator or Representative, thirteen months elapse between election day and the actual beginning of work at Washington, unless the President sees fit to call a special session. In the case of the President, four months elapse between election and inauguration. These lapses of time are altogether too long, for they often permit legislative and executive authority to remain in the hands of individuals and political parties that have been discredited at the polls. The

remedy for these conditions, however, need not be sought in a constitutional amendment because the time of elections and the time of congressional sessions may be changed by Act of Congress, according to Article I., Section 4, of the Constitution.

An additional reason is to be found against fixing a day of the week instead of a day of the month for Inauguration Day, for under this arrangement the term of the President will be two days or more longer than four years. In other words, the last Thursday in April, which might fall on the twenty-fourth in one year, would fall on the thirtieth in the next; so that four years later the last Thursday would fall on the twenty-eighth, making a term of four years and four days. It certainly would not be a fixed period, and another constitutional amendment would be required to give the President an indeterminate term of four years more or less, otherwise the outgoing President would have the constitutional right for the term of two days or more to exercise the duties and functions of his office after the other President has been inaugurated. Even if this be considered substantially four years, the term of Senators, who are chosen under the Constitution (Article I., Section 3) for a fixed term of exactly six years, would have to be modified. Likewise, the terms of the Representatives, who are chosen for two years, would have to be modified, since their election and terms depend on that of the President.

The advocates of the change in date might claim that this same technicality exists when the fourth of March falls on Sunday. Since the first inauguration in 1789, the fourth of March has occurred on Sunday in inaugural years only four times: Monroe's inauguration in 1821, Taylor's in 1849, Hayes' in 1877 and Wilson's second in 1917, all of which took place on the following Monday, the fifth of March. Moreover, only twice during the rest of the present century will the fourth of March fall on Sunday in inaugural years: in 1945 and 1973. Whereas, in the other case two or more days are added to or subtracted from every President's term, in this case a difference of only a few hours exists only three times in a century. The latter is at least in keeping with the spirit of the Constitution, while the former is a radical change.

Many persons, Governors as well as Congressmen, have expressed the opinion that former inaugurations have taught the nation a lesson. They point to the large death list, deaths

which have been caused by unnecessary exposure to bad weather during inaugurations. They infer that the date should be changed so that the patriotic people, who have journeyed from afar and who, perhaps, may never secure the opportunity to come to Washington again, might be better enabled to view the ceremonies in comfort. The weather fallacy has been discussed above. The parade and the pageantry are very minor affairs.

The earlier inaugurations were comparatively simple, though clothed with the dignity fitting the occasion. Washington's first inauguration was naturally a time of national rejoicing and was accompanied by elaborate ceremonies for that time. His second one, however, was not nearly so pretentious. Without much ostentation, he was conveyed to Independence Hall (the seat of Government having been moved from New York to Philadelphia) in a coach and six. John Adams' inauguration, also in Philadelphia, was featured by the absence of street parades or any showy display. Jackson's second inauguration was marked by neither procession nor military escort. Jefferson's inauguration has long been considered the model of democratic simplicity.

But there is no need to hark back to the early days of the Republic. The new President-elect has had the courage to treat the country to a return to democratic simplicity in the celebration of a "safe and sane" fourth of March! This, no doubt, is an aftermath and a salutary fruit of the Great War, which plunged the United States, together with all the other nations of the earth, headlong into a state of indebtedness from which they can hope to emerge only with the most rigid economy.

So, avaunt to a change in the date of Inauguration Day! The associations of March fourth are sacred and dear to every patriotic American. George Washington's first inauguration, it is true, was on the thirtieth of April, but every other President since that time, with the four exceptions when Sunday fell on that date, has been inaugurated on the fourth of March.

New Books.

AMERICAN LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD. By Henry C. Semple, S.J. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

Throughout this volume Father Semple has emphasized his idea that American liberty is the noblest because the most complete and most sane to be found in the world today. This conception, supported by decisions of our Supreme Court and by the recognition of God in our public documents, runs like a golden thread through these essays, and endows them with a poetic, as well as a logical, unity. The introductory essay, which gives the volume its name, attacks the contention of John Austin and others that there is no moral sanction in the case of international law, and points out that such a contention fundamentally implies a denial of God. Father Semple ably vindicates his thesis, and points out that American judicial opinions, either implicitly or explicitly, recognize the potency of moral law and the existence of its God.

In his essay, "American Equality and Justice," Father Semple declares that the guarantee of liberty and equality is greater in the United States than in any country in the world, with the possible exception of the British Empire, supporting his claim by references to decisions of the Supreme Court, especially in the case of *Lee v. The United States*, and *The Municipality of Ponce v. The Roman Catholic Apostolic Church in Porto Rico*. The essay called "*The Case of Socialism v. The Roman Catholic Church and The United States*," is a telling indictment against the main tenet of Socialism, community of goods, which he holds to be directly contrary to the natural rights of mankind. He does not stop at proving Socialism anti-Catholic, but anti-American as well, concluding with this ringing sentence: "How America should love the Church and the Church America; nay, how the whole world should love the Church and America, as the two mightiest guardians of principles which are saviours of society from envy, madness, anarchy, misery, and slavery!"

The fourth and last essay is a study of the divine right of kings which every student of history should read, for it demolishes the fallacy, accepted in some quarters, that the Catholic Church has been the bulwark of absolutism, and that this doctrine rested primarily upon her authority. Against divine right the author calls to his support Bellarmine, who in turn fell back

upon the "common teaching of all the Doctors," and upon Suarez, who did not hesitate to write: "According to ordinary law, no king or monarch has, or has had, political sovereignty immediately from God or by divine institution," adding, "this is a fundamental axiom of theology."

Father Semple has done a good service in publishing this volume, and merits praise not only as a scholar, but as a citizen of the great nation to whose principles and ideals he has paid eloquent tribute in its pages.

A CENTURY OF PERSECUTION UNDER TUDOR AND STUART SOVEREIGNS. By Rev. St. George Hyland, D.D., Ph.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$8.00 net.

The Loseley Records, preserved by the descendants of Sir William More of Loseley Hall, are the sources from which Dr. Hyland draws the materials for this illuminating study. To quote from his introduction: "In 1835, Alfred John Kemp, Esq., F.S.A., copied and edited a selection of the Loseley manuscripts. The work was published by Dr. John Murray. It was not intended to be exhaustive, and, although full of interest, it still left a quantity of material for future writers to publish, wherewith could be weaved a story of astounding interest." It is this task, here suggested, that Dr. Hyland has essayed with marked success. Interesting and authoritative is the history of the English Reformation unfolded in these pages by means of the contemporary documents. With an excellent ordering of his material to bring into relief the acts of that fateful drama, he first sketches a picture of Catholic community life near Loseley on the eve of the Reformation. Next follows a description of the manor of Loseley and its occupants at the time. Then, addressing himself to his main purpose, he elucidates from private letters, statutes, decrees of Court, etc., the process by which England was wrested from her allegiance to the Faith. As we read the drastic measures enforced by the Tudors and Stuarts against recusants; the letters which divulge the politic conformity to Protestantism of nobles like Southampton and Montague; the accounts of the Seminary Priests who braved Tyburn to stem the tide of perversion, we get a panoramic view of the spectacle of a nation's apostasy. The chapter, "In the Wine-press," with its description of the dungeons of the Tower, is a notable illustration of the manner in which the author vivifies his documentary evidence of religious persecution. Most fascinating are the written memorials in which we glimpse the personalities of Cardinal Allen, Fathers Robert Southwell, Alexander Bryant, Robert Parsons, and Edmund Campion.

Among the transcripts made in full are the pastoral of Cardinal Pole to the people of London, and his letter of reprobation to Cranmer, with its dubious indulgence toward Henry. An appendix containing the list of the records quoted, together with the originals of the Latin documents translated in the text, and a complete index, make the book serviceable for purposes of reference.

THE UNITED STATES. By Carl Becker. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

This brilliant study in American history is sub-entitled, "An Experiment in Democracy," and the sub-title reveals something of the plan and aim of the book. Has the United States been successful in its experiment in democracy? is the question Professor Becker poses, and, having with great skill and no little literary charm assembled the data, leaves the reader to answer. The account of the development of American history is extremely well done, Professor Becker successively considering democracy in relation to Government, Free Land, Slavery, Immigration, Education, and Equality. Throughout there are shrewd and sound annotations of American character and types; and especially keen is the author's analysis of American higher education, with which he has been long and honorably connected. The reader will find this book an admirable supplement to the classic work of Bryce.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY ACCORDING TO LUTHER AND HIS FOLLOWERS IN GERMANY. By Very Rev. M. J. Lagrange, O.P. Translated by Rev. W. S. Reilly, S.S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.25 net.

These ten lectures on the history of rationalist exegesis in Germany for the past one hundred and fifty years were delivered in the Catholic Institute of Paris, in the fall of 1917, by Father Lagrange, the eminent Director of the Biblical School of Jerusalem. They cover the same ground covered by the Sulpician Father Fillion in his *Les Etapes du Rationalisme*, which was reviewed on its appearance in these columns by the present writer. Father Fillion's book was more complete, for it recorded the attacks upon the Bible, not only in Germany, but in France and England, which borrowed so much of its pseudo-Scriptural scholarship from German sources. On the other hand, it is not so useful a volume to the tyro in Scriptural study as the popular treatise of Father Lagrange, which not only records the attacks upon the Catholic position, but shows by positive arguments their unfairness and inaccuracy.

An introductory chapter deals with the exegesis of the Catholic Church. Father Lagrange shows that the Church Catholic is alone able to discuss adequately and accurately the history of Christian origins, and confronts criticism with courage and sincerity, confident of the backing of the collective opinion of nearly two thousand years.

After a brief discussion of Luther's failure to understand either St. Paul or St. Augustine, Father Lagrange discusses the chief theories of German rationalists from the days of Lessing and Reimarus to the present day. He answers the accusation of imposture of the early Deists, shows the arbitrary character of Paulus' denial of the supernatural, and refutes in turn the myth theory of Straus, the Petrinism-Paulinism of the Tübingen school, the radicalism of Bauer and the Liberals, the eschatological Messianism of Weiss and his following, and the Judaeo-Pagan syncretism of Bousset. Finally, a word is said about the modern denial of the existence of Jesus—a *reductio ad absurdum* of years of superficial and arbitrary criticism. As Father Lagrange says: "It is remarkable that the divinity of Christ appeared to certain critics so well established at the beginning of Christianity that it was easier to deny His human personality than the divine character which he had in history." To give the Germans their due, it must not be forgotten that this absurd denial of the Christ is of English origin, the first book mentioning it being *Christianity and Mythology*, published by John M. Robinson in London, 1910. Other defenders of this theory are the American, William B. Smith; the Englishman, Whittaker; the Dutchman, Bolland, and the Poles, Lubinski and Niemojewski. Drews, its popular orator, is a German professor.

Our lecturer concludes: "No criticism of the texts, no elimination of the testimonies, no declaration against the authenticity of the Gospels or the Epistles suffices to take away from the figure of Jesus its supernatural character. If you do not reject absolutely all, like the mythicists, if you retain a residuum, however little, of the historical tradition concerning Jesus, it must be admitted that He held and manifested claims to a supernatural rôle, and that He died for having done so. You are then ever brought back, after many devious windings, by German exegesis itself, into the presence of Jesus, an object of contradiction, and you have to decide either to insult Him or to adore Him."

The title of the book is very misleading to one who does not know the French original—*Le Sens du Christianisme d'après l'Exégèse Allemande*. The translation is unfortunately poor.

THE HAPPY BRIDE. By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00 net.

Perhaps Miss Jesse's work would not seem so aggressively modern were it not for the inevitable comparison with the poetry of her celebrated great-uncle, Lord Tennyson. But the fact remains that it *is* modern, and nearly always in an admirable sense. It is free and first-hand in its concepts; and if it sways toward an unnecessarily brutal imagism in "The Sparrow and the Motor Bus," it achieves in such poems as "I, Now an Old Woman Grown," the strong and (apparently) simple music of a primitive ballad or lament. There are few among the younger group of contemporary English poets whose development will be watched with more interest than that of F. Tennyson Jesse.

DANTE. By John T. Slattery, Ph.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.00.

As Dr. John H. Finley says in the preface to *Dante*, by John T. Slattery, Ph.D., "the study of Dante's *Divine Comedy* will ever be both a discipline and a delight, calling forth the deepest emotions of our being." To see Dante as Dr. Slattery does, surely confirms this statement. Here in one of the latest additions to the great library of Dante appreciations, interpretations, and criticisms, we have a series of five interesting lectures delivered during 1919 and 1920 before the New York State College for Teachers at Albany.

In the first, the author treats at length of the Age of Dante, and then of Dante, the man, followed by three lectures on the great trilogy itself. Throughout the Catholic attitude is ever apparent. The author, thoroughly imbued with his subject, takes time to answer some of the commoner criticisms of Dante's life and work. He attributes to him the spirit of the Psalmist, who "seeks to love as God loves, and to hate as God hates."

Dante, the Catholic, earnest and intensely religious, is emphasized constantly. The reality of Beatrice is treated at length, and in this connection Dr. Slattery gives what he believes to be the chief reason for the permanence of the *Divine Comedy*:

"Because the world ever loves a lover, and because Dante is The Lover *par excellence*, whose love story is one 'to which heaven and earth have put their hand,' he stands forth with a hold on humanity that is both enduring and supreme."

The style of the book is attractive and well adapted for reading. The author's knowledge of Dante and of Dante authorities is comprehensive, and he draws on many of these frequently. In brief, the book offers an excellent study of Dante for new readers,

and is sure to increase the delight of Dante students. Its appearance at this time is most appropriate, since the year 1921 is the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's death.

THE WESTMINSTER VERSION OF SACRED SCRIPTURES. *The Second Epistle to the Corinthians; the Epistle to the Galatians; the Epistle to the Romans.* New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Scripture scholars and Catholics in general interested in an intelligent study of the New Testament, owe a debt of gratitude to the patient workers who devoted themselves to the task of furnishing us with a readable English translation of the Bible from original sources. A work of this kind needs to be done with the approbation of Church authorities. Other versions will always labor under this defect of the lack of official recognition.

A complete analysis precedes the Epistles translated in this volume. This is very useful for private study as well as for class work. The translation is clear and correct; it brings out the meaning of the many difficult passages of these Epistles much more clearly than the English version now generally used. A few examples may be here indicated. The chapter on justification in Romans, chapters three and four; Galatians, chapter three. The cumbersome, heavy style of our present translation is avoided in this edition; the English style makes the reading of these Epistles a pleasure and a profit. As in the preceding volumes, the present rendition adheres strictly to the original version.

THE EVOLUTION OF SINN FEIN. By Robert M. Henry. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$2.00.

Professor Henry of Queen's University, Belfast, has written a clear, forceful, and eminently readable account of the Sinn Fein movement. He defines it as "an expression in political theory and action of the claim of Ireland to be a nation with all the practical consequences which such a claim involves." He brings out clearly the fact—which many in this country do not know—that in its beginnings Sinn Fein disclaimed the use of physical force in absolute contrast to the National movements of '48 and '67, and began not as a republican but as a constitutional party. It appealed in defence of its position to the Renunciation Act of 1783, and declared that the Act of Union was a clear breach of that Act. As a political party, Sinn Fein began in 1905, although its spirit had been manifested for many years in the utterances of Irish leaders, and its beginnings outlined of late years in such papers as the *Shan Van Vocht* and the *United Irishman*. Its

origin may be traced logically to the resolution of the third annual convention of the Cumann nan Ghaedail in October, 1902, which urged the Irish members to stay away from the English Parliament, as the Hungarian Deputies had done in Austria in 1861.

Professor Henry sketches briefly the history of Sinn Fein up to 1918. He tells in unimpassioned language the story of England's dishonesty, tyranny, and hypocrisy, the unfair treatment accorded to the traitor, Carson, and his following, the foredoomed Convention of 1917, the "faked" German plots which were always being discovered when arrests were deemed necessary, the fight against conscription, the constant "trimming" of Lloyd George and the Rising of 1916.

Although a Protestant himself, he is honest enough to admit that the whole Irish difficulty is at root a religious one—the Protestant minority of the North does not wish an independent Ireland for fear of losing their usurped ascendancy.

LITERATURE IN A CHANGING AGE. By Ashley H. Thorndike. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

The twentieth century has been so crowded with events tumbling over one another in their rapid sequence that one with difficulty places Queen Victoria's death twenty posts back. It is only when one recollects the men and fashions at the beginning of the century that one realizes that twenty years are, after all, twenty years.

But it is not with the changing years of the twentieth century, however, that Professor Thorndike's book deals, but with another changing age, the span between 1830 and 1890, the period familiarly known as the Victorian Age in English literature. The work is not a vindication of the Age of Victoria, or an essay in praise of the poets and prose writers of that period; it is, incidentally, if at all, directed against those whose favorite adjective of contempt is the word "mid-Victorian." For, although like every sound critic, Professor Thorndike believes in the greatness of the literature written during the reign of the nineteenth century queen, he leaves its defence to those who have another theme to pursue. His own task is the analysis of the reaction on literature caused by the developments in industry, democracy, and science during the sixty years ending in 1890. While the book is not designed to make a particular appeal to "literary" people, it probably can be read somewhat critically only by those who are on terms of rather easy acquaintance with the masters of nineteenth century thought.

One of the most interesting chapters in this study is that entitled "Beauty and Art." In this Professor Thorndike discusses the relationship between content and technique in the poetry and prose of the Victorian era. But the volume is, as an entirety, an interesting book, stimulating the reader to thoughtful, calm judgment of his own. Once in a while the careful reader will find himself at odds with the viewpoint of the Columbia University professor, but for the most part he will be glad to adopt Dr. Thorndike's opinions as his own.

EXPOSITION OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. Part III. By a Seminary Professor. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. \$3.00.

The third volume of the *Exposition of Christian Doctrine* keeps up the high standard of its predecessors. Its teaching is accurate, its method clear and brief, and its spirit full of unction and piety, the most essential gift of the teacher of youth. The third volume treats of Worship, and is divided into four sections: Grace, Prayer, the Sacraments, and the Liturgy. We know of no catechism that treats so fully the divine liturgy—its meaning, its history, the altar, the vestments, the ceremonies of the Mass, devotions and feasts.

The writer's method is best seen by the words of warning which he himself always heeds most carefully: "In matters of dogma there is nothing so dangerous as to make the Church say what she has never professed, to teach as of faith what is merely an opinion, or, on the other hand, to attenuate or minimize the truths that she proposes to our belief. In moral questions, it is as dangerous to exaggerate the prescriptions of the divine law in one direction as in another. Straight is the way that leadeth to life. We must neither widen nor narrow it, lest we might create a false conscience. In one case, we might encourage evil; in the other, we might lead men to abandon virtue as impossible of attainment."

THE CHRONICLES OF AMERICA. Edited by Dr. Allen Johnson, Professor of American History in Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press. Fifty volumes at \$3.50 per volume by the set.

Our Foreigners, by Samuel P. Orth. Dr. Orth has written an agreeable, popular sketch of the westward movement of races to America. The matter is not new, and the treatment is entirely descriptive, eminently conservative, and in no way analytical. There is offered a readable, superficial account of the racial ele-

ments, which make the American nation, with a hint as to their contribution, and an occasionally carefully worded suggestion of the problems, which immigration has brought in its wake. Hardly enough emphasis is placed on naturalization and restrictive immigration legislation to impress the reader with the problem of assimilation of foreign enclaves among us and the even more vital question of a selective policy for our post-War immigration. A short bibliography is added, though oddly enough there is omitted a scholarly Yale study by Professor Fairchild on the Greeks in America.

The introductory chapter considers the races in the Colonies prior to 1776, with the comment that they were essentially the races of the British nation. Dr. Orth observes with truth that this element settled the early West, impressed their culture upon later settlers, and retains preponderant leadership. Another essay in lecture form deals with the negro without stressing the problem or its possible solution. A chapter on the "Irish Invasion" gives a very fair summary of the Irish people in the United States, their early arrival, increasing numbers after 1820, causes of their exodus, nativist opposition, their glorious service in the Civil War, the unfortunate "Molly Maguire" episode, and their present economic success. Under the caption, "The Teutonic Tide," another euphonious success, he considers the German element somewhat from a late war-time viewpoint. So briefly noticed are the early French, the French-Canadians, the Swiss Scandinavians, Bohemians, Poles, Finns, Jews, Greeks and Italians, that the reader is scarcely more than prepared for the statement that: "Thus the United States in a quarter of a century has assumed a cosmopolitanism in which early German and Irish immigrants appear as veteran Americans." Only the "Sons of the Revolution" will appreciate this humor, and they rarely read books on *Our Foreigners*. One wonders if the title was judiciously selected. Two concluding chapters describe the Oriental immigration and racial infiltration.

Dr. Orth nicely interprets foreign as an attitude of mind, rather than a reference to the place of birth, but without developing this thesis as it deserves. He is inclined to question: "American ideals and institutions have borne and can bear a great deal of foreign infiltration. But can they withstand saturation?"

Armies of Labor is a much less popular, but more weighty, volume from the same pen. Indeed, this volume teems with information. In popular form, Professor Orth has made available the results of the scholarly labors of the Webbs, Ely, Commons,

Hoxie and others in the field of trade unionism, as well as the writings of such practical union leaders as Gompers, Mitchell, and Powderly. The tone is extremely favorable; the writer is in sympathy with Labor and its programme; he appreciates what organization has done to elevate the working masses; he is unusually fair in his judgment of individual leaders. A good bibliography adds critical value to the work.

In introduction, a chapter is allotted to describe the early English labor situation. Mr. Orth points out the gradual decline of the estate of Labor from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century because of the restrictive legislation, harsh apprenticeships, industrial revolution, and a growing aristocracy's fear of political Jacobinism in every attempt at organization. Indeed, not until 1824 were workmen allowed to bargain collectively. Two valuable chapters describe American labor conditions until after the Civil War. Colonial labor if unindentured was considerably better off than the working population of England, for wages were higher, but the worker faced slave competition, wore a distinctive garb, and always feared a debtor's prison. The Revolution improved matters, wages rose, business after a short period of depression was prosperous, the frontier lands were opened for settlement, and war in Europe made America rich. After the war of 1812, there was a continued labor shortage despite the ever-increasing immigration as the country entered an era of unprecedented development. Western lands at a dollar and a quarter an acre robbed the eastern labor market of manpower. Roads, canals, shipping, internal improvements, railroads, required labor at fair pay in an amount to exhaust the market. To obtain labor was the problem. The panic of 1857 brought hard years, but the Civil War gave a new impetus, for with two million men under arms and immigration light, labor was at a premium. During the pre-war epoch, there were local craft societies, local strikes, and a successful agitation for the ten-hour day. Yet, it is the decade after the war which marks the beginning of our labor question, the struggle of united Labor against concentrated Capital, the development of national organizations and the large scale strikes and industrial wars.

In the discussion of this decade, the reader is made acquainted with the fight for an eight-hour day from its Federal recognition in 1868 on national work, its progress in the States, and Wilson's pronouncement in 1916 that the eight-hour day has "the sanction of society." The origin, phenomenal growth, and decline of the Knights of Labor under the conservative leadership of Terence Powderly, is dwelt upon with parenthetical allusions

to the creation of a labor bureau, strikes of 1886, and the 1888 law for voluntary arbitration in railroad disputes. A long and very full chapter describes the origin, organization, strength, and general policies of the American Federation of Labor, with eulogistic sketches of Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell, as ideal leaders, imbued with their responsibilities and obligations to their following and to society. One is impressed with the Irish contribution to conservative, non-socialistic labor leadership which these pages intimate rather than develop. Other chapters deal with the Railroad Brotherhoods, the Trade Union, Labor and Politics, Issues and Warfare, centring about collective bargaining, the strike, boycott, and union label, and with the I. W. W. as the New Terrorism. In the discussion of Labor in politics, the writer believes that Labor has only met rebuff at the hands of the voters because of the very general failure of its candidates at the polls. He underestimates the political power exerted, and its success nationally, as well as locally, in procuring desired legislation. To judge the influence of Labor in the dying administration by the poll of labor votes and radical third parties would lead one into error.

The New South, by Holland Thompson, is an industrial and social history of the land bounded by the Ohio, Delaware, and Rio Grande Rivers, from 1865 to the present. The term has passed current since Editor H. W. Grady lectured in New York in 1886 on that subject, painting a picture of the changed South and its reformed spirit. With the inclusion of Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, and Oklahoma, in the South, which we associate with the Rebellion, many will disagree, and none so violently as citizens of those States. Again, it is apt to be somewhat confusing, for Delaware and Missouri are hardly a part of the same economic section as Virginia and Texas.

Reconstruction misrule passed away, only to see the South retarded under the reactionary leadership of the ex-Confederate soldier. It was an honest enough rule, even to parsimony, but under a class who could not accept the results of the war. As late as 1882, seventeen of the South's Senators were ex-Confederates of high military or civil record. The breach had not healed. Cleveland, as one would anticipate from a Democratic President, gave the South, for the first time, weight in national affairs. Bayard of Delaware, Lamar of Mississippi, Garland of Arkansas, were of his Cabinet; Carlisle of Kentucky was Speaker, and Mills of Texas was Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Yet, the South was not grateful, for Cleveland was no spoils-man. Sec-

tionalism was giving way. The author might have suggested the further blotting out of the old line by the Southern valor in the war of 1898 and Wilson's care of Dixie's Democracy.

The decade of 1880 saw an interesting revolt under the standards of the Granger and Populist Parties, which crashed the old State machines and retired many a veteran, placing radicals of the Tillman type in power. The Democratic Party was compelled to meet the desires of the common man, the small landholder, or accept factional divisions, with the possibility of Republican or Negro rule. The Force Act of 1890 defeated in Congress taught the South that if the spirit of the Civil War amendments was to be violated, it must be done "legally." Hence, commencing with Mississippi, the Southern States adopted constitutional qualifications for the suffrage, which effectively deprived the negro of the vote, while safeguarding the ballot for the illiterate, and the not infrequently as shiftless poor white. And the North refused the challenge, chiefly because Northern Capital desired peace and prosperity in the Southern investment area. The labor problem, the breaking up of plantations into farms with white or negro tenants on a rental or share basis, and the racial strife, are all treated in a broad and thoughtful manner. Negro education is considered in connection with the splendid foundations for that purpose created by the philanthropists, Slater, Jeanes, Phelps-Stokes, and Julius Rosenwald.

The industrial revival is best treated, for this is Mr. Thompson's chosen field of research. Much space is given to the rise of the cotton mills, from 300,000 spindles in 1860, to 12,711,000 in 1915, requiring more cotton than the Northern mills. In part, this has been caused by cheaper labor, and lower over-head expenses, and little legislative interference in the way of woman and child labor. Cotton by-products have become utilized. The South cuts half the lumber used in America. Alabama mines six per cent of our iron ore. Birmingham has become a Southern Pittsburgh. Tobacco products are being centred in Durham, Winston-Salem, Richmond, New Orleans, and Louisville. Bituminous coal is mined extensively in Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, and especially in West Virginia. Such is the South of today, more materialistic and less doctrinaire.

Paths of Inland Commerce is written by Dr. Archer B. Hulbert, editor of the sixteen volumes of *Historic Highways of America*, who knows the early Indian trails, roads, passes, waterways and fords as minutely as one would anticipate after such a training. His microscopic intimacy with the primeval forests, its

blazed trees and rock markings, is somewhat akin to that which was possessed by a Jesuit missionary or a *courier des bois*. One can descry the writer in the leathern and fur garb of a scout, leading a party of frontiersmen along the Bay State Trail, up the Hudson, and across the Mohawk into the region of the Great Lakes. To him the roadbeds of the New York Central, Boston and Albany, Pennsylvania, Erie, Nickel Plate, Lehigh, Baltimore and Ohio, are the narrow worn trails of the redmen. From one so conversant with the frontier and hinterland, a volume of historic value and stimulating interest would naturally be expected; and the expectation has been indulged.

Western commerce is traced through its various stages in chapters dealing with the trails, the mastery of river courses, the turnpikes along which rolled the unwieldy, six-horse conestoga wagons, the flat-boats floating down the Ohio and tributaries to the Mississippi and the port of New Orleans, the development of steamboats, canal building, breaking through the Alleghanies, and railroad beginnings. The romantic side has not been suppressed; and romance clings to the frontiersmen, the lawless stage-drivers, the hardy ruffians of the flat-boats, and that distinctive class of inland sailors on the lakes and Western waters. There is opened a new vista to the reader, who has not pondered over the political and economic significance of easier communications between the East and West, and who has not thought statistically in terms of internal commerce. Students of our economic history can best evaluate the author's contribution.

Adventurers of Oregon, by Constance L. Skinner, is hardly serious history, certainly no more so than her earlier volume in the series. It would seem too superficial even for a popular series. It is the work of a novelist imbued with the romance of the adventurous pioneers and determined to chronicle their labors in dramatic relief. It is pleasant reading, the kind one associates with a fireside rather than with a scholar's study.

An opening essay deals with the obscure origin of the name "Oregon," with the Nootka Sound episode, the discoveries of George Vancouver and his lieutenants, Baker and Puget, and the fortunate finding in the mouth of the Columbia safe anchorage from a storm by the Boston merchant-captain, Robert Gray. This is followed by a lengthy description of the journey of Lewis and Clark (1804-1806) through the region of the Sioux, Mandans, and Shoshones to the Columbia. An interesting tale is told of the Hudson Bay Company's activities and of the fierce rivalry of the trappers of the Mackinaws, Northwesters, and Missouri Fur Com-

pany of St. Louis. Several chapters deal with the Astor American Fur Company, its settlement at Astoria, and its conquest during the war by the Northwesters. A fascinating chapter describes the writer's hero, Dr. John McLaughlin, the "King of Old Oregon," his rule of the territory, struggles between Canadian and American settlers, Catholic and Methodist missionaries, American trappers and the Hudson Bay Agents, and the ultimate acquisition of Oregon to the forty-ninth degree by the United States. One is sorry that the writer did not enter more fully into the work of Fathers Blanchet, Demers, and DeSmet and into the conversion of Dr. McLaughlin, one of the ablest pioneers and one of the foremost Canadians. Scotsmen will read this chronicle with spirited pride, as they see Alexander Henry at Fort Michilimackinack in 1761 and on Lake Winnipeg in 1767, Frobisher building forts on the Saskatchewan River, McTavish organizing the outlaw Mackinaws Company, Mackenzie, a fur clerk, starting out in 1789 from Fort Chipewan, a thousand miles from Lake Superior, to explore his Arctic River and later cross the Rockies to the Pacific, David Thompson plotting on a huge chart the whole fur country, Simon Frazer trapping and venturing into the trackless snow fields of the far north, and Ross, Mackay, the Stuarts, McDougal, Day, Clarke and the others whom Astor enticed from the older British companies. Leadership was largely Scottish, though the fur men, outposts and guides were still French-Canadians.

THE ALTAR OF GOD. A Story Book of the Mass for Children.

By Mary Virginia Merrick. With a Preface by Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P. New York: The Paulist Press. \$1.50.

Too many books for children do not appeal to them, because of a pseudo-childishness; but this volume of Miss Merrick's rings true, for its contents are within the compass of the child mind, without degenerating into twaddle. Yet, with all its simplicity, it is a unique book inasmuch as it is also scholarly. It takes the priest to the altar, and there follows him through the Mass, telling in plain, accurate language the meaning of his prayers and actions. The author draws her material from a varied source. She brings in the symbolism of the vestments and motions, draws historical parallels, recalls the types of the Old Law and illustrates by parables from the Gospels. Joined with all this, but not obtrusively so, are little recommendations of devotion and reverence, yes, and even, now and then, gentle rebukes for the thoughtless.

The publishers are to be congratulated on the form of the book, which is in perfect accord with the sweetness and artistry of the contents. Few pages are not enlivened by a verse of poetry

or an appropriate insert, while full page prints of famous paintings are abundant. The book cannot be too highly recommended to all who wish to reveal to the young the mysteries and treasures of the great Sacrifice.

DIVORCE. By Charles Williams. New York: Oxford University Press. \$1.80.

Mr. Williams' volume is one of the more serious experiments in recent verse-making, and in nothing is it more notable than in its contrasts, or rather, its evolutions. For it is, indeed, a far cry from the opening poem (*not* a discussion of marital shipwreck, but a highly traditional and academic tribute to the poet's father!) to the blithe and mystical musings of the later pages—somewhat derivative, as they are, of what we have learned to call the "Chesterbelloc."

THE JUNKMAN, AND OTHER POEMS. By Richard Le Gallienne. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.75 net.

There is always pleasure waiting for us in a volume of Richard Le Gallienne's poems—not, perhaps, pleasure of a very soul-stirring or heart-shaking kind, but the pleasure of graceful fantasy, experienced music and sentiment neither ashamed of itself nor afraid of "going to seed." And Mr. Le Gallienne, who bravely confesses to being a "late Victorian," shows in the present book that he can still give us the shock of novelty—in the title-poem, for instance, and still more so in that delicious bit of serio-comedy, "To Narcissa—Dressing for the Theatre."

OCTOBER, AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Bridges. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50 net.

For most American readers, the chief interest of this volume will lie in the fact that it contains the most recent work, including the War poems, of the present Poet Laureate of England. Doctor Bridges is, as all the world knows, a scholarly and accomplished technician in verse, with the keenest sense of beauty; but it is not often that his lips are touched with the burning coal of divine lyric energy.

IN *The Political and Financial Independence of the Vatican*, by John A. Godrycz (Philadelphia: National Publishing Co.), it is a pleasure to note the great love and veneration on the part of the writer for the Papacy, and the seriousness of his arguments for the defence of its political and financial independence. The writer lifts his voice against the action of the League of Nations in ignoring the rights of the Holy See and its moral and political influence over 300,000,000 of Catholics. Even were the opportunity offered the Vatican, the exercise of

its rights would be in great measure conditional on the financial funds at its command. To the mind of the author, the best method of establishing a sound financial basis is the collection of war bonds in the United States and the other nations of Europe, and building up therewith the financial resources for the Vatican. An amount of twenty-five millions of dollars would secure the international credit of the Papacy and pave the way to the acknowledgment of its political independence.

Of considerable interest are the considerations concerning the Jews in Palestine under British protectorate. The Jews are exceptionally favored in their dreams of financial imperialism. Under British rule, Palestine will have its Jewish autonomy, will become a kind of a Jewish Vatican, and all the Jews living without its frontiers will be considered, at one and the same time, citizens of the independent state of Palestine, and citizens of the countries wherein they live. The privilege of double citizenship granted to Jews is something unheard of in the history of the civilized world, and its consequences are extremely grave from a religious point of view.

The main interest of the book lies in the novelty of its subject, and the logical strength of its argumentation. It deserves the attention of readers who long for an equitable solution of the Roman question.

LIMBO, by Aldous Huxley (New York: George H. Doran Co.), is the first book of a youthful English author. It is quite eerily clever, and shows, for a beginner, a remarkable mastery of narrative art. It contains seven more or less long short stories, of which the first, "The Farcical History of Richard Greenow," is by far the longest, the cleverest, and the most entertaining. This extraordinary fantasy—to adopt one of Arnold Bennett's classifications—is alone worth the price of the book. It has that inexplicable exciting quality which makes one keep an eye out for the future work of Mr. Huxley.

THE CROSS OF ARES, AND OTHER SKETCHES, by Lawrence Perkins (New York: Brentano's). Mr. Perkins was a "Y" secretary at the Front, and this slender volume is an attempt to visualize for the reader certain more or less unlovely sides of war. The little book is an effort rather than an achievement. The aspects of life with which it deals must always tax the powers of the most skillful artist. As the writer can scarcely be classed as such, it need not be matter for surprise that he strikes wide afield of any treatment that might be regarded as finished. The title-sketch itself is badly bungled, and the very humanly dramatic elements in the succeeding chapters are not cleverly utilized.

It is regrettable that *The Cross of Ares* helps to perpetuate the semi-simian, semi-buffoon type of Irishman with which the vaudeville stage and the comic supplement have supplied us *ad nauseam* during the past quarter of a century.

Nevertheless, Mr. Perkins' writing holds a germ of promise which we trust may be amply realized in the future.

AN AWAKENING AND WHAT FOLLOWED, by James Kent Stone, S.T.D., LL.D. (Notre Dame, Ind.: The Ave Maria Press), was published originally some fifty years ago by a man then recently converted to the Catholic Faith, but best known to his fellow countrymen as the President of Kenyon and Hobart College. The book from the moment of its appearance attracted the attention of thoughtful men, and has ever since remained a favorite with the serious-minded reader of religious discussions. It comes before the public today with a new title, and with the valuable addition of eleven new chapters containing a partial record of the career that has made the author—now Father Fidelis, Passionist—well known throughout South America as a zealous and successful missionary. This supplement rounds out the story of his conversion in earlier life, and shows the fulfillment in actual fact of those spiritual hopes and holy ambitions that led him into the fold of the Church a half century ago. The book as a whole is a beautiful tale telling “the whole romance of a life touched and transformed by the grace of God,” and is a splendid argument in behalf of Catholicism.

ROADS TO CHILDHOOD, Views and Reviews of Children's Books, by Annie Carroll Moore (New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net). Miss Moore's work with children in the New York Public Library has enabled her to prepare a practical book for those who must select reading for children. Such things as book lists, of course, must always be a lasting cause of dispute, and all of us who read the titles she mentions will think of others we should like to see added. However, as far as it goes, the present volume is helpful.

IRISH FAIRY TALES, by James Stephens, illustrated by Arthur Rackham (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5.00) and *The Sons O' Cormac, An' Tales of Other Men's Sons*, by Aldis Dunbar (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50). A new book by Mr. Stephens is an event for every reader, young or old, who possesses, consciously or otherwise, a sense of poetic beauty. The book just announced, moreover, has been illustrated by Arthur Rackham, which makes the event still more important. The charm of Mr. Stephen's poetic prose is already sufficiently known to all the world. In these thrilling stories of the beginning of things, of prehistoric kings and ladies and hunters and fishermen and boys and dogs, new snares are created for the imagination of all readers worth considering. Aldis Dunbar's *Tales O' Cormac* are concerned, too, with the warlike heroes and the stirring events of legendary Irish history. Of course, they move the reader to delight, although the author's device of attempting to reproduce the brogue is, we think, not a wise one.

IN his preface the reverend author expresses the hope that *The Divine Office*, a study of the Roman Breviary, by Rev. E. J. Quigley (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd.), may serve as an introductory manual to the study of the Breviary. We think it may well do so. Also

that it will be of special service to priests. It presents in one volume of two hundred and eighty-eight pages, information about the Divine Office drawn from history, liturgy, theology and ascetic literature. The work is in four parts. Part I. treats of general questions concerning the Breviary. Part II. gives the rules from moral and ascetic theology for the recitation of the Breviary. In Part III. the Canonical Hours are discussed. Part IV. is devoted to Heortology.

THE PATH OF HUMILITY, by the author of "Spiritual Progress," etc. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00). This translation from a French work consists of a series of meditations, studies of general outlines, short explanations and reflections dealing with the virtue of humility. It is thorough and well done. If its directions are faithfully followed we believe sure progress will be made in the acquirement of this all-important virtue. We recommend it, therefore, to all who are desirous of self-improvement.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD, a Practical Treatise by a Master of Novices (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.15). The practice of the Presence of God is one highly favored of the saints and spiritual writers. It offers a sure way to keep one's self from becoming too much immersed in the affairs of this life and to live in the world and yet not be of it. The present volume of one hundred and ten pages treats of this practice. It tells how it may be exercised, and gives copious extracts from various writers showing its necessity and beneficial effects. While somewhat academic in parts, it will be of value to those who have not already adopted this practice as part of their religious exercises.

A SHORT METHOD OF MENTAL PRAYER, by the Most Reverend Father Nicholas Ridolfi, O.P., translated into English by Father Raymund Devas, O.P. (New York: Benziger Brothers). Real piety is always charming. There can be no doubt that this seventeenth century Master General of the Dominican Order possessed it as well as scientific knowledge of the ways of prayer. His holiness it is that adds a perennial freshness to this little treatise. Father Ridolfi's heart, even more than his learned mind, speaks here to our own.

WHAT FATHER CUTHBERT KNEW, by Grace V. Christmas (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.35). Father Cuthbert, with his pipe, his humorous twinkle, his fun and good sense and deep spirituality is a typical, yet a highly individualized priestly character. He is on astonishingly easy and familiar terms with all sorts and conditions of ghosts, yet so sane and natural is his relation with them that though we read every story in the book during the wee, sma' hours, and then went to bed without a night light, we slept tranquilly, and suffered no qualm of fear or indigestion.

Wasn't it Mark Twain who asked in wonder how the writers of the Old Testament narratives so marvelously kept themselves out of their stories? They wrote them in such a way that the reader never thinks of the writer. Miss Christmas has done the same, and this through the always difficult impersonation of a man (the "Dudley" to whom Father Cuthbert tells his stories) by a woman.

But two of the twelve stories seem to us to trespass on ground too sacred for light fiction. We do not like the solemn act of Consecration and administration of Holy Communion to be performed under the circumstances related in one of them; and only in rare instances do we like to read of fictional apparitions of Our Lord. That in "Under the Rambler Roses" is not one of these rare instances.

CATHOLIC HYMNAL, by Rev. John G. Hacker, S.J. (New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss). This collection of standard Catholic hymns, thoroughly revised and intended chiefly for the use of Catholic colleges, academies and schools, is of unusual worth. It is an ideal hymn book for congregational singing as all the hymns are written in a very simple style, and for one voice only. The contents are not only dignified and devotional, but also pleasing and tuneful. The superior literary value of the hymn texts will appeal to all who have realized the great defect in this regard with most of our Catholic English hymnals.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

A Commentary on the Code of Canon Law, by Rev. Joseph Noval, O.P. Book IV., *De Processibus*. Part I., *De Judiciis*. (Rome: P. Mariette. 18 fr.) Dr. Noval, the eminent professor of Canon Law at the Dominican Seminary, the Angelico, at Rome, has written an excellent commentary on *De Judiciis*, which is beyond question the most difficult treatise in the whole code. He has in mind chiefly the young Roman student, and therefore is most painstaking in his clear-cut and detailed commentary. His method is scientific and practical: the scientific portion (*Expositio Rubricæ*) treats of the nature, origin, history and development of the Canon Law, while the practical part discusses the meaning of every word of the particular canon discussed. Following St. Thomas, the arrangement is in the form of question and answer—a catechetical treatment that makes for simplicity and clearness.

In *Un Caractère (Le Cardinal Mercier)*, by Eugène Roupain, S.J. (Paris: P. Téqui. 2 fr.), we have another study of that great world figure, this time from the French point of view. The author divides his study into three parts: the great Cardinal's principles, his strength of spirit and as an ideal religious. The writer believes the Cardinal's fame cannot change, except to grow greater, and that in these days "of reconstruction," his genius and talent must and will be given to relieve suffering humanity.

Les Soucis d'une Femme du Monde, by Monseigneur Tissier (Paris: Pierre Téqui), is a series of discourses addressed to French women counseling them in their duties to God, their country and their homes. The author exhorts them to work for the safety and peace of France. He cites France's newest saints, Margaret Mary and Joan of Arc, as exemplars. The addresses cover such modern topics as the care and education of children, the servant problem, dress, amusements, and devotions.

A Commentary on the Code of Canon Law, by Rev. Guido Cocchi, C.M., Book I, *Normæ Generales* (Rome: P. Marietti. 6 fr. 50), covers the first book of the new code, canons 1 to 86, which treats of the *Normæ Generales*. He discusses canon by canon the nature and history of Canon Law, its sources, the necessity, origin and authority of the new code, the interpretation of law, the value of custom, rescripts, privileges and dispensations. He sums up for his pupils, as he says himself, the views of such eminent canonists as D'Anibale, De Luca, Bucceroni, Noldin, Bargilliat, Vermeersch, Wernz and Maroto.

Conferences for Young Men, three volumes, by Rev. Charles Vandepitte (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 12 fr.), are the result of twenty-five years of teaching experience among French schoolboys and collegians. They are simple, instructive talks on the Catechism—on our duties to God, our neighbor and ourselves. The doctrine of the Church is stated clearly, and illustrated by scores of incidents from the history of the Church, especially from the lives of the saints.

Essays on Patrology and the History of Dogmas, by Rev. J. Tixeront (Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre. 7 fr.), gives us life portraits of St. Justin, Martyr, Tertullian and St. Cyprian; analyzes for us the Shepherd of Hermas, the Apology of Athenagoras, and the Pedagogue of Clement of Alexandria; refutes the false thesis of André Lagarde on Confession in the pages of St. Gregory the Great; shows us the teaching of the Fathers of the fifth and sixth centuries on the concepts of nature and person, and discusses the question of the animal sacrifices of the primitive Armenians, known as the rite of Matal. The book is as fascinating as any novel. The chapters on Tertullian and Cyprian discussing the outrageous dress and fashions of the third century might be taken from the pages of a moralist of the twentieth.

Studi sul Romanticismo Inglese, by Federico Olivero, Professor of English Literature in the Royal University of Turin (Bari: Luis. Laterza e Figli), and *Nuovi Saggi di Letteratura Inglese*, by the same author (Turin: Libreria Editrice Internazionale). These two books rank among the best critical work on English literature in Italian. The author examines the works of thirty-five different authors, and has produced masterpieces of criticism, which should be known to everyone familiar with the language of Dante, particularly teachers and professors of literature in high schools and universities.

Recent Events.

France.

On January 17th President Millerand promulgated a decree creating a new Ministry under former Premier Aristide Briand, after M. Raoul Peret had failed to form a Cabinet to succeed that of M. Leygues. The new Ministry contains every political element except out-and-out Royalists and Communists. The first announcement of M. Briand was that war restrictions on trade would be abolished as soon as possible, and this, coupled with immediate abandonment of coal control and suppression of the National Coal Bureau, gave general satisfaction. The most important task, however, to which the new Premier at once addressed himself, was the matter of the German reparations, which was taken up at the Inter-Allied Conference at Paris on January 24th.

After several days' discussion, the Allied Premiers approved an indemnity plan, the two chief features of which provide: first, Germany shall pay over a period of forty-two years a series of annuities ranging from two billion gold marks to six billion gold marks; and second, Germany shall pay to the Allies for forty years a twelve and one-half per cent tax on the sum total of her export trade. The grand total of the indemnity, according to the first provision, would amount to 220,000,000,000 gold marks, or \$55,500,000,000. What the second provision would bring it is impossible to say, as no one can tell what the twelve and one-half per cent tax on Germany's exports will be twenty years from now.

Two important observations made of the plan are that it does fix the definite total Germany must pay, and second, it is not effective without German consent. The reason that the new plan requires German consent for its validity, is because the Treaty of Versailles provides that Germany shall pay her indemnity in thirty years, whereas the latest scheme lays down the basis of payments at forty-two years.

The announcement of the Allied decision met with universal disapproval in Germany, where all classes declare that the indemnity imposed cannot possibly be raised. In the United States and Switzerland the opinion has been widely expressed that the reparation figure is too high. Moreover, the opinion was prevalent in these two countries that the Germans cannot pay twelve

and one-half per cent on the value of all exports, since that percentage generally exceeds the margin of profit. According to official statements, by the Allies, however, the reparation plan does not contemplate a direct tax of twelve and one-half per cent on German exports. Instead, this is to be regarded as a tax placed on Germany equivalent to twelve and one-half per cent of her exports. In other words, the twelve and one-half per cent tax is merely taken as a measure variable with the indemnity. Germany must pay, and this is to be raised by Germany just as she must raise any other item in her budget or the fixed indemnities themselves. Germany enjoys the same latitude in paying a variable indemnity as a fixed indemnity, and can relieve her exporters of the entire burden if she sees fit to take the necessary measures, such as increasing her per capita taxation or by inaugurating tobacco and liquor monopolies.

The next meeting of the Reparation Conference was set for March 1st, and to this the German Government was invited. Germany has accepted the invitation on condition "that negotiations will take place also on propositions the German Government intends to present to the Conference." This is taken to mean that Germany intends to make certain counter proposals for reparation, and for the preparation of these the Government has nominated a special executive committee to act in conjunction with Government departments. The personnel of the committee indicates that the German Government is bringing together its biggest men for a great campaign. The Committee of Fifteen represents the concentration of the leading figures in German industry, finance, agriculture, and shipping. It includes Hugo Stinnes, the richest man in the Republic, and his rival in the race for wealth, the steel magnate, Strauss. Some of the other members are Walter Rothenau, President of the General Electric Company; Kuno of the Hamburg-American Line, and Wietfeldt, Director of Krupps.

This attitude of Germany serves to emphasize the situation in France, which today is divided politically into two camps. One, led by M. Briand, and backed by President Millerand, would maintain the entente with England at almost any cost. The other, led by former President Poincaré, would compromise no further and, if need be, cut loose from England and use militant force in bringing Germany to terms. On February 9th, the Chamber of Deputies gave to the Government a vote of confidence, which was demanded by Premier Briand as a condition of his going to the London Conference. The vote, however, was 387 to 125, and came only after four days' strenuous debate, in which

the reparations agreement was subjected to severe criticism. The significance of this is that, while Premier Briand will go to the London Conference with free hands, it will also be with the knowledge that if he abates in the slightest degree the terms of the Paris agreement in favor of Germany, his Ministry will scarcely last beyond the date of his return. The general feeling in France today is that Germany must be made to pay, and to pay quickly, a sentiment reënforced by the fact that the tax rate in Germany is lower than that of France, which is staggering under the immense weight of war pensions, indemnities, and reparations for the devastated regions, all of which Germany is eventually to pay under the Treaty of Versailles.

The place of meeting for the next session of the Council of the League of Nations on February 21st has been changed from Geneva to Paris. The Council will have before it a number of important international questions, including those not solved by the first Assembly of the League in November and December last. In addition to a committee of international jurists to discuss amendments to the Covenant of the League of Nations, six other committees must be appointed by the Council to deal with various subjects which must all come before the next plenary Assembly of the League in September. One of these subjects is the Soviet-Lithuanian Treaty, just filed with the Council of the League.

A renewed military occupation of Constantinople has been threatened by the Allies, and the Inter-Allied representatives there have notified the Grand Vizier of the measures they propose to take. Franco-British reënforcements will be quartered in public buildings requisitioned in Stamboul, where already there are several thousand Inter-Allied forces. It is considered that the troops are required to guard against threatened disorder, owing to the presence of followers of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the Nationalist leader, and Bolshevik elements, and the failure of the Turks to ratify the Peace Treaty.

On the other hand, Turkey's delegation to the Turkish Peace Conference, scheduled to begin at London on February 21st, will contain a large Nationalist delegation. The purpose of this Conference is the revision of the Treaty of Sèvres, whereby Thrace and Smyrna were handed over to Greece. Because of the recall of Constantine to the Grecian throne despite Allied opposition, the disposition now seems growing among the Allies to return these territories to Turkey. Meanwhile, in order to hold Mustapha Kemal well in hand, the French have recently taken from him Aintab, a city of some 40,000 inhabitants, just within the

French zone of influence under the Treaty of Sèvres, and from which the French have been trying to oust the Kemalists ever since they seized it last year. Kemal's fortunes have been on the mend since M. Viviani induced the League of Nations to ask President Wilson to undertake negotiations with him to save Armenia. In fact, they mended so rapidly that he was inclined to defy his French sponsors. But now that he has lost Aintab, the French expect that his Ambassadors will be more reasonable at London. In general the French press hails the capture of Aintab as a great French victory.

Early in February it was officially announced that total subscription to the new six per cent French Government loan, which closed towards the end of January, amounted to 27,888,417,300 francs. Of this sum, 10,998,236,097 francs was new money.

Italy.

The outstanding feature of the month's events in Italy has been the crusade of violence conducted by the Nationalist faction against Socialist and radical newspapers and labor clubs in reprisal for the communistic excesses of the last eighteen months. Destruction of the principal property of the revolutionary organization throughout Italy was evidently the plan of the campaign. Most of the rioting occurred in cities of northern and central Italy, with Milan as the chief centre of disorder. At Bologna the splendid Chamber of Labor was burned to the ground. This building was the headquarters of Communistic Socialism in Italy, and its total contents, including the administrative department's archives concerning the ramifications of the movement throughout the kingdom, were destroyed by the flames. Other chambers of labor were burned down at Modena, and at Taranto. At Trieste and at Florence the plants and buildings of prominent daily Socialist papers have been completely burned. At Milan Nationalists raided the publishing house of the Socialist journal, *Avanti*. At least fifty persons have been killed or wounded in the various clashes.

Owing to the gravity of the situation in the Provinces of Bologna and Modena, Premier Giolitti ordered the revocation of permits to carry arms, and directed the Prefects to arrest any person found in possession of arms, which were ordered to be surrendered within a specified time. Bologna, Modena and Ferrara Provinces defied the Government ultimatum, and leading political and patriotic associations dispatched deputations to Rome to demand the withdrawal of the decree, on the ground that the Government has shown itself impotent to protect the lives and

property of citizens. For the time being, the Minister has been obliged to extend the term of delivery beyond the allotted time, as fully half a million rifles are known to be in the district in question. The Nationalists justify their campaign by affirming that they have uncovered proof of a plot against the State, and that they have found secret circulars addressed to Communists, bidding them to be in readiness to play their part in a great revolutionary outbreak planned over the whole of Italy for the near future.

Disastrous anti-religious rioting is also reported from various parts of the country. Recently a horde of unemployed peasantry stormed the Tuscania Cathedral in the Roman province in a fury of iconoclasm. The invaders smashed up altars, crucifixes, pictures and statuary. Besides the material destruction, estimated at over \$20,000, almost the whole of the rich treasury of votive offerings, engraved gold and silver, representing the gifts of many generations of pilgrims, was ruthlessly pillaged. Sanguinary disorders have also occurred at Castelamare di Stabia, on the Gulf of Naples, and fierce political strife has broken out between Socialists and Clericals in Central Italy.

Ever since the memorable factory-seizing campaign in Italy last fall, the Giolitti government has been endeavoring to evolve a scheme for redeeming its pledges to the workers for joint control of the larger industries. According to a bill, soon to be presented to the Parliament by Premier Giolitti, it is provided that the employees in each industry shall elect a National Council composed of nine members, and each Council in turn will appoint two representatives for participation in the management of each factory, their power to extend to technical, financial and disciplinary arrangements, including the fixing of prices and the purchasing of raw materials. Factory owners strongly disapprove of the proposed law, as do the Communists, who are opposed both to the Government and the employers. At the coming session the Catholic Party will also present a measure dealing with a plan for workmen to share in the management and profits of the plants.

The question of raising the price of bread is still absorbing public attention. The refusal of the Government to accept the Socialists' amendments to the project now before the Chamber has met with general approval. The aim of the Government is to provide some way to cover the enormous deficit in the budget, caused chiefly by fixing the price of bread at a low figure for political effect.

Late in January at the Socialist convention at Leghorn the communist section of the Italian Socialist Party was defeated

in its attempt to secure endorsement by the party of the Third Internationale of Moscow. After the rejection of their motion, the Communists left the convention and formed the Italian Communist Party, which advocates violence, when necessary to attain its ends. The vote on the question of joining the Moscow Internationale was as follows: Socialists (against adherence), 112,241; Communists (for adherence), 58,900. The Socialist organization will retain its newspaper, the treasury and coöperative enterprises.

Heavy fighting occurred in Fiume late in January when some of the military forces in the city, in conjunction with legionaries, seized the barracks and made an attempt to overthrow the Provisional Government. A Government militia force finally succeeded in overcoming the rebels. D'Annunzio left Fiume for Italy shortly after the conclusion of the Peace of Rapallo, and his present place of abode is unknown.

A bitter political struggle is developing in Fiume, eight parties having placed themselves in the field for the Constitutional Assembly elections. These include the old adherents of annexation, the Nationalists, Autonomists, Croats, Socialists and Communists. The elections are to be held about the middle of March. The various Annexationist groups are expected to form a coalition, but the strength of the Autonomists is conceded to be the most formidable. Business at the port of Fiume is still at a standstill and the city is burdened with a large debt. The present Provisional Government is making efforts to have Italy reëstablish the city's credit.

Count Sforza, the Italian Foreign Minister, in the Chamber of Deputies on February 7th, made the important announcement that at the recent meeting of the Supreme Council in Paris, it was decided to reduce the expense to Germany of the Allied occupation of the Rhine to 240,000,000 gold marks. On Italy's initiative this sum will include the expenses of the various Inter-Allied commissions. By this means the cost of the Rhineland occupation will be reduced to about £12,000,000 sterling, which is only about one-sixth of the present cost—a saving to Germany equivalent to \$300,000,000 a year.

Germany.

The most important topic of discussion in Germany during the month was the indemnity fixed by the Allied Premiers as described above. The Ministry of Finance has reached the conclusion that the utmost sum Germany can pay in reparations is one hundred and fifty billion marks (about thirty-six billion dollars), this including all she has so far paid in cash and goods.

This sum would be paid off in thirty years under the plan outlined. In addition, the Foreign Office has made public the data prepared by a committee of business experts for the use of the German delegation at the forthcoming London Conference. The figures show that Germany's imports in 1920 amounted to eight billion paper marks and her exports were five billion. In a statement accompanying the estimates, it is pointed out that the amount of exports must be increased sixty per cent in order merely to strike a trade balance. Against the French contention that the tax rate in Germany is not as high as that in France, data is given to the effect that the total of taxation in Germany, national, state and municipal, amounts to two hundred and fifty-three marks per capita. According to these figures the Frenchman pays thirteen per cent of his income to the government in taxes, whereas the German pays twenty per cent.

Dr. Walter Simons, Foreign Secretary, has threatened to resign if the majority of his Cabinet does not stand behind him in opposing an unyielding front to the Allied demands, and press comment from all parts of Germany approves his attitude. Nevertheless, there is a general call for a broader Cabinet, which should include, it is suggested, members of all parties except the Communists to impress the world with Germany's unanimity and determination. Germany, according to a statement by Dr. Ernest Scholz, Minister of Economics, will not affix her signature to a compact that cannot be fulfilled, and holds that the Versailles Treaty prescribed an entirely different procedure, for arriving at the amount of the indemnity Germany was to pay, than that adopted by the Supreme Council at Paris.

"In view of the serious times through which Germany is passing," the Prussian Minister of the Interior has directed all provincial Governors and the Police President of Berlin not to issue any more licenses for balls for the carnival season at this period of the year, and to restrict, as much as possible, the entertainments for which licenses have already been granted. The Socialist Labor Party in Munich at a large mass meeting passed a resolution demanding a plebiscite of the German people, and asking the German people to enter upon a national strike, if necessary, to evade the Allied indemnity demand.

The German Government has sent to the Reparations Commission a note saying that Germany will not deliver the amounts of coal called for by the Commission for the next six months. This is in reply to the notification that Germany is expected to deliver 2,200,000 tons monthly, instead of the 2,000,000 provided for at Spa, and also to make up the 500,000 tons by which she

has failed to meet the Spa arrangement. The German note says that German industry needs the coal and that Germany cannot deliver more than 1,800,000 tons per month, and that only on condition that the Spa payment arrangement is strictly adhered to.

A detailed list of the various deliveries made by Germany to the Allies up to December 31st, in execution of the Treaty of Versailles during the first year it was in force, has just been issued by the Reparations Commission. The chief item is coal, amounting in all to 17,818,840 tons. Next in importance on the list are dyestuffs, of which 10,787,827 kilos were delivered. The list contains various cables which have been delivered, but which have not yet been allocated by the expert conference now sitting at Washington, to which the work was intrusted. In all there are seventeen cables in various parts of the world, and the long delay of the Washington conference in their allocation has risen from difference of opinion between the United States and Great Britain and Italy on the one side and France and Japan on the other.

In a lengthy statement to the Reichstag, Dr. Simons, the Foreign Secretary, recently explained the Government's attitude toward the resumption of diplomatic and trade relations with Soviet Russia. Dr. Simons declared that Germany's objection to resuming diplomatic relations with Russia was due to the failure of the Moscow Government to make due amends for the murder of Count von Mirbach, the German Ambassador to Russia, and also to the persistency with which the Soviet régime had attempted to carry on political agitation in Germany. As for attempted resumption of trade relations through unofficial channels, Dr. Simons stated that progress in this direction could not be expected until the Russian Government produced tangible evidence that they were in possession of export commodities, that the Russian transportation system had received needed improvement, and that the East had ceased to be a theatre of war.

Ratifications of the provisional German-Hungarian commercial treaty were recently exchanged in Budapest. The treaty contains the most-favored nation clause, and also provides for the exchange of the railroad rolling stock belonging to one country and located in the other. It runs for three months, and will be renewed automatically for another quarter unless renounced before the expiration of the first period. On the other hand, by a vote of the Cabinet, Czecho-Slovakia on February 11th, rejected the draft of a treaty of commerce with Germany, prepared in collaboration with German representatives and approved by the Minister of Commerce.

Controversy over the Bavarian "Orgesch" and other home-

guard organizations came to a head on February 7th when the German Federal Government notified the Bavarian Prime Minister that the Federal Government refused to take any further responsibility for the situation in Bavaria, and that the Bavarian Government must risk occupation by France if it did not immediately fulfill the demands of the Allied disarmament note. The Bavarian Government replied in a note, explaining that while Bavaria adhered to the standpoint that the disarmament and reparations decisions should not be treated separately, Bavaria would no longer oppose orders which the German Government, consistent with the Constitution, considered necessary.

Official Government statistics, recently completed, show that Germany today has a total population of 60,282,602 as against 65,000,000 in 1913. The census shows that the nation owns 3,500,000 horses, 16,500,000 cows, 5,000,000 sheep, 11,500,000 pigs, 4,000,000 goats, 51,000,000 poultry, and 7,500,000 dogs. In 1914 Germany owned about 22,000,000 cattle and in 1916 about 21,000,000. In 1910 Germany had close to 65,000,000 head.

Germany will be obliged to import 3,000,000 tons of grain to meet domestic needs in 1921, according to an official reply to a question concerning the country's immediate requirements of foodstuffs from abroad. The Government admits the appraisal submitted at the Spa conference will prove inadequate, owing to the failure of last year's crops, which did not come up to the expected yield.

Russia. The Treaty of Peace between Soviet Russia and Poland was finally signed at Riga on February 11th, according to a wireless dispatch from Moscow. The preliminary Peace Treaty between the two countries was signed at Riga on October 12th last. Shortly afterwards negotiations were taken up at Riga by Polish and Soviet representatives, and these negotiations have been dragging along ever since. The foregoing message from Moscow embodies the first report of any definite conclusion of the Riga negotiations.

Any peace signed at Riga will only be a truce so far as Soviet Russia is concerned, according to secret Soviet military documents recently discovered by French officials. To repel a possible Bolshevik offensive, which was planned for April, President Pilsudski of Poland went to Paris early in February, and endeavored to induce France to enter into a military alliance with Poland. The most he could obtain, however, was a declaration of the French Government recognizing the community of interest uniting the

two countries. Nevertheless, the declaration has importance, as showing that France has accepted President Pilsudski's assurance that Poland has adopted a pacific policy, and is without aggressive intentions against her neighbors, thus justifying France in coming to her aid if she is attacked without provocation. On the other hand, Poland and Rumania are negotiating a defensive alliance which will not only include military affairs, but will also contain economic and commercial features. It is expected that this treaty will be concluded in the near future.

On his Parisian visit, President Pilsudski made a formal promise to the President of the Council of the League of Nations that Vilna will be evacuated by the Polish irregular troops under General Zellgouski as soon as the date for the Lithuanian plebiscite is fixed and an international occupation contingent has arrived. The Swiss Government, however, has refused to allow the passage of these troops of the League of Nations through its territory on the ground that the troops sent, although on a peaceful mission, might become involved in hostilities at Vilna. The Council of the League has requested the Swiss Government to send a representative to its meeting at Paris on February 21st to discuss this question.

In addition to the Swiss attitude, the Vilna situation is further complicated by a message of the Russian Soviet Government to Lithuania that it will consider it a definite act of hostility on the part of Lithuania if a League of Nations army is allowed to occupy the Vilna district. This is looked upon as a definite Bolshevik threat against the military authority of the League.

One of the decisions arrived at by the Supreme Council in its meeting at Paris was the recognition of Latvia and Esthonia as sovereign states. Action regarding Lithuania and Georgia was deferred, pending further information. The recognition of Latvia and Esthonia is in direct opposition to a note of President Wilson to the Allies earlier in the month, appealing for the maintenance of the integrity of the former Russian Empire. The view of the American Government is that the Powers should not take advantage of the stricken condition of Russia to dismember that country, and until a responsible and representative government shall have been erected in Russia, the Powers should not attempt to dispose of Russian territories. Since their recognition by the Allies, Latvia and Esthonia have invited Poland and Lithuania to a Congress at Riga. The purpose of the proposed Congress is to reach an economic agreement which it is hoped will be the foundation for a political entente of the Baltic States and Poland. This hitherto it has been impossible to negotiate.

Conflicting reports of the fate of the trade agreement between England and Soviet Russia have been the order of the month. Leonid Krassin, the Soviet representative who carried on the negotiations in London, early in January, returned to Moscow with the text of the agreement for ratification by the Soviet Government, but to date nothing definite has been done and dispatches report the Bolshevik leaders variously, as in favor of, and as opposed to, the agreement.

Diplomatic advices lately received indicate that, while the convention under discussion between the Persian Government and Soviet Russia has not yet been signed, there is a good prospect that it will be ratified, as the Persian Cabinet is reported in favor of it. The treaty, if ratified, would make Persia an ally of Soviet Russia, and provide the latter with a military base for operation against the British in the Near East and India, as well as a base for general propaganda. It confers on Russia the right to send military expeditions into Persian territories, provided Persia is invaded by an enemy of the Soviets. Later reports state that Tartar Bolshevik troops have entered the town of Kasvin, Persia, ninety miles northwest of Teheran, and British forces in the latter city are reported to have begun a withdrawal.

Authentic information recently received by the United States Government, shows that the fuel famine has now become so acute in Soviet Russia that all traffic has been suspended on nineteen principal railroad lines and twelve secondary lines, making a total of thirty-one railroads over which no trains are moving, except in cases of emergency. Practically all of the mines in the Don region have been shut down because of water in the pits, resulting from lack of sufficient fuel to operate pumping machinery. Only five cables for the transmission of electric power are now in use in Petrograd, and the street cars are operated only four hours daily, between the morning hours of 7 and 11 o'clock. The report says the street railways face a complete suspension of operation unless fuel is obtained immediately. Factories that failed to obtain sufficient coal last summer, have been obliged to shut down. Repair work on ships has also been abandoned because of lack of fuel, and Odessa and other ports are clogged with vessels for that reason. Beginning with January 1st, all currency was abolished as a medium of exchange in Russia, and the only such medium now in use takes the form of "work cards," which pass as currency. The existing economic breakdown is the severest Russia has ever experienced.

February 17, 1921.

With Our Readers.

THE worth and even necessity of visible religious unity are becoming more and more apparent to the leaders of many of the Protestant denominations. The Lambeth Conference, held some months ago in England, at which were present two hundred and fifty bishops of the Anglican Church, issued this (for them) extraordinary statement, "that the much-desired Christian unity could only be realized by those who were united in the fellowship of one visible Society, whose members are bound together by the ties of a common faith, common sacraments, and a common ministry."

Such an aspiration after the true life with and in Christ is both comforting and encouraging.

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FROM the encyclical issued by the Lambeth Conference, from the pronouncements made by the Episcopal Conference on Faith and Order, and from the statements concerning religious unity emanating from other denominations, it is apparent that, while all deplore the disruption of Christian unity and the multiplicity of sects, all likewise suppose that the different religious bodies, the Catholic Church as well as the others, are on the same level: tainted by the same sin: equally guilty, in a qualitative if not in a quantitative way, of having broken away from or lost the unity of Christendom. In other words, they all suppose that the visible, knowable Church of Christ has failed: and that all the so-called Christian sects had best get together and build it up again.

The implication back of all this is that representatives from the different Churches should meet and, according to their corporate judgment, make concessions, and compromise upon a common Christian creed. Such a manner of thought misses the real character and basis of the unity of, and in, Christ. That unity was not made by man, and can never be made by him. It cannot be broken up by man, neither by his ignorances nor his sins. Desirable as the mind of man may judge it to be, of and by himself man could never accomplish it. Why? Because by its very nature it is entirely beyond man. Our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ is Himself the source, the origin, the foundation, both of our union with Him and our religious union, in Him, one with another. He is God. Anyone who denies that truth, makes religious unity impossible, for he immediately throws it back upon

human debate, investigation, and compromise. And therefore it can rise no higher than human knowledge, which is variable, inconstant, progressive.

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AS soon as it is seen that Jesus Christ is God, the whole attitude of the individual man towards His teaching must change. First of all, the individual will see that Christian teaching is the word of God. It is as fixed, immutable, and eternal as God Himself. It can no more be changed than God can be changed. It comes from God: it is not brought by man to God, nor is it the result of human deliberations and conventions, in which men have sought to find the best approach, or the nearest expression of Christ's truth and Christ's purpose—which God in His good will, will later confirm. No: The revelation of Jesus Christ is not dependent on the will or the mind of man. It is not born of man's needs. It is the voice of God, in the Person of Jesus Christ, both God and Man, reaching us in human accents through the lips of Christ, but weighted with the immutability and eternal changelessness of God. Jesus Christ came, and He is the Truth and the Life and the Way. He declared that He was such for all men through all ages. The New Testament might be quoted to show how He established His Church to which He committed all truth: to which He gave His own authority, making it so explicit as to say: "He that heareth you (the Church) heareth Me." Similar quotations might be made at length. In like manner, to forestall the doubts and sins of men, Our Lord Jesus Christ declared most positively that the Church which He founded would be visible as such to all men at all times. It would be as a city placed upon the mountain-top. The gates of error would never prevail against it.

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TO declare that, in the course of the ages, this Church of Christ has been scrambled among a number of so-called Christian sects, is to deny Christ. And to escape this dilemma by asserting that Christ gave the gift: Christ established His Church, but men were unable to guard it faithfully; and through their fault, not through His, it lost its unity in Him—is to deny His Divinity: to mock His word, and to assert that He did not know what He was attempting; that He made a promise which a higher wisdom and a better knowledge of human nature would have taught Him was vain.

And yet this is practically the attitude assumed by the Lambeth Conference, and by many who loudly proclaim the virtue and necessity of religious unity. Surely they do not mean this, for

many of them have a real personal love of our blessed Lord, and a desire to serve Him. But their express writings will in themselves allow of no other conclusion.

They look upon the particular church, to which they have long given allegiance, as a part of the true Church. If it hasn't got all the truth, it has some of the truth: and therefore it is entitled to consideration in every discussion on Church unity. Each one must find his way to heaven as best he can; and they argue: "If I followed my church faithfully, I would certainly never do anything wrong. Other churches are good, too: yet they have their faults. We have all no doubt lost something of the primitive truth, and our simplicity has grown sophisticated, and perhaps tainted, through the ages. Our divisions are due to human weaknesses, from which none of us is free. It would be well if these might be lifted. But can they? Well, if we all got together, agreed that some blame rested upon all of us, made mutual concessions and acceptances, perhaps we could. But all must agree so to foregather and give due consideration to all claims. When such a sense of justice reigns, unity may be possible; but it can never be born of anything else but justice."

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IF the whole of the argument were as true as the last phrase, it would be unanswerable. But it is built upon an entire forgetfulness of the fact that Jesus Christ came and gave His definite truth to men, and promised that He would keep that truth undefiled, intact, through a visible Church that would live as a visible Church until the end of the world.

A garment without seam with which every man is bound in conscience to clothe himself: and a patchwork of human guesses, compromises, and opinions, with which he vainly strives to warm his shivering soul—that is the difference between the right and the wrong idea of Christian unity.

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IN this very report of the Lambeth Conference, the truth of the establishment of the Church is firmly stated, and then its consequences deftly shirked. It declares that Our Lord founded the Church and sent His Holy Spirit to abide therein forever—and then, instead of declaring that men are subject to the Holy Spirit and must follow His truth, it makes the Holy Spirit and His Presence in the Church subject to the differences, the vagaries, the sentimentalities of men. "God sent forth His Son, both to reconcile the world to Himself and to reconcile men one to another. And His Son formed a new and greater Israel, which we call the Church, to carry on His own mission of reconciling men to God

and men to men. The foundation and ground of all fellowship is the undeflected will of God, renewing again and again its patient effort to possess, without destroying, the wills of men. And so He has called into being a fellowship of men, His Church, and sent His Holy Spirit to abide therein, that by the prevailing attraction of that one Spirit He, the one God and Father of all, may win over the whole human family to that fellowship in Himself by which alone it can attain to the fullness of life.

"This, then, is the object of the Church. In the prosecution of this object it must take account of every fellowship that exists among men, must seek to deepen and purify it, and, above all, to attach it to God. But in order to accomplish its object, the Church must itself be a pattern of fellowship. It is only by showing the value and power of fellowship in itself that it can win the world to fellowship. The weakness of the Church in the world today is not surprising when we consider how the bands of its own fellowship are loosened and broken."

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THE fellowship of men is born of their brotherhood in their acceptance of Christ: Christ is not born of the fellowship of men. If we were all to abide in one another and yet not abide in Him, we would have no life in us.

The workers after Christian unity frequently turn things upside down. The fundamental error in this pronouncement—and in much else issued on the question—is that corporate love of a denomination or of an organization excuses or lessens one's direct, personal responsibility to God. Religion is not a matter of adherence to a church—as the word "church" is today understood by non-Catholics. In the Catholic sense, the Church is not an institution, but an organism: the living participation by ourselves in Christ living in the world: in Christ feeding us in the world. It is not only God with us, it is the Life of God with us and in us—the Truth, the Light, the Life.

It is the fulfillment of that first and greatest Commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind." This is the primary obligation of the creature, which he must meet in himself and by himself: and from which no human institution, no human multitude, however they be bound to him or he to them, can free him. No one else can permit an individual to do wrong: no one else can excuse him from not having done right. And to this primary moral duty, between every man and his God, many who discuss Christian unity seem to be blind. They will approach the vision: the light seems ready to break over the hill, which

they have so laboriously and courageously climbed—and then they turn back and seek the valley where the crowd lives with whom they have lived so long. “We must be part of the true Church,” they say again in the darker shadows, “and we will go over together.” The truth haunts them: pursues them—for none can have so much of the light and not yearn for more. Indeed, unity of religious truth, like the synthesis of human truth, is an instinct in the soul of man. He seeks it ever, even though he knows not that he seeks it. Were he to realize that it is a personal, independent responsibility and dignity, based upon the eternal worth before God of his individual soul, he would see in a sacrificial but a clearer light.

Thus does the Catholic Church follow insistently upon the religious thoughts of men, and rightly do they say: “If we could get that Church, we surely would have unity.”

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BUT the Catholic Church is not merely a corporate body of believers. Every member of it has accepted its teachings on the authority of God. And through that personal acceptance does he receive life in Christ and membership in the kingdom of God. It is this life—and not numbers—that makes majestic and secure the Catholic Church.

And, since it is the life of man with God, the Church looks upon heresy as the greatest of sins, because it is the destruction of the very source of life with Christ, the denial of Him as the Truth and the Light. Other sins offend Christ most grievously; other sins crucify Him afresh: but this sin denies Him absolutely as the Divine Teacher of men and the Saviour of the world. Consequently, from the days of St. John, no sin has been denounced in such severe, angry, and almost ungovernable terms by the Fathers, the confessors, the saints, the teachers of the Church throughout the ages.

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WE deplored, therefore, a statement made in the *Blackfriars* of last August: that while the saints and prophets of the Church condemned disunion, they denounced still more the crimes of those even in the highest quarters, which brought it about. No one wishes to excuse in any way the crimes that have led to disunion: but surely every saint and prophet of the Church knew that the greatest of crimes is the denial of the Church: the denial of Christ, which has resulted in the disruption of Christian teaching and the loss of His divine life and light to millions for centuries past.

The statement seems to infer—and the *American Church*

Monthly has made the inference—that all the sects and denominations, including the Catholic Church, have sinned, and that we should all likewise do penance. But the truth of Christ, and of His Word, does not depend upon man's sinlessness. Were the religious unity desired by both those magazines an accomplished fact, both writers know that sin would still continue; that crimes even in high places would not cease, and that there might be times when, as Cardinal Newman says, the Church, through the faithlessness of her children, might appear to some, even as Christ once showed Himself, in the arms of the devil. If the claim of the Church is to be tested by impeccability, one sin of one unknown member is as weighty an argument as the notorious crimes of those who sat in high places.

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PERHAPS the most unfortunate moral tendency of the day is to shirk one's personal, direct duty. It is characteristic of us in the political, the civic, the industrial fields. We lend ourselves to a corporate morality, which after all is no morality at all. The virtues are becoming more distant: less concrete, because the necessity of personal illustration is lightly grasped. Man's first duty is to his God. If he is not right with God, he cannot be right with his fellows. And even if the whole world go wrong, he cannot make himself right by going with it. The obligation to seek and to accept God and His Son, Jesus Christ, is direct, immediate, for every soul; and no corporate activity, however good and promising, should be permitted to dim this eternal truth.



TO this issue of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, Mr. Williams contributes an article on the Catholic Press: and Edward F. Carrington, S.J., at the end of his paper on Leslie Moore urges us to be more interested in Catholic literature.

The present month of March has been set aside by the Hierarchy of the country as Catholic Press Month. The primary purpose of this campaign is to help our periodical publications—weekly and monthly—particularly our diocesan papers. But we feel sure that the Bishops would wish some attention given to the wider question of Catholic literature and our responsibility to cultivate not only Catholic books, but what might be termed the chronic Catholic mind.

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DIVERSIFIED are our occupations and our interests in life. To their ruling we may bring many motives and sometimes no motives at all except our casual feelings, sentiments, passions and

prejudices. The very diversity of them, and oftentimes the aimlessness, makes our hearts grow weary and our minds bewildered. We long for a rest, and a rest means the opportunity and the blessing to see life right and see it whole.

We deceive ourselves into thinking that to be distracted is to rest. Distraction means only a postponement of the problem. It may have its accidental good office in helping us, when we again look at worries and cares, to view them in a more exact measure. But the newspapers: the movies: the illustrated magazines: the chance talk of friends never give us real rest—peace with ourselves: our occupation: our home: peace with God. That comes from a mind that is master of itself and that knows the way through the highways and the bypaths of life. Since each one of us must touch upon many interests: many questions, this matter of knowing our way clear is not so easy as it sounds. To see the truth and duty: to live up to both: to stand firm in the face of opposition that is almost overpowering: to see clearly when arguments, seemingly unanswerable, come against us, well-phrased and many, demands a mind that has fortified itself with strong meat.

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THERE is no man today who in the course of a week or a month is not forced to speak his opinion on questions such as the labor union: the right of collective bargaining: the right of capitalism to organize and to coöperate: the living wages for women and girls: the dignity of marriage and of the home: the education of children. To many there is both opportunity and necessity to speak about Catholic teaching and Catholic doctrine: or some mooted question of history of our own, or some other, country.

We can help ourselves immensely in the whole intelligent appreciation of our Catholic inheritance, if we get into the habit of reading Catholic books; and by the same habit we can help many others, for all of us have our circle of friends, great or small. With this habit of reading, even if it be but for half an hour a day, will grow our knowledge and love of Catholic truth, our added sense of self-dignity and self-mastery.

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IT is sometimes said that the output of Catholic literature is small or that its standing in the literary world is not great. The output might indeed be greater: but as it stands it is noteworthy and the literary merit compares favorably—and at times more than favorably—with secular literature of the day.

Let us take a hurried survey of some of the Catholic books that have been issued within about a twelvemonth. Our survey

is casual: not by any means exhaustive. As Catholic reading can help us interpret rightly any field of human thought, we will confine ourselves to no one subject. We will give a list that surely ought to hold some invitation for any one who likes to read: and let us hope—if there be any so unfortunate—for those who do not like to read.

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TO begin with the beginning of all things, Catholic truth, there is the volume of Rev. G. H. Joye, S.J., *The Catholic Doctrine of Grace*, which will add fresh, inspiring light on the supernatural life which we all lead if we walk with God. If you wish other devotional, instructive books, select St. Bernard's *Sermon on the Canticles*, the first volume of which has just appeared; or *Exposition of Christian Doctrine*, by a seminary professor—a book for the "plainer" people; or *Credo: A Short Exposition of Catholic Belief*, by Right Rev. A. Le Roy. Perhaps, someone has asked you about the reported miracles at Lourdes and as to how we know they are miracles. It would be well—and you will find it interesting—to read *The Logic of Lourdes*, by John J. Clifford, S.J.

The student at our Catholic colleges will find his time well spent if he reads *The Catholic Student*, by Michael Hickey. And no one, whether student or not, should be without a knowledge, and indeed a living interest, in the history of our own country. Therefore, we recommend *The History of the United States*, by Charles H. McCarthy. Our younger, and our older folk, too, ought to be somewhat versed in the greater events of Christian history. The younger will be interested by *A General History of the Christian Era*, by N. A. Weber: the older, by *Credentials of Christianity*, by Martin J. Scott, S.J.

For more particular studies in history, we would mention *Europe and the Faith*, by Hilaire Belloc; *English Catholics in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, by John H. Pollen, S.J.; *Ireland a Nation*, by Robert Lynd; *The History of England Series*, telling of the suffering of Catholics, and refuting the errors of Protestant history by Ernest R. Hull, S.J., or *The Women of '98*, recounting the stories of the heroic Irish women, by Mrs. T. Concannon. For other historical studies in different lines, we must recall the recently published volumes: *Mediæval Medicine*, by James J. Walsh; *An Essay on Mediæval Economic Teaching*, by George O'Brien, which latter gives a good appreciation of the industrial world directed by Catholic philosophy; and *The Modern World*, by Francis S. Betters, S.J., and Alfred K. Kaufman, S.J.

Spiritualism and its allied subjects are still widely discussed.

A useful volume on this subject is *The Menace of Spiritualism*, by Elliott O'Donnell. On the industrial question we have, most recently, *The Church and Labor*, by John A. Ryan, D.D.

If one thinks all this has been too serious and heavy, let him turn to such lighter works as *Points of Friction*, by Agnes Repplier, where he will be struck by many wholesome truths not altogether pleasantly administered; or *Abbotscourt*, by John Ayscough; *The Grey Nuns of the Far North*, by Rev. P. Duchaussois, O.M.I., a thrilling tale; or *Eunice*, by Isabel C. Clarke.

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WE might extend the above list to twice its size. We but wished to show to any doubting reader that Catholic literature is alive, and to ask that its life be appreciated and further nourished by the support of the Catholic body.

We plead this not so much for the literature itself as for Catholics themselves. For mind rules us and mind rules the world. And we should see to it, through the Catholic cultivation of the mind, that the truth of Christ rules the world. Right reason ought again to be placed upon its throne. Through the vagaries of false philosophy and false religion, truth has not only been denied: but the office of truth has been forgotten. Wild and radical theories born of error, of lawlessness, of emotion, have been proclaimed masters to take her place. Their very unreasonableness will eventually be their undoing: but until that is fully known, they will continue to work great harm. To expose their unreasonableness the more readily, there is no more effective agency than the clear, attractive light of Catholic truth.

A SLANDEROUS article, pretending to portray the real situation in Poland today, appeared in the February 16th issue of *The Nation*, under the heading of "How Long Will Poland Last?" In an attempt to paint the blackest picture his most vivid imagination could suggest, the author has stooped to prejudiced personal interpretations of real and imaginary situations affecting the most vital parts of Poland's Government, her ideals and her peoples.

The opening paragraphs deal with opinions on the creation of Poland, likened to an attempt at the fulfillment of a romantic dream; of a supposed lack of democracy in a government which fails to function and is controlled by nobles and aristocrats, and whose sole business is waging ineffectual war to enlarge her territories. Those opinions are presented with the cold manner of one whose only motive is complete destruction. This tone is not even softened to portray a good beginning in the creation of a

buffer state between the most dangerous factors blocking the present trend of events toward peace in Europe.

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TO refute the statement regarding democracy, we have but to quote the words of Paderewski, the venerable patriot of Polish liberty: "It is useless to try to teach American ideals of democracy to the Poles, for they have had them for a thousand years."

Poland, emerging from a grave of one hundred and fifty years, assumed the task of erecting a new government after years of oppression under the Prussian heel, the Russian yoke and Austrian domination. The energetic efforts of her people, under most adverse circumstances, were a revelation to those Americans who were privileged to view the results with eyes, unclouded by racial prejudice or political hate. The Polish Government is new, but Poland is old, and, having outlived oppression, will easily survive the inevitable governmental changes which naturally precede equilibrium and stability in a government of, by and for the whole people.

Only a great catastrophe can prevent Poland from assuming her rightful position amongst the civilized nations of Europe. Her traditions, nurtured through many years of diversified oppression, broke forth into life, immediately the hands of the oppressors were withdrawn. The solidarity of intention of the classes and the masses is bound to spell success for the new Republic.

The Government at Warsaw does function. Nobles and aristocrats, as such, have no place in Poland's Government today. That Government is by the masses. The largest party in the Polish Diet is that representing the small farmer or peasant, and presiding as Premier is the peasant, Witos. Can one rightfully say that it is class rule which governs Poland now?

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A PARAGRAPH could hardly have been devoted to the subjugation of the peasant had the author known that the Diet in 1919 divided the land in Poland, including all large estates, into the following groups: Very large farms, middle-sized estates, big peasant farms, small peasant holdings. The plan is that none shall own more than three hundred acres. An exception is that specialized industries, forming an industrial unit supporting colonies of peasants, shall be left intact. Poland here accomplished by deliberate and sane methods what others in central Europe had tried and failed—the division of the land. True it has come slowly, and is, even now, only in process of adjustment. The deliberate method is the very cause of its success.

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AS for waging wars. Poland has fought a defensive war to protect these confines established by the League of Nations. The advance upon Kiev is perhaps the most quoted of her supposed efforts for expansion. Yet in that, the carefully announced intention of the Polish authorities was merely to support the Ukrainian against a common enemy. A further provision was that a Ukrainian must be the civil governor of Kiev (and it was so), and that the Polish army would withdraw immediately after the Ukrainian defence had been made secure. The statements regarding Poland's greed for territory and her desire for war have often been refuted by dependable and well-informed people of the highest moral character. It is a known fact that Poland intends to abide fully by the mandates of the League of Nations respecting her boundaries, even though it necessitate relinquishing lands already considered hers.

WE take pleasure in printing the following notice: "The American Committee for Relief in Ireland, 1 West 34th Street, New York, is anxious to get all possible material bearing on the needs of the population in Ireland. Persons who have received letters from friends or relatives in Ireland which give a picture of present conditions, are urged to send a copy of the letters, addressed to the Publicity Department of the A. C. R. I. First-hand human interest material of this character will aid the Committee greatly in its drive for funds to relieve the destitute women and children."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Mother of Christ. By O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R. \$2.50 net. *Faith and Duty.* By J. F. Smith. \$2.50 net. *St. Paul.* By P. Coghlan, C.P. \$2.50. *Meditations on the Litany of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.* By F. A. Forbes. 50 cents. *The Gospel According to St. Mark.* By R. Eaton. \$2.00. *A Scottish Knight-Errent.* By F. A. Forbes and M. Cahill. \$1.75. *The Message of Francis Thompson.* By a Sister of Notre Dame. *The Fringe of the Eternal.* By Rev. F. Gonne. \$2.00. *In Mallow.* By W. O'Brien. \$1.25. *Marriage and Motherhood.* By A. Lady Lovat. \$2.00. *A Spiritual Retreat.* By Father Alexander, O.F.M. \$3.00.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Ireland in the European System. By J. Hogan. Vol. I. \$5.00 net. *Victoire de Saint-Luc.* By Mother St. Patrick. \$1.40.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

Principles of Freedom. By T. MacSwiney. *Among Italian Peasants.* By S. Cyriax. *A Tour of American National Parks.* By H. O. Reck. *Saint Columba of Iona.* By L. Menzies. *Naturalism in English Poetry.* By S. A. Brooke, LL.D.

THE CENTURY Co., New York:

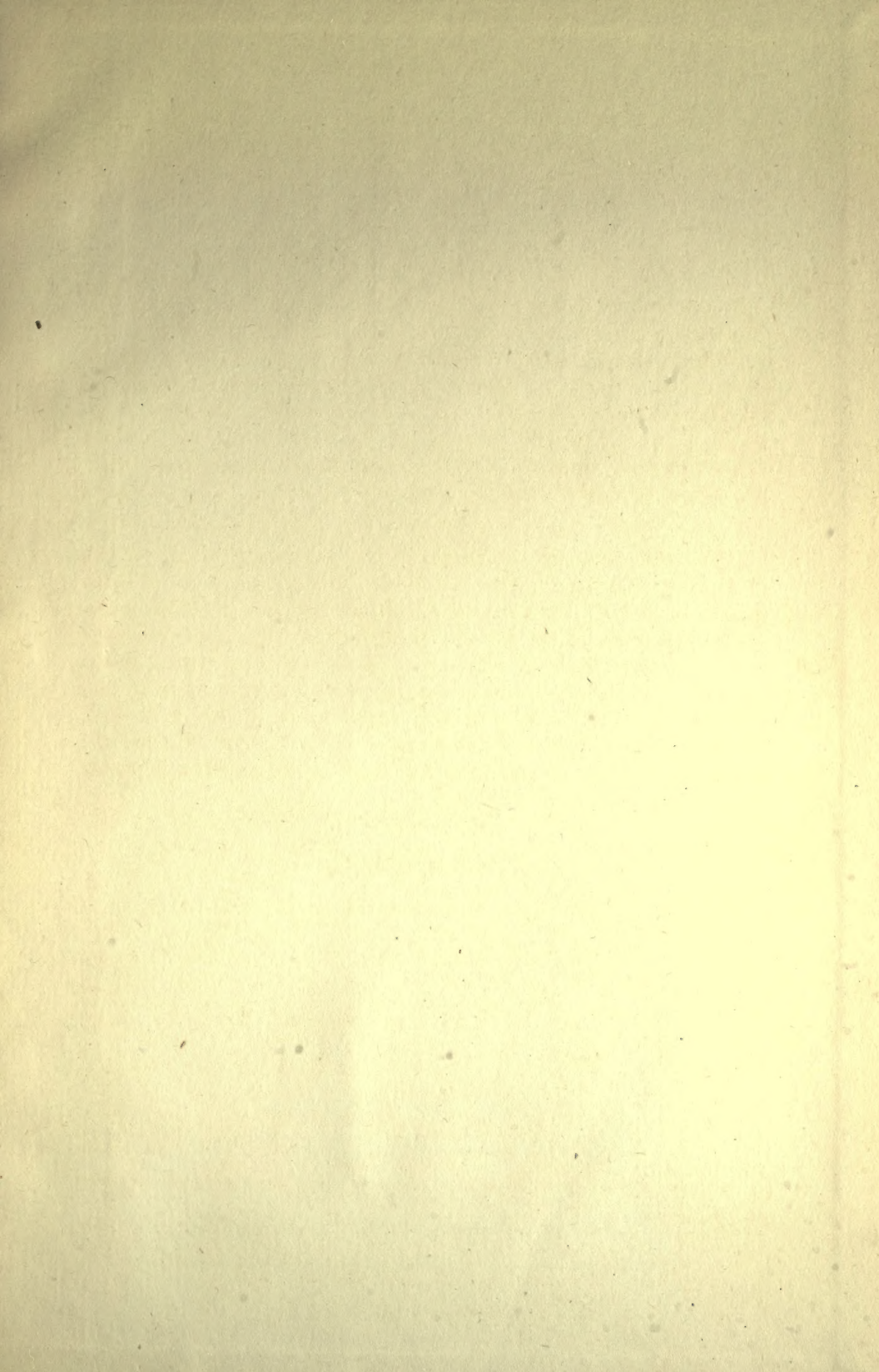
Glimpses of South America. By F. A. Sherwood. *A Study of Women Delinquents.* By M. R. Ferrald, M. H. S. Hayes and A. Dawley.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

History of the United States, 1850-1877. Vol. VI.—1886-1872. By J. F. Rhodes, LL.D. *Social Reconstruction.* By J. A. Ryan, D.D., LL.D. \$2.50. *The States of South America.* By C. Dornville-Fife. \$5.00. *The Church and Labor.* By J. A. Ryan, D.D., LL.D., and J. Husslein, S.J., Ph.D. \$3.75.

JOHN LANE Co., New York:

The Watch-Dog of the Crown. By J. Knipe.



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